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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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One Day With a Beauty Builder

She Must Practise What She Preaches

Beauty building is not as easy as it looks.

The assistant in a fashionable salon works hard all day—but that's not all.

She cannot hit the high spots at night. She needs her eight hours' sleep if she is to look fresh, clear-eyed, and healthy.

Here's a typical day in her busy life—as one sees it herself. You'll agree that beauty building is a big job.

• *THE BEAUTY builder preparing for the day by making up her own face with the greatest care.*

• *DOING the first appointment, a business woman who doesn't want to talk.*

• *ACTING as a confidante over the manicure—so many clients tell their secrets.*

• *AND so to bed, after a strict beauty routine that proves the beauty builder practises what she preaches.*

My Day — By a Beauty Builder

6.30 A.M.—Out of bed, sipping a glass of fruit juice or a cup of tea with lemon. Then my exercises. Then ten minutes of stimulating skin care. I leave the cream on while I have my bath, then get the morning meal.

I live in a flat, but this is all the housework I do. If a girl cannot afford daily help in her flat, she would be wiser to board.

My hands have soft pads, everywhere they should have pads, and I have to keep them that way.

8.20.—Leave home. If possible walk part of the way.

8.45.—Salon does not open till 9 o'clock, but I like to be in early to have the rooms in apple-pie order.

They must combine the hygiene of a hospital with the comfort of a boudoir.

Efficient Executive

9.15.—First appointment. Miss X., busy business woman, wants to look fresh for important conference later in morning.

She is a joy to do—asked all her questions when she first came for treatment. Has never needed to ask them again.

Never neglects herself or runs out of beauty aids, knows what she wants and makes it easy for me to give it to her.

10.15.—Mrs. P. arrives in a flutter after an hour's shopping. Insists on showing me her bargains.

Takes nearly two hours for one hour's treatment.

She ought to relax but bustles and chatters.

Is full of information about her activities, but is halfway through treatment before she realises what is being done. She has security behind her, does not really need to worry about her beauty, but I wish she would.

Her mind is always two jumps ahead of her. Before I finish making up her lips she is asking for the telephone. Is much more interested in confirming a luncheon date than in viewing her charming make-up.

12.15 P.M.—Miss K., elderly and rather fine somehow, terribly anxious to regain lost youth.

Came in specially for treatment, but combines a trip to the library and a woolwork lesson as well.

She is a dear, has dignity, is softly-spoken, rather conservative and self-conscious about beginning treatment, but once begun will be regular and conscientious.

She is quietly appreciative, brings me flowers from her garden. I have to handle her with gloves, give her thorough massage and my best treatment, but be careful her finished make-up is subdued.

No Indulgences

1.15.—Lunch time. Get out in air. Lunch on salad, avoid any savory that may be offensive to clients later.

If I do smoke, I have a mouth wash in my room to take away tobacco smell. Cocktails are taboo.

2.15.—Mrs. Hyphen Johnson. Young matron, socially eminent, sophisticated, beautifully dressed, prepared to stay till 4 o'clock being beautified.

She knows almost as much as I can tell her. I don't give her any advice—but here is my chance to try out all the latest, even the most startling, make-up effects.

I often read about her. Will probably see something about that new eye-shadow in the paper to-morrow.

4.0.—A soignee overseas woman off a ship, terribly thrilled to find her pet beauty service in Australia.

Is used to high-priced treatment, so naturally has most expensive thing we offer — including herbal mask treatment, back, hand, and arm massage.

She will give me little hints from overseas—how hair was being done when she left Paris; other things she has noticed. Tonic to a girl who has been concentrating all day.

Or maybe that 4 o'clock appointment goes to a new client.

A middle-aged woman who has never done anything but wash her face. She doesn't believe in beauty treatment, but has been worked up to coming in by her family, or perhaps it was just that "kind friend" saying "Aren't you looking tired, dear?" the other day.

If the last, she's bound to be all churned up about it.

5.30.—Last thing, I may get a business girl who has definite problem in acne and oily skin.

She is distressed, has to earn her living, dress attractively, and live on what is left. She might not have the right food.

Constantly wearing black frocks with inferior dye which has harmed skin of her neck and back. Here is more talk than treatment. Fifteen minutes' advice can set her on right path.

6.0.—Cork and put away jars and bottles, collect soiled linen, look to see if there is early-morning appointment to-morrow.

6.45.—Quiet meal at home, mainly grill and green vegetables.

I don't make many dates in middle of week. Perhaps on two nights I may **dine in town and go to show. Make the week-end my playtime.**

10.0.—Ten minutes' cleansing, and nourishing my skin and picking up tired muscles. Finish up by brushing my hair well before climbing into bed. A beauty builder must practise what she preaches. And so . . . g-o-o-d n-i-g-h-t . . .

A fortunate accident

Erasmic's special filminess means complexion glamour for you—

ERASMIC FACE POWDER

ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM—1/- Tube, 2/6 Jar—*A smooth, fragrant cream for make-up foundation.*

In Four flattering shades

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

S7.38.27

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

—Broothorn.

Distinguished Nurse

MISS J. MORRISON has been appointed matron of the Royal Victorian Institute for the Blind, St. Kilda Road. Miss Morrison was trained at the Children's Hospital, Carlton, and was sister tutor there for eight years.

Last year she visited England, and obtained a certificate for hospital housekeeping at the Prince of Wales Hospital, London.

Career in America

MR. ALFRED EDMUND DAKINGSMITH is a young Australian making an interesting career for himself in America. A graduate of Michigan University, U.S.A.—he is a Master of Science and Chemical Engineering—he joined the Dupont Company of America some time ago.

Before taking up this position Mr. Dakingsmith had a year's appointment at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh. Educated at Geelong Grammar School, Melbourne, he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Dakingsmith, of Sydney.

Manager of Hockey Team

MISS E. J. WARWICK, well-known hockey player, organiser and umpire, is manager of the English girls' hockey team, which will arrive in Sydney on July 25. This is Miss Warwick's second visit to Australia, as she was a member of the English team of 1926.

She is very popular in the hockey world, and has done much for the game in England.

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How She Won A Prince

AUSTRALIA'S NEWEST PRINCESS, formerly Mrs. Harriet Stewart Dawson, and her grandchildren, David and Harriet.

PRINCE RADZIWILL, who may bring his bride to Australia.

MRS. HARRIET STEWART DAWSON (top right), whose pity for the Prince ripened to love.

Mrs. Stewart Dawson's Own Story of Her New Romance

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

Sydney may soon be able to welcome home its latest newly-wed princess.

She is the bride of His Serene Highness, Prince Charles Jean Aloyse Guillaume Michael Radziwill, sixteenth Duke D'Olyka, fourth Count de Przygodzice, and millionaire Polish landowner.

Australians know her best as Mrs. Harriet Stewart Dawson, popular hostess and socialite and member of the family whose jewellery and other interests extend over the Commonwealth.

IT was only a few weeks ago that the world was stirred by their romance. The bride is 57, the groom 68.

They are as romantically happy as any newly-wed couple in their twenties.

At the end of the season they leave London for the South of France, then they go to Poland on a visit to the Prince's family, and, after settling his affairs and estates, hope to make the trip to Australia.

The former Mrs. Harriet Stewart Dawson told me of her six months' romance as I lunched with her and the Prince at the Mayfair Hotel.

It was reported that the Prince, not long ago, was to wed a beautiful Jewish woman, Madame Jeanette Suchestov, but his aristocratic family objected, placing legal restraints on the Prince and his fortune.

Then came the charming Australian widow and the course of the Prince's life was changed.

"It was at the Countess of Winchester's luncheon party, while wintering in Monte Carlo, that I met my husband," Princess Radziwill told me.

"At that time the poor man was so worried and harassed by his affairs in Poland and the publicity given him over the death of a former nurse, Mary Atkinson, that my first impulse was to mother him.

"Although a charming, cultured and delightful companion, when he proposed I really wondered if, after a brilliant and much-travelled life, he could settle down with me."

However, they met again in Paris and London, and her pity "for this kindly man who has been so misunderstood" ripened to love. Within a few weeks they were married at the Caxton Hall Registry Office.

Owned Monte Carlo

"I AM extremely happy," the Princess continued, "and will devote my whole life to making up to him for the unhappiness and trouble he has suffered recently."

Tall and handsome, with kindly blue eyes, a fair beard, and a soldierly carriage, Prince Michael Radziwill bears a strong resemblance to the late King Edward VII.

One of the wealthiest and most powerful in Europe, his family is linked with the Imperial Houses of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern.

There are Radziwills in Poland, Germany, Austria, and France. Two centuries ago they travelled with a private army and all the dignity of kings.

Recently Prince Michael's nephew, Prince Dominique Radziwill, married a cousin of our own Royal Family, Princess Eugenie, the twenty-eight-year-old cousin who was a bridesmaid for the Duchess of Kent.

Formerly a German Guards officer and a cousin of the ex-Kaiser, Prince Michael Radziwill became a colonel in the ex-Emperor's own cavalry regiment.

Later in the Diplomatic Service he spent a great deal of his time travelling through the capitals of Europe. He is perhaps better known to the world as the one-time owner of the famous Monte Carlo Casino, which he purchased from that mystery man of Europe, Sir Basil Zaharoff.

Princess Radziwill went on to tell me something of the tragedy that has haunted her husband.

"He has such a gentle and sympathetic nature and is so very democratic that he has suffered a great deal through those he has befriended.

"He is very distressed at all the antagonism he has unwittingly aroused.

Family's Worry

"HE was in Monte Carlo and knew nothing of Mary Atkinson's plight, when, penniless and heart-broken, she committed suicide in London.

"As his nurse she saved his life and in return he treated her with the utmost kindness and consideration. He was extremely generous to her.

"She, however, fell in love with him and, it was alleged, took her life because of his friendship with the Jewish mannequin, Mme. Suchestov.

"His family, too, were worried about this friendship and sought in the courts to prevent him having control of his own property lest it should pass out of the family."

Major Norman Stewart Dawson, Princess Radziwill's son, has already been to Warsaw to the family's solicitors and, it is believed, the differences with the Prince's relatives will be cleared up.

Mme. Suchestov, however, is now threatening action against the Prince, but Major Dawson says this also will probably be a matter for discussion.

Prince and Princess Radziwill hope to stay at his castle, the Chateau D'Antonin, near Przygodzice, in Poland, and with the Prince's mother and his brother, Prince Janus, who is Chairman of the Polish Senate's Foreign Affairs Committee.

With an affectionate smile in the direction of his Australian wife, Prince Radziwill told me of his happiness.

"It was her calm and understanding that first attracted me. Her sympathetic nature has done much to make me forget all the tragedy which has so recently dogged my path.

"With my wife beside me I hope to clear up the misunderstanding between myself and my family. When my affairs are in order I look forward to visiting Australia."

Her Children

THE new Princess Radziwill looks young, is bright, entertaining, with a quick wit and soft speaking voice.

In her younger days she used to enchant friends with her singing voice.

She has travelled the playgrounds of Europe and in her splendid home in Kensington Gardens, London, has been hostess to many of England's interesting personalities.

Harriet had three sons and one daughter. One son, Mr. Norman Stewart Dawson, is now living in England. So also is her daughter, who is Mrs. Bertha Verrett, a widow.

Mr. Percy Stewart Dawson, another son, married Thelma Raye, lovely musical-comedy star, from whom he was later divorced.

She then became the wife of the film star, Ronald Colman.

The other son, David, was twice married. By his first wife he has two children, David and Harriet, named after their grandparents.

MADAME JEANETTE SUCHESTOV, to whom the Prince was reported engaged before he met the Australian widow.

MRS. S. STEWART DAWSON, daughter-in-law of Princess Radziwill.

FILM STAR Ronald Colman, who married Thelma Raye, divorced daughter-in-law of the Princess.

Next Week's Splendid Stories

THE fiction fare in next week's issue is superlative.

In addition to the free novel, "No Hero—This," by Warwick Deeping, there will be a new serial, "I Love You Again," by Octavus Roy Cohen, one of the most popular American writers of the age.

Short stories by Dr. A. J. Cronin, Margery Sharp, and Lesley Storm will be included.

Brilliant Chemist's Remarkable

SKIN DISEASE DISCOVERY

Chemist Richard Diamond's Wonderful Successes

RESULTS so spectacular that a marvellous day-to-day improvement can be seen in the patient's skin have been achieved by the well-known Sydney chemist, Mr. R. Richard Diamond, in treating many types of serious skin complaints.

Mr. Richard Diamond, M.P.S., Ph.C., M.I.O.

Stubborn cases which defied all efforts for years have been rapidly and completely relieved by Mr. Diamond's formula, which embodies a new scientific healing principle. Hundreds of reports from skin disease sufferers everywhere tell of definite release from torturing, disfiguring skin complaints.

HUNDREDS RELIEVED

Many people who have suffered for years and been considered "hopeless" cases after spending pounds on various treatments, have reported prompt and permanent relief, thanks to Mr. Diamond's unique formula.

The secret of the success of Mr. Diamond's treatment is that it acts in two different ways. Firstly, it corrects the trouble at its source by eliminating the cause of the disease from the system, and secondly, it gently but rapidly draws out all the poisonous substances through the pores before beginning its natural, soothing, healing process.

Extracts from reports received read: "Your treatment **completely cured** me in 15 days. I had **pruritis** for years, and had spent pounds on specialists."

"I was **completely cured** by you in six weeks, after suffering from eczema for 25 years."

Another writes: "Several doctors said my **psoriasis** was incurable. I had it for three years. After six weeks of your treatment it is **completely cured.**"

PERSONAL CONSULTATIONS OR TREATMENT BY POST

Mr. Diamond has successfully treated hundreds of patients by post, as well as in person, for:

Eczema, Germ Under Nail, Ringworm, Acne, Boils, Rosacea, Tropical Ringworm, Psoriasis, Ulcers, Surfer's Foot, Pimples, Pruritis, Carbuncles, Varicose Veins, etc.

No matter how long-standing the complaint, or whatever treatments have been tried, there is hope for all sufferers in Mr. Diamond's discovery.

ADVICE TO "WEEKLY" READERS

Readers may write, mentioning their symptoms, to Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Ph.C., M.I.O., Diamond's Pharmacies, 22 Rawson Place, Sydney, who will be pleased to give them details without obligation.***

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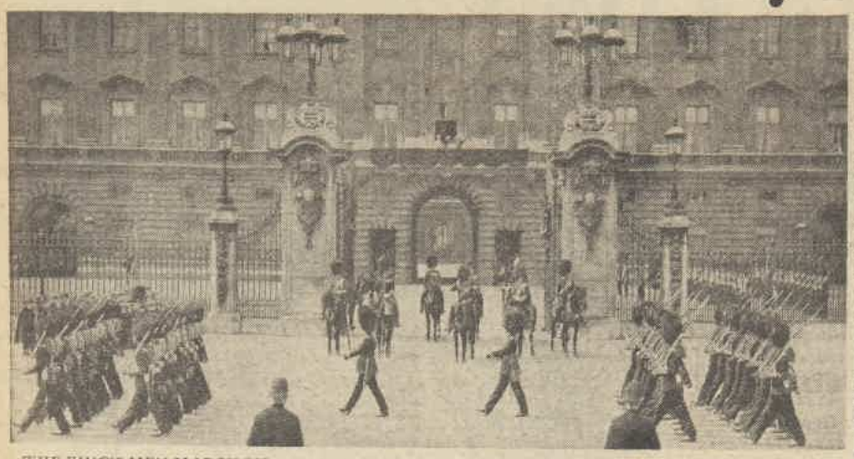
Australian Woman May Join Palace Staff



THE KING'S MEN MARCH BY—and from the balcony of the Palace the Royal Family watch the colorful scene. How an Australian woman helps in the work of taking and distributing Royal photos is told below.

MRS. DENBIGH RUSSELL, whose work in London brought her into touch with Buckingham Palace five or six times a day.

YOU'LL Cut a Better Figure...

IF YOU KEEP YOURSELF Fit

THE SCHUMANN'S WAY

CHAMPION SKATERS PRAISE SCHUMANN'S

Dear Sirs:
Living as we do in a world of constant travel following the ice-skating season from one side of the world to the other, and naturally being obliged to maintain the perfect physical condition necessary to fulfil our skating programme, we leave nothing to chance to insure constant fitness. We have found consistent benefit from Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts and we always rely upon Schumann's to keep us fit to meet the exacting demands of a strenuous season. We never travel without our supply of Schumann's, either in Australia or overseas.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) CLIFF THAELL
RONA THAELL

THAT easy effortless glide which marks the skater comes from perfect co-ordination of mind and muscle . . . perfect control of nerve and balance . . . perfect physical fitness. Unless you're thoroughly fit, skill will count for nothing. It's the ability to stand up to the strain, the capacity for endurance, the vital glowing vigorous health which keeps you in first-rate form always, that is your greatest asset in every active pastime.

AS SOON AS YOU WAKE EVERY MORNING TAKE SCHUMANN'S

It's the simplest, sanest, way to enjoy life. Just a half-teaspoonful of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long glass of warm water first thing every morning. That's the source of bubbling energy. That's the secret of perfect health. The mineral salts which are compounded in a perfectly balanced formula in Schumann's Salts are essential to the proper functioning of the body. Each has its particular part to play in keeping you fit and well. Any deficiency in any one of them is reflected in some way in your general health. You lose pep, enthusiasm, vitality, endurance . . . you tire easily, lose appetite, become nervy and irritable, and allow waste matter to accumulate in the system which poisons the blood stream and sets up all sorts of unpleasant and painful complications. Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts provide the necessary elements to the body. They clear the system of accumulated poisonous waste and cleanse the whole blood stream, keeping the vital organs working properly and preventing constipation, liver trouble, rheumatism and uric acid complaints. Start right away to enjoy life thoroughly.

You can buy Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts at any chemist or store. 1/6 for the personal size jar, or 2/9 for the family size.

SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS

Charming Society Worker Honored in London

Mrs. Denbigh Russell, a beautiful young society woman whose family is well known in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, may be invited to join the staff of Buckingham Palace.

Apart from her ability in publicity work, for which she may be engaged, her appointment would be a charming gesture from Buckingham Palace to Australia.

NATURALLY, she refuses to discuss the possibilities, but her friends are proud of her achievements abroad.

After having done a great deal of publicity work for the coronation of the King and Queen in England last year, and also for their coming visit to France, Mrs. Denbigh Russell has come to Australia to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allen-Jones, in Adelaide. She will fly to Sydney this week.

Hers has been a remarkable career since she left Australia ten years ago, although it is only in the last two or three years that she has been engaged in public work.

Mrs. Russell, who was publicity agent for the Dorothy Wilding studio. Court photographers, was often in touch with Buckingham Palace five or six times a day.

An order for photographs of Their Majesties means ten thousand pounds to the chosen studio, because the pictures are circulated all over the world.

Mrs. Russell herself was one of the two highest paid women publicity agents in England and now has been requested by the assistant private secretary to the King, Mr. Michael Adeane, to notify him of her plans when she returns to England.

Lives Near the Kents

TALL, lissom, poised and with natural beauty, Mrs. Russell was formerly Miss Joy Allen-Jones, whose father owned several sheep stations in Victoria, including Lismore, near Camperdown.

She married Mr. Denbigh Russell, a professor of singing on the staff of the Royal Academy, London, whom she met in Sydney in 1928, but the marriage was dissolved four years ago.

She has one son, Peter, aged 9, who is in England. Her flat at Wilton Place, Belgrave Square, is in a house which is back to back with the home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

Mrs. Russell is a cousin of Sir Colin MacRae, who is colonel of the King's bodyguard.

His wife, Lady Margaret MacRae, is the daughter of the Marquis of Bute.

It was at a party that Mrs. Russell, who has spent a great deal of her life in travelling, and speaks several languages, met Dorothy Wilding, who straightway asked her if she would accept the position of publicity agent for Court photography.

Finally, Mrs. Russell agreed, and two months later found herself organising the photographic publicity for the Coronation.

It embraced sending pictures all over the world and arranging personal miniatures and gifts from the Queen to her friends.

Her Wardrobe

THE work, of course, was done through Sir Eric Metville, private secretary to the King, and Capt. Richard Strattfield, secretary to the Queen, both of whom she knew personally when they were on the staff of Lord Willingdon, Governor-General of Canada.

Before last Christmas she was busy making arrangements for miniatures to give to many of Their Majesties' friends. Many of the miniatures, she explained, resembled small gold cigarette cases, each with sapphire clasp. When opened they revealed portraits of the King and Queen in natural colors.

"The Christmas rush was no sooner over than I began working on Their Majesties' Paris visit," said Mrs. Russell, in Adelaide. "I was engaged with publicity for this, with just a short holiday in Italy until a fortnight before leaving for Australia via America.

In her wardrobe are many glorious models, mainly from Victor Stiebel.

One is an evening frock of simple floral cotton with a concealed wide band of buckram at the hem of the skirt, made so that as it rests on the ground it stands out in crinoline fashion.

A play suit has about half a dozen rows of hat elastic woven into the waistline and skirt to give perfect fit.

Her luggage shows her methodical mind. All her colossal number of frocks are packed in cellophane bags.

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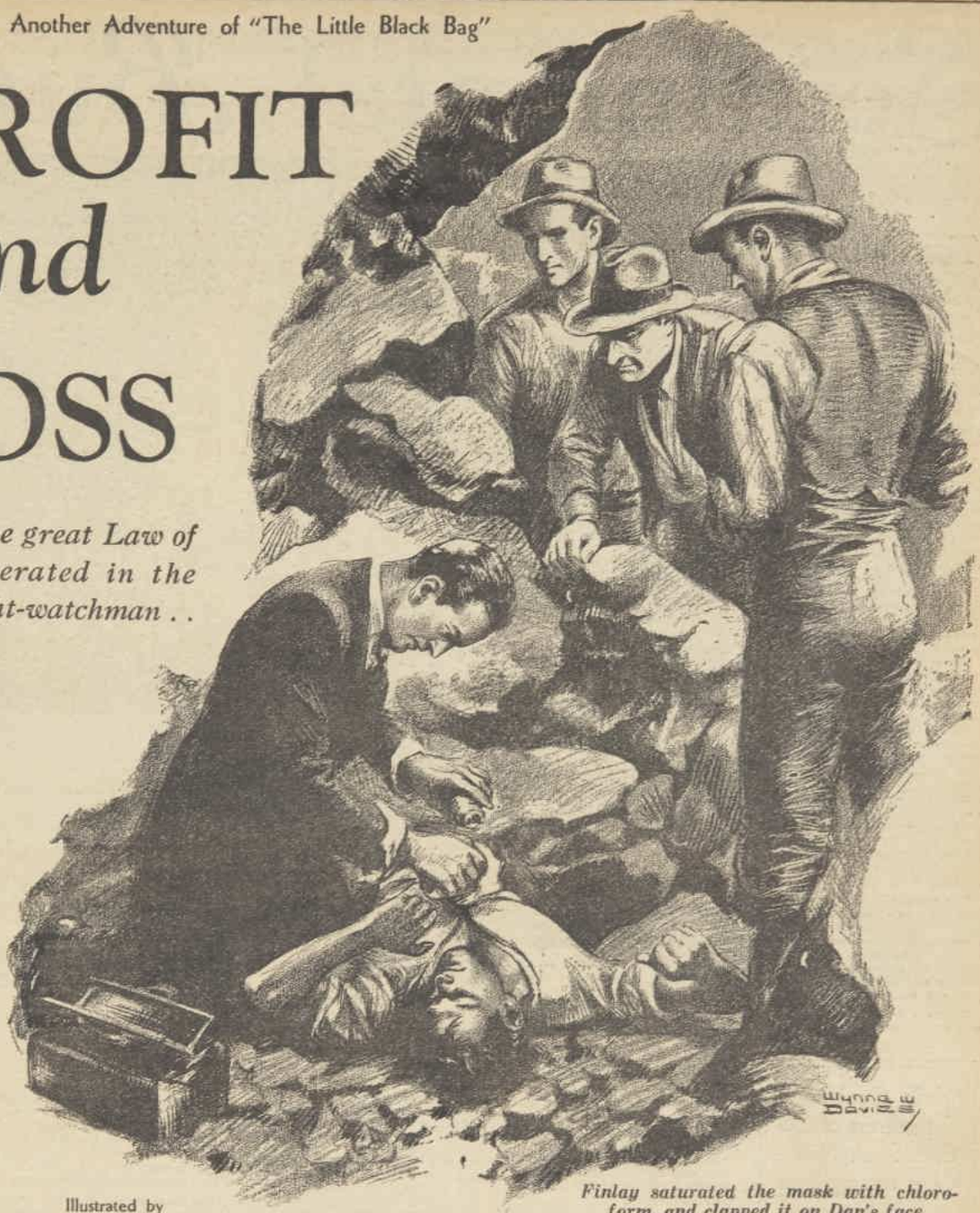
Another Adventure of "The Little Black Bag"

PROFIT and LOSS

Instancing how the great Law of Compensation operated in the case of an old night-watchman . .



Finlay saturated the mask with chloroform, and clapped it on Dan's face.

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

By A. J. CRONIN

Author of "THE CITADEL"

THE road was up by Overton Terrace, for they were laying new water mains in that select part of the town, and Finlay, returning from a late call on foot, stepped warily to avoid the mud. Suddenly a voice hailed him.

"Fine evening, doctor."

Finlay halted and glanced across the way to where the night-watchman sat snug in his little sentry-box, surrounded by a banked-up litter of shovels and picks and heavy sledges.

"It is a fine evening."

He crossed over, emerging from the cold darkness of the October night into the friendly glow cast by the charcoal brazier. Warming his hands he remarked:

"You're cosy, man."

The night-watchman laughed.

"Dod, an' you're right, doctor. Never was so cosy in my life before."

"You like your new job, then?"

"Like it! Why, I'm fair ta'en on with it. I'm thinkin' I've struck it lucky at last."

"Lucky!" Finlay couldn't help exclaiming. Then, with a sudden curiosity he asked: "But don't you find it lonely—all night by yourself—being new to it—like you are?"

The night-watchman shook his head contentedly.

"There's all sorts of things to do ye'd never credit, doctor. Things I never bothered about before. It's gey interesting to have a big think to yourself under the stars. All by your lone, you understand, with every soul round about ye asleep.

"In the old days I never used to think on anything but the price of a pint or what would win the three o'clock. And was I happy? Not on your life! But now I think on different things—what makes the dew come down, and for why the flowers ave smell the sweetest at night.

"I'm tellin' you it fair gets a grip of a man, doctor. And, dod! it's exciting, too. You ought to see me cooking my dinner at two o'clock i' the mornin'. Frizzlin' my bacon and boiling my tea like a gipsy. There never was better bacon nor better tea than what I make on this bit fire here——"

"You've turned philosopher, man," Finlay chaffed him. "That's what wrong with you."

"Maybe you're right, doctor," the night-watchman answered wryly. "But it might have been waur. It wasn't so easy at the beginning, mind ye. There was a time when I wanted to say to the devil with everything, to get drunk, to do any mortal thing to forget. Six months ago if anybody had told me that I wouldn't regret——"

His voice fell away curiously into silence as though a memory, a vision had come upon him. Sitting there under the stars he gazed away in the direction of Langloan Hill. And Finlay, following his eyes, gazed at Langloan Hill, too.

Langloan Quarry, gashing deep into the southern face of the rock, has laid open an escapement of the finest sandstone—a splendid stone—rich in color, easily worked yet hard, which has made both the hill and its quarry famous.

On one day of the week—usually it is a Tuesday—as you mount the narrow path which leads from the Ardfillan Road to the hill, you are barred by a little red flag, and a notice which says, in red letters—DANGER—BLASTING.

Actually there is little enough danger in this spot, and if, in defiance of the notice, you choose to push on a few score yards you will gain the vantage of the scrubby belt of oaks from where it is possible to observe the blasting operations in detail.

On that particular Tuesday, the 12th of March, to be exact, preparations for the forenoon blasting had begun.

Two hundred yards away the great red face of the quarry rose sheer.

At its base the little squad of drillers were at work.

Dan Tainsh was in charge of the gang. Dan was not the quarry foreman; he was too irresponsible altogether, too unreliable for that. A short, dark, thick-necked fellow with a temper like tinder, and a punch like the kick of a mule to back it up, Dan was a bad man to order about. That's why, when on the job, Dan was tacitly admitted to be in charge.

Dan, indeed, might actually have been in charge, drawing three times the wages that he did; but, for all his forty-odd years, Dan seemed never to have learned sense. He drank too much, last time on a Monday morning; his restless, turbulent spirit was always leading him into trouble; yes, even into Levenford Gaol itself.

That was Dan, a ready word and a ready blow—a tormented, surly, bitterly-intolerant man, who got nothing out of life which seemed to satisfy him.

This morning in particular his mood was black. He used the drill savagely upon the rock and his tongue more savagely upon his mate, a youngster named Green, who was new to the job.

"You'll never make a quarryman," he sneered at the nervous lad. "You ought to go home to your mother and start a sweetie shop. Spray here, dammit all! Do you want me to swallow a bucketful of dust?"

Green hurriedly lifted his can and did as he was bid.

"Now, fetch over the soap-box," Dan growled. "It's back there by the hut."

Young Green gingerly fetched over the soap-box, which was Dan's name for the case of dynamite, and, with the other men, he stood by whilst Dan scientifically slipped in the sticks and carefully tamped them home.

There were about twenty holes in all—for the blast was to be a big one. Next, Dan adjusted the firing gear, and the whole party went back to the base hut about a hundred yards away.

"Are ye all set, Dan?" inquired Collins, the foreman.

"Ay, we're all set," Dan grunted.

"What do you think we're here for?"

"Are you clear at the front end, Joe?" Collins inquired of another man standing with the gang.

Joe Frew, whose duty it was to post the flags and the notices and to inform the gateman at the level crossing, nodded his head in acquiescence.

Satisfied in his official capacity, Collins picked up his whistle and gave three loud blasts, then he looked across at Dan. The same moment Dan made contact and fired the shot.

There was a loud, hollow boom, a rapid series of tiny out-puffs from the base of the cliff, then a deep, prolonged rumbling.

The face of the rock simply slipped away, and fell in one cohesive mass like snow sliding from a house-roof in a thaw.

It looked so simple as to be almost silly. Yet hundreds of tons of solid stone crumbled before the eye and fell.

A terrific dust rose, and still remained when the last reverberating echo had died away.

"A good blast, eh?" Collins exclaimed. He was rather short-sighted, and he peered out of the window again, first at the quarry face and then at Dan.

"It's a bad blast," Dan swore disagreeably.

"Look at the near side there," Frew pointed, "it's all undercut."

"Undercut to hell," agreed Dan. And he turned fiercely on Green. "It's all your fault, you handless gomerel. That's the end hole I let ye drill. Ye've went in too deep and brung down the whole issue."

Green quailed under Dan's glower.

"I done my best," he muttered sulkily. "Ye ken I'm only learnin'."

"That's plain as yer ugly mug."

Please turn to Page 18

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Sentimental Burglar

..A.. Ten-Minute Story

Illustrated by FISCHER

Obediently Brady gave it to her. The light from the torch set the diamonds aglitter.

"BEANSTALK" BRADY swore under his breath. Poised precariously and uncomfortably on the window-sill of Lady Letitia Manvers' bedroom, he waited for the alarm which would surely follow the sharp cracking of that rotten ivy-branch beneath his too hasty feet. As he cowered there, licking his lips nervously, and hearing no sound save the moan of the wind in Creyne Court's great avenue of limes, he thought eagerly of the prize which awaited him. At last it was within his reach—always supposing that no one in the room had been warned by the noise, which, in the stillness, had seemed to him as loud as a pistol shot.

It was no mean bait which had attracted this expert thief to Lord Manvers' country residence. Nothing less than a certain famous necklace of sapphires and diamonds, valued at ten thousand pounds or thereabouts, and which, so Brady had decided, had adorned the fair neck of Lady Letitia for the last time.

For days now he had watched and waited, skulking in the shadows, until he had discovered which was her room. Of course there was always a chance that the jewels might be kept elsewhere, but the risk was worth taking.

Two minutes—and no sound came from the house, no sudden blaze of light shone out, as he had feared. Certainly luck was with him tonight! With more caution than before, he noiselessly opened the window and slipped in between the jade silk curtains.

Listening intently, Brady's sharp ears caught the faintest whisper of sound—somebody breathing! He turned his torch slowly round the big room, his other hand ready on the revolver which he had carried on these nocturnal excursions since a certain desperate encounter with one Colonel Dacre, when he had escaped capture only by a hair's breadth.

THE Concluding Instalment of Our Great Serial, "North-West Passage," on Page 16.

The beam of light, like a silently-gliding finger, swept over the dressing-table, loaded with toilet accessories—cut-glass bottles, gleaming opal jars. It swept on, to linger for a moment on the small, circular door of the wall-safe. Was the necklace inside it? Involuntarily, Brady's fingers tightened on the revolver. Noiselessly, he drew a long breath. On again to a big, shining bed, all rosy satin and pale pink linen . . .

A girl was sitting up in the bed, staring at him with wide, startled eyes of speedwell-blue. Her black, softly-curling hair was a trifle tumbled, her cheeks aglow with lovely, natural color. Brady, who had read of the Lady Letitia's loveliness, was not disappointed by what he saw.

She kept the coverings drawn closely up to her shoulders, but there was no trace of fear on her face. Her scarlet, beautifully-curved lips were firmly set, her small, rounded chin proudly defiant.

"What do you want?" Her low, rather husky voice startled the intruder, so that, for the instant, his fingers relaxed on the weapon. It reminded him with painful sharpness of another girl—a girl who had once meant more to him than any necklace—and she had turned him down without hesitation when she discovered the way in which he got his money. He had thought Marianne forgotten until this moment, and cursed himself now for a fool, that the memory of her should still have power to make him forget more important things.

"Guess you know, lady," he said gruffly. "I want a certain necklace of yours—and I'm going to get it."

"So—that's it!" The tiniest tremor shook the level softness of that velvet voice. "I might have guessed it. Well, you have me at your mercy! I suppose you are armed? All the best burglars are nowadays, I believe."

The red lips parted for an instant, and the light from the torch caught a gleam of white teeth.

Brady stood still. She had him nonplussed. Seizing her advantage, she went on:

"Will you listen to me, Mr.—Raffles? Oh, I assure you I'm not making any secret signals, and no one can hear us. Unfortunately for me, my room is a long way from my parents' apartments." She paused a moment, her dark head on one side, regarding him thoughtfully. "Do you know, it's always been a pet theory of mine that a burglar, if treated like a gentleman, will behave like one. If you wish me still to believe that, you will listen to me."

THOUGH he knew it was madness to waste time this way, Brady was still under the spell of that voice. And if he moved suddenly towards her to the safe, he reflected, she might before he could—Lord, no! He could never bring himself to shoot a girl. Let alone one with a voice like Marianne's. And it would be wiser not to risk spoiling his chance of getting that necklace. If it hadn't been for his hastiness before, that ivy branch wouldn't have snapped, and then this oddly-fascinating girl wouldn't have wakened up to disturb him with that voice out of the past.

"That necklace," she went on, more softly, "I suppose it means money to you—big money. It's probably worth a lot to you or any man like you, but it's worth far more to me in a different way. You see," there was a little tremor in her voice as she went on, "it's all I have left of someone whom I loved more than anything or anyone in the world." She was silent a moment, then she asked a strange question:

"Mr. Raffles—have you ever been in love?"

Brady's hand, no longer clasped about the revolver in his coat pocket, clenched suddenly. Why did she have to ask him that? But, because he could not lie to this girl with Marianne's voice, amazedly he heard himself answering her. "Yes—once."

She nodded, gravely. "You'll understand then. This man—his name doesn't matter now—was going to marry me. We loved each other—oh, we used to think no lovers had ever loved as we did! I suppose we were fools, but—it was very sweet! The day he gave me that necklace he said: 'In a month we'll be married, sweetheart; in a month I'll be with you for always. This is our last good-bye, my dear—because after this there'll be no more partings for us.' I kissed him, waved good-bye to him. He was flying to France on business. When I heard"—she was speaking now almost as if to herself, looking with shadowed, hopeless eyes into the past—"that the air liner had crashed, and that he was dead, I thought of those words—'This is our last good-bye.' He hadn't meant it that way, but—it was true. All I had left of him—for his body was burned beyond recognition—was my necklace. He hadn't given me a ring—we were going to choose that together when—when he came back. Every time I've worn those jewels that he touched I've felt him beside me, felt his kisses——"

She stopped abruptly, to go on after a moment in a different tone.

"Get them out for me, will you? As I expect you've already guessed, they are in that safe."

For the first time in his life, when given the chance of an easy haul, "Beanstalk" Brady hesitated. This was altogether outside his experience. She had actually asked him, a man whom she knew to be a thief, to get that necklace out of the safe. Asked him! As if he was a—a personal friend. Fear, defiance, or even hysteria he could have dealt with, but the friendly confidence of this lovely girl was too much.

"What are you waiting for?" Her voice, softly imperious, roused him. He stepped silently across the room, and set to work. Five minutes later he held the necklace in his hands. Ten thousand pounds!

"Have you got it?" Her voice quivered. "Please—let me look at it once more."

Obediently Brady gave it to her. The light from the torch set the diamonds aglitter, and deepened the splendid color of the sapphires. But, apart from the jewels, his fascinated eyes went back to the girl's lovely face—to the diamond tears shining in the sapphire loveliness of her eyes.

"Good-bye—my darling!"

It was half a whisper, half a sob that he heard as she handed him back the jewels. With a queer little twist of pain at his heart, Brady saw bright drops on her cheeks. Heavens! It was Marianne's voice . . . saying good-bye . . .

"Here!"

With a gesture almost of violence he flung the necklace down on the rosy satin counterpane and turned away to the window.

"You—oh, you mean—you won't take it from me?" He heard a little sob from the bed, then her voice thrilled him with its warm gratitude:

"Oh, thank you! You—you're fine!"

The magic of those words stayed with him as he made his cautious descent. They proved stronger than the common sense which told him sharply that he was all kinds of a fool.

And the thrill lasted, until he picked up the paper next evening.

"Daring Robbery at Country Mansion," was the headline that caught his eye. He read on, breathlessly. "It was discovered early this morning that a necklace of diamonds and sapphires, valued at ten thousand pounds, had been stolen from Creyne Court, Lord Manvers' country residence. Unfortunately, Lady Letitia Manvers, to whom the necklace belonged, slept last night at the other side of the house in order to be near her mother, who has been indisposed, so that her bedroom, where the jewels were kept in a wall safe, was temporarily unoccupied. 'Stagedoor' Sally, the notorious woman jewel-thief, so called because of her brief experience on the stage some years ago, is believed to have played the chief part in the robbery, but so far no arrest has been made."

By... NOEL ARCHER

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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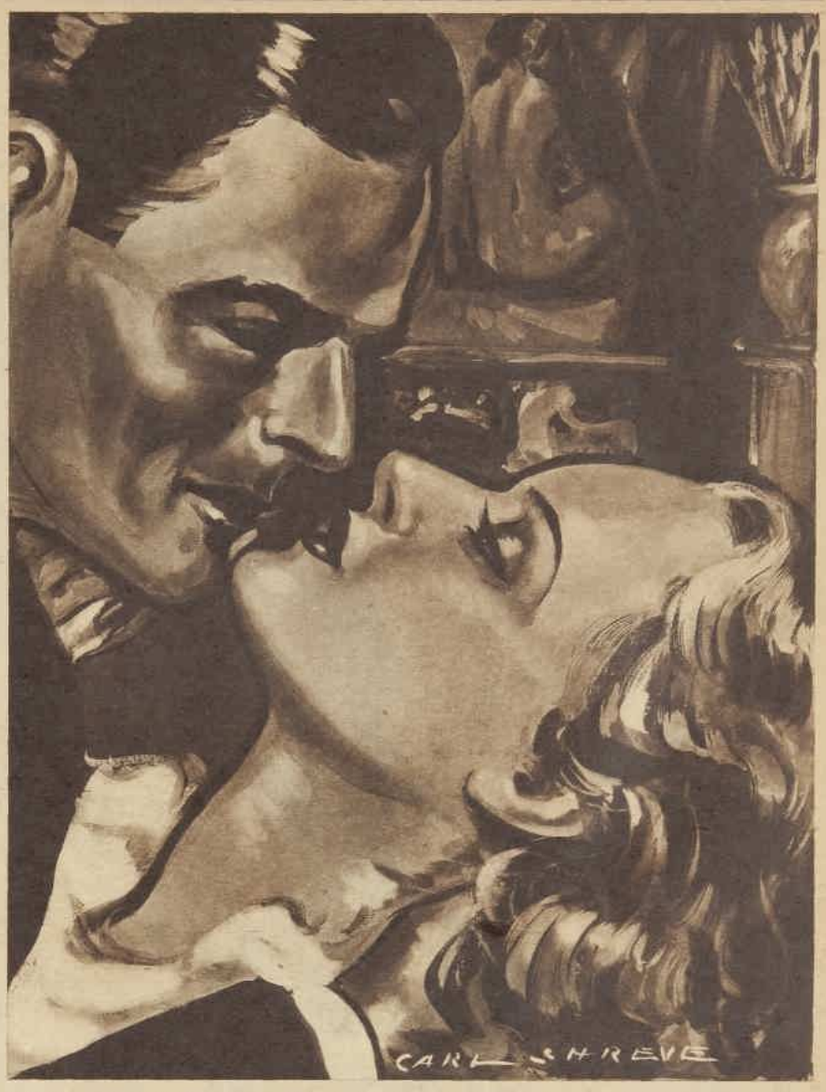
A PIECE of STRING

The story of a woman who over-acted her part



His dark eyes searched hers as he took her in his arms and kissed her.

Illustrated by CARL SHREVE

By . . . . LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

SONYA slipped out of her street clothes and into black pyjamas and a black-and-gold silk lounging-robe. She tousled a bit more the rippling golden waves of her hair, thinking as she felt its thick softness how Bob's fingers had run through it, caressing it.

Darling Bob—so tall and dark, so blue-eyed and lazily laughing. All that the most exacting woman could want in an admirer, Bob had. As a husband—well—she had a first-rate husband in Ralph Carter—a husband who was handsome enough, who made a most satisfying income, who gave her everything she asked and who trusted her—how he trusted her!

He knew that she and Bob were great friends, but never in the world would he suspect that they were anything more. To Ralph she was just little Sonya, all golden hair and deep blue eyes.

Time

Great goodness! Ten o'clock so soon!
And past my window sails the moon.
All through the endless working day
I wished the creeping hours away
And crossly, as a child might weep,
I longed, I yearned, I craved for sleep.
And now, since six, the time has fled,
And I am still to reach my bed!

I've ironed a little, swept the floor,
And screwed two coat-hooks in the door.
I've filled the vases, searched around
And put away the things I've found.
And so to bath, and then to bed
At last to rest my drowsy head
And dream my life is free from care
And I have time, sweet time, to spare!

—Yvonne Webb.

He sang to her, she knew, during his broadcasts. A few million women had the same idea, to be sure; that was what made Ralph Carter's singing one of the biggest attractions on the air. But Sonya knew it was for her alone. Ralph was like that—intensely loyal, trusting, and sure. It was too, too easy to fool him.

These single-hearted men. How easy it was to delude them! They set up an idol and then fell down in worship of it.

If all the world knew their idol had feet of clay they lived a lifetime without knowing it. It was a male attitude. Not many women were like that about their men. They were the realists of the world and the men the sentimentalists. When people were like that it was so terribly easy to deceive them. It was the same with Ralph.

It really wasn't much fun deceiving him. To-night, for instance, if he only knew where and how she had listened to his singing. Not sitting quietly here at home, as he fondly imagined. Far from it. She had been in Bob Denby's artists' apartment.

Funny old Ralph. You could go on fooling him forever. Maybe if he were told the truth he wouldn't believe it. He would just laugh and tease her some more. He was forever babying her, kidding her. That piece of string on her finger now. He had made her tie that on this morning after breakfast so that she would remember to do something.

What? She hadn't the vaguest idea. She wasn't supposed to have any idea. That was the whole point of the game. Ralph was forever making her tie bits of string around her finger to make her remember things. She never remembered. He would come home, look at her finger and there would be the bit of string. "As usual!" he would grin, rumpling her lovely hair and caressing the lobe of her ear with his finger. "As usual! You don't know why you have that piece of string tied to your finger, do you? Try to think, kitten. What was it for?"

BOB had teased her about it, too, and told her to take it off. "I should say not," she told him. "Ralph will be looking for that piece of string when he comes home. You'd be amazed at the fun he gets out of teasing me."

"And you mean to say you've worn it all day and can't remember what it was put there for?"

"Oh, darling! You miss the point. I'm not supposed to remember. If by any chance I should, it would spoil the whole thing. If I could tell Ralph, even after ten minutes of his asking, what it was there for, he'd be frightfully disappointed. It would spoil his whole evening."

"Then far be it from me to spoil his evening," smiled Bob.

"It's enough to spoil his wife—is that it?" taunted Sonya.

She stared, lips parted in a little remembering smile, at the fire. Darling, darling Bob! Having Bob's love, with Ralph singing to her. It was a piquant situation. It intrigued her——

There was something of the tiger woman in Sonya.

She knew it herself. She liked toying with fire, with danger. Anything humdrum drove her mad. All her boredom of the last few days had fled under the impetus of her new experience. She had a lover who was passionately fond of her. She had a husband who adored her. Yes, she supposed it was cruel and heartless. She knew she revelled in it because it was so safe. Was she a coward as well as a fraud? She didn't know, but it was life and she was living it. Living dangerously, with her only defence the blind loyalty of her husband. She curled up on the sofa thinking it all over. Really it wasn't such a crime.

She heard Ralph's key turn in the lock; then Ralph came in, flung down his hat and coat in the hall and strode into the living-room, looking everywhere but at the divan, looking perplexed and rubbing his brow and frowning. "Now where has that kid got to?" he muttered. "Walked out on me, I'll bet. Probably out spending the evening with some other man, when I told her to stay at home and listen closely while I sang to her."

"Boo!" Sonya sat up and made a face at him. "As if I didn't! And as if I didn't love it when you sang, 'Mine, Now and Always,' and 'Stardust in Your Eyes,' and 'Love Me and Never Leave Me.' Of course I was listening!"

"I know you were!" His voice was tender, his dark eyes searched hers as he took her in his arms and kissed her. "Lovely Sonya! I could see you sitting here. I always get that picture of you sitting there. The soft firelight, this room of ours. You haven't bothered to put the lights on. You sit by the fire with the soft glow from it wreathing your head like a halo. Then there is a gong. A voice comes over the air. It's your husband singing to the world, to all the love-sick people in the country. At least they think he is, but he isn't really. He's singing to the only woman in the world, the girl he loves. His own wife.

"That's what makes my act go over big. The fans all say I am so sincere about my singing. I sing as though I were in love. Because I have someone. I have faith in someone whom I can trust. I felt like that when I sang to-night thinking of you. I wanted to see what you were doing. It's a wonder I didn't step right out of the wireless set and take you in my arms."

"I—I wished you could have."

"You weren't lonesome?"

"How could I be! I shut my eyes and imagined you were right in the room with me."

He rubbed his cheek against her hair. "Hello?" He was holding up her hand, staring at the piece of string. "As usual! One forgets! Now, you bad, bad girl, what did I tie that on your finger for?"

Sonya pretended to look abashed. "Oh, Ralph, I tried to remember and couldn't. Whatever was it for?"

"Let's think now." He clasped his hands together and bent his head and frowned at them. "Let us see——"

He looked at her quickly. "It couldn't have been to remind you to call on some other man—say Bob Denby, this evening?"

"Why, Ralph!" It was uncanny the way his jesting could hit right at the spot Almost as if—— "No, silly, you know it wasn't for that." She controlled her sudden trembling.

"Of course not. That's just some silly chit-chat I heard somewhere. Never paid any attention to it—did I?"

"Why should you? You know how crazy it sounds. You know I was right here all evening listening to the wireless, listening to your singing."

"Then what—let's see now—what could this piece of string be for? You're sure you don't know, darling?"

THERE was something queer—something cold and hard in his tone. She had never before heard anything like it in Ralph's gentle voice. He got up, went out into the hall, came back carrying his hat and coat. Sonya sat up, stared at him, startled. "Where—where are you going?"

"To an hotel for to-night," he said dryly. "To-morrow, I'll find a place to live."

"A place to live!"

Sonya felt the world crashing.

"A place to live." What an ominous sound that had. It seemed to destroy the warmth of her room, the firelight, the comfort, the security of everything. It was as though someone had placed a cold hand over the room, that a chilling alien presence was there, not Ralph, her husband, The man who worshipped images, even if they had feet of clay. He looked strange standing there like an accusing presence. She saw his strained face and his pain-filled eyes.

And she had thought how safe she was. These single-hearted men. They never wake up, they never see things for themselves. Well, she was wrong.

"But why—why——" She began to sob. She was good at it. "Why—do you—do a thing like this? I wasn't anywhere—I was here—listening to you and——"

Ralph grinned with quiet contempt as he turned towards the door. "That piece of string, Sonya," he called over his shoulder, "was tied on your finger to remind you to have the radio mended. It hasn't been working for two days."

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THE MOON Looked ON

Complete Short Story

By . . .

Borden Chase

THERE had been a bad half-hour with the captain of the Vitoria which resulted in Joe Blake telling him, the first mate, and the crew as a whole just what he thought of them. Now he was standing at the desk of Gibraltar's best hotel. His hand baggage was stacked at his feet and his trunk was somewhere on the end of a dock. He was mad. He also wanted to tell someone exactly what he thought of Spanish steamships and Spanish captains. The hotel clerk was handy.

"Do you see that ship?" said Joe. He pointed through the open doors of the hotel to the Vitoria at anchor in the bay.

"Quite right," said the clerk, pleasantly.

"I booked passage out of New York on that tub. It was supposed to take me to Barcelona—and what does it do?"

The clerk was politely attentive.

"It pulls into Gibraltar," Joe continued, "drops the anchor, and the captain says this is as far as he's going."

"Under the circumstances it might be just as well you're in Gibraltar. It's a bit of England, you know."

"But I don't want to be in Gibraltar," Joe insisted. "I've come three thousand miles to take charge of an automobile plant in Barcelona. Is there any good reason why I should be stuck in Gibraltar?"

"A very good reason, I should say."

"You mean that fuss over in Spanish Morocco?" Joe laughed and waved a hand in dismissal of the idea. "Nothing to it. Universal Motors got a complete report before they sent me over here. An outfit of their size would know what's going on in a country where they have an assembly plant. They're not worried."

"But the captain of the Vitoria is," said the clerk pointedly. He glanced at Joe's baggage as though he would rather not discuss the trouble in Spain. "May I send your things up to your room, sir?"

"I suppose so," said Joe. "And you might get in touch with someone who'll rent me a car. I'll probably have to drive the rest of the way."

"I'm sorry, sir—that's impossible. There are no cars going into Spain. None, at all."

THERE was a tone of British finality in his answer that decided Joe against further argument. He signed the register, walked out of the lobby and wandered through the narrow streets that led to the waterfront. Barcelona was over five hundred miles away, but there was a good job waiting for him there. Joe wanted that job. He intended to get to it in spite of all the crazy captains and stubborn hotel clerks in Europe.

There was a restaurant at the end of the street. Well, it was supposed to be a restaurant, but there were girls and music and an old witch with a fat stomach and a snaggle of moustache. A brandy or two might steam up an idea that would get him to Barcelona.

A girl brought him his drink. Her eyes were dark and big. Her hair was black—a Spanish black—and her dance frock revealed the lovely contours of her figure. She set the glass on the table, drew up a chair and seated herself.

"Hello, Meester Americain," she said.

"You guessed it," said Joe. "What's your name?"

"Estrella Salazar."

"Speak English?"

"Un poco de—a little bit."

"That's great. Any idea how I can get to Barcelona?"

Please turn to Page 20

Illustrated by PISCHER

Estrella came close, and her kiss was warm on his cheek. Pedro had his eye fixed on a man climbing to the top of the wall.

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

SHEER RHYTHM...

THE most important thing about a dance frock is that it should appear at its best when the wearer is on the floor. It is difficult to achieve this with a very slim frock, so on this page we offer four frocks notable for their voluminous skirts.

- AT LEFT: A rainbow frock of multi-colored tulle, radiating from a tightly-draped waist and topped by a softly-bloused bodice of mauve net.
- BELOW LEFT: An amusing frock of pink lace heavily threaded with silver. A stiffened corselet of slipper satin is worn, and the skirt is heavily weighted with the same material. There is a pink taffeta petticoat beneath.
- CENTRE: A sweater of blue-and-silver lame, very modestly necklined in front, tops a closely-pleated skirt of blue chiffon which flares out with each dancing movement.
- RIGHT: Black net over black taffeta latticed with many colored ribbons widening at their ends. The very low decollete is partly filled with little flowers and leaves.

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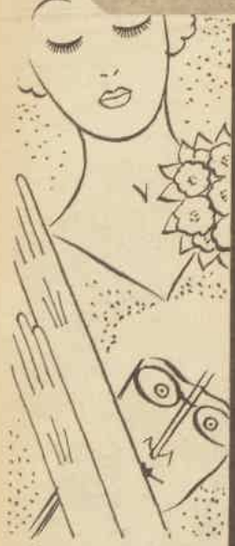
CINDERELLA

PHOTOS FROM MARY ST. CLAIRE BY AIR MAIL



● VERSATILE blouse of white crepe satin, simply trimmed with hem-stitching. Suitable for wear with a tailored costume, it will also go happily to informal dinner and dancing occasions.

● CINDERELLA comes into her own in the fairy-tale debutante gown created by the English designer Tinling (Top left). It is of white British satin and the whole story of Cinderella is exquisitely embroidered round the hem of the very full skirt.

+ + +

● A TALL HAT which looks very charming on a fair young girl is shown at the top right. It is of green felt trimmed with a tuft of silver fox.

+ + +

● YOUTHFUL and fascinating is the red wool jacket above. It is ornamented with hand-embroidery in black, red, and white wool, and finished with red self-covered buttons. Worn with a black skirt and white blouse.

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Fashions at England's Most Spectacular Race Meeting

NO other race meeting in the world holds such sensational fashion interest as Royal Ascot. This year the meeting yielded, as usual, a goodly crop of frocks, hats, and accessories ranging from the bizarre to the truly beautiful.

Photographs of some of these are reproduced on this page. They were taken at the meeting and sent by air mail.

● AN AMUSING HAT of the turnip-top variety. The brim is of peasant straw and the crown resembles a sheaf of wheat straws tied at the top, and encircled with field flowers.

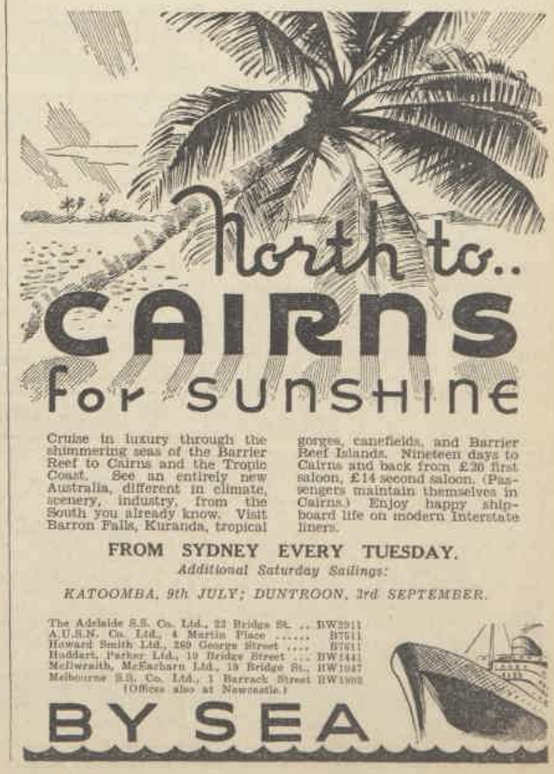
● DEFINITELY GARDEN-PARTYISH is this frock of pastel blue chiffon and crepe. The chiffon overskirt is open from the waist, and the crepe underskirt has a floating knee-length panel

● SENSATIONAL ENSEMBLE in black and white. The long tubular skirt is slit at the side. The mannish coat worn with the dress is black with wide white revers.

AT LEFT: Another sensation in black and white with a baroque design appliqued on the hat and suit.

● VIVID SUIT in black and white striped crepe. The skirt is pleated and the loose-fitting coat is double-breasted.

● QUAINT TURBANED HAT of Arabian inspiration in black and white tucked vertically, and finished with wide streamer tails.



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An Editorial

JULY 9, 1938

WE'RE ALL RICH IF WE'RE HAPPY

THE richest girl in the world, Barbara Hutton, now Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, cannot find happiness.

She had everything that a woman could wish for except a husband, a baby, and a title.

She got all three, and now she is unhappy.

Which seems to prove that happiness does not depend on riches.

But it does not prove that, conversely, the poorest woman in the world is the happiest.

Each has to formulate her own recipe for happiness.

Sometimes it is a matter of counting her blessings, sometimes of forgetting her misery.

Hope is the great anodyne for misery or monotony—hope kept alive by little everyday surprises, an unexpected windfall, however small, a present, some little kindness.

Barbara Hutton, by the degree of her wealth, is denied much of the enjoyment of surprise and anticipation.

The poorest woman may have the advantage of her there.

A capacity for being taken out of herself and sufficient means and leisure to indulge that capacity are ingredients of every woman's happiness.

The rich woman's contacts and variety of experience are restricted by her wealth, those of the very poor woman by her poverty.

The rich woman's way is made so easy that the inward satisfaction of meeting and solving for herself the ordinary problems of life is withheld from her; the very poor woman never gets her head above her difficulties.

After all, it is the woman of moderate means who is best placed to experience the healthy conflict of life, to seek human values and understand them, develop and control the emotions — to discover within herself the most reliable formula for happiness.

—THE EDITOR.

Points of View

FROM THE EDITOR'S MAILBAG

Shorter Working Hours

WHY not a shorter working week? We have reduced the day from 16 hours to 8, or even less, in many instances. Yet a greater reduction is necessary. If we, as individuals, are to become cultivated and to take our proper place in this present civilisation, we need time to devote to hobbies, arts, or music.

I am employed professionally five days out of seven, and find the remaining two days are all too short in which to pursue my other interests in journalism, modelling, painting, the future of the ballet, and so on.

I hope and believe that within the next 30 years we shall work but three days in seven, in paid employment, but more arduously for the remaining four on other things.

Normatt Thomas, 17 James St., Glenhuntly, Melbourne.

School Leaving Age

VICTORIA is undoubtedly taking a step in the right direction in endeavoring to raise the school leaving age to 15.

A child of 14 is much too immature to be thrown on his own resources. Even 15 is really too early to finish one's education, as so many people do immediately they leave school, though the wise ones are always learning.

The extra year, if rightly directed to broadening the child's outlook, and giving him a foundation to build on, will be of incalculable value.

Mrs. W. S. Arthur, 4 Maitland Avenue, Kew, Vic.

Pensioners' Problems

I WOULD like to hear from other readers, old-age and invalid pensioners and widows, depending on a fortnightly pension, how they manage on their small incomes, now that so many of the food products have gone up in price.

I really think this is not fair. Nearly everything essential, such as butter and cheese, has been allowed to go up, yet our pensions don't go up one penny. Perhaps our money is not meant for such luxuries.

Mrs. R. McGrath, 24 Union St., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

Our "Terrible Accent!"

I HAVE just returned from two years abroad and on every hand I heard about the appalling accent Australians are supposed to possess.

My answer to them was that if we judged English folk by the Cockney, Lancashire, Yorkshire speech, for instance, our opinion of the English language would not bear publication. Why should we be judged always by our worst speakers?

Miss Lett Waddy, Glenroy, West Ryde, N.S.W.

LYRIC OF LIFE

SUSPICION

Across my fancy ran the thought
Of someone else and you—
Impossible, of course, and yet
Suppose that it were true!
If someone else should come between
Whatever would I do?

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Rewards for Mothers

BARELY a week goes by without women being urged to have larger families for their country's sake.

Soldiers who face death for their country are given pensions. No one begrudges that. But the woman who faces death or disablement every time she has a child—where is her pension?

Every woman who has a child sentences herself to years of hard, monotonous labor and self-sacrifice.

If soldiers receive pensions for their services, so should every mother receive compensation for hers.

What is more, she should receive it at the time when she needs it most—while she is rearing her family.

K. Anderson, 16 Ryde Street, Toowoomba, Qld.

RUTH HARKNESS with her two pandas at the Brookfield Zoo, Chicago, where they were in their element in the winter snow. Su Lin, the panda which died recently, is the large one lying on the log pile. Note the black spots which hide their eyes. They look like sun glasses. See article, column four.

Country Courage

DO the city women ever pause to think, when they are enjoying their every convenience in the home, and their ready-made pleasures, what their big-hearted sisters in the country are going through, while waiting for long-looked-for rain?

Yet when these brave-spirited country women (and men, too), can manage to take a trip to the city they are looked down on, and dubbed "country bumpkins" by most city folk.

Yet what would the city be only for the hard-working country people?

M. I. Bottom, Sun Hill, Jindabyne, via Cooma, N.S.W.

Childless Couples Only

WITH statisticians growing alarmed about our failing birth-rate, it was rather ironical to read recently of the mother of two little Australians being told that houses are not available to persons with children.

One can perhaps understand children being prohibited from luxury blocks of flats where a landlord might justifiably fear noise or destruction, but when a woman has to vacate a house that has been declared unfit for habitation it is obvious that she is not looking for a beautifully decorated flat or modern house.

It is the middle-class working people who constitute the largest part of our present population, and if they are to be refused housing accommodation when they do have children our low birth-rate is going to fall alarmingly lower.

Mrs. Oliver, 204 Coppin Street, Richmond E1, Vic.

Panda Woman Hunts for Another Panda

Interview by Our Special Representative at the Pan-American Airways Trans-Pacific Base at Honolulu

If you're fond of pets, especially cute ones like Australian koalas, you'll be interested in hearing about Ruth Harkness, an exotic American brunette, who has won international fame as "the panda woman."

SHE arrived here, sort of breathless, in a trans-Pacific clipper only 36 hours out of New York City, her home town.

She plans to be in remote Szechwan province on the Tibetan border of north-west China within seven days of leaving New York 12,000 miles away.

She is hurrying on the magic carpet of modern international air travel because word has come from her native scouts in Szechwan mountain fastnesses that they have located more baby pandas—and Ruth Harkness wants them badly.

This is why:

In 1935 Ruth Harkness became the first person to bring a live panda into captivity.

Pandas are about the rarest animals alive. That is, science knows little about them.

They live in the shadow of the Himalayas and scurry into hiding when their keen noses detect the approach of man.

Caught Su Lin

THEY are like bears. Somewhere away back they intermarried with racoons. To-day science knows them as plantigrade carnivorous mammals with a family tree about 1,000,000 years old.

It was in 1935 that Ruth married William Harkness, a famed American scientific collector of wild animals. He had just completed a haul of the giant lizards of Komodo.

Next he wanted some pandas alive. Ruth was dress-designing in New York, but she dropped everything to honeymoon in pandaland.

En route Mr. Harkness died. To-day Ruth explained:

"We had dreamed and schemed about the pandas for so long that I simply had to carry on." How she did is well told in her best selling book, "The Lady and the Panda," recently published.

The first she caught was a mere babe, which Ruth Harkness promptly called Su Lin, which sounds kind of romantic.

Su Lin became a handful more temperamental than 10 human babies. If you're interested in raising baby pandas, here is the recipe:

Treat them like any baby. Food—milk, strained soups, orange juice, oatmeal, carrots, lettuce and so on. That's easy enough when you're in a city where markets are handy, but when making your way along remote Chinese trails, through storm and sunshine, it is a vastly different matter.

Got a Playmate

OF course, everybody fussed over Su Lin during her momentous journey from China to Chicago where she was housed with due splendor in the Brookfield Zoo.

Su Lin grew into a big girl. Very soon she was lonely, even though thousands of rubber-necking tourists visited her enclosure daily. Su Lin wanted a playmate. Ruth Harkness took the hint.

Back to the bamboo jungles of Szechwan once more she sped, mustered up her native "boys," and trod the panda trail again. She secured another baby, a female, which was too bad, because a male was wanted.

This No. 2 panda was called Mei Mei. She made a big hit with Su Lin.

But Su Lin caught a chill and died.

The bereaved Mei Mei became despondent.

Right at the opportune moment along flashed the wire from Ruth Harkness' scouts in China.

They have panda playmates for Mei Mei.

Can you wonder that Ruth Harkness was impatiently waiting for the dawn when the great silver hull of the China Clipper would rise from the ocean and speed for the Orient —and pandaland!

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5840765

How to Save Your Face When Ski-ing!

L. W. Lower learns to walk uphill on skis. "You just walk like an aged duck with string-halt," he says.

Lower's "Frozen Lessons" Will Leave You Cold

By

L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

Any of you girls ever felt a yearning to take up ski-ing? It's a grand sport if you can stand up to it.

I find it much more comfortable to ski on my face. It seems not only easier but almost inevitable.

I HAVE before me a little handbook called "Frozen Lessons." Now take side-slipping, for instance. That means sliding downhill while still moving forward, according to my book.

Of course you control the side-slip by slightly edging the upper ski more than the lower and keeping the upper ski forward. At least, that's what my book says.

Still, I am losing faith in this book. What really happens is that the moment you dare to make any movement at all you finish up on your back.

In this booklet, "Frozen Lessons," there are no instructions on how to get up once you're down. This is an oversight which should be rectified as soon as possible.

If you're lying on your face in the snow with two 7ft. skis strapped to boots each weighing 12lb., and with two stocks strapped to your wrists and a fellow ski-er coming downhill at you at 80 miles an hour with a scared look on his face, that's the time when a few lessons on how to get up and out of the way in one-fifth of a second would come in handy.

I have learnt how to walk uphill on skis. You just walk like an aged duck with string-halt until you get to the top. After about a quarter of an hour you manage to get turned around facing the down grade. Then one of the party says, "Are you all set? Come on—let's go!"

I dig my stocks into the snow and say, "Whoopee! **Hotcha!** Here I come!"

Need for Secrecy

THOSE are the last words I say for the next ten minutes.

When they all get back to the top of the hill again they say, "Why didn't you come down with us?"

"Me! I've been down. Just got back. I'm having a bit of a rest."

"My word, you're smart!"

"Just a matter of practice. Give me a hand up, will you. I've got a touch of the old rheumatism again. Whoops! Thanks."

"Coming down again?"

"Not just yet. I find that I'm getting a bit rusty on my high-speed kick turns. I'll go off and practise for a while where I'll be out of your way. Oh, hulloa! How are you to-day?"

"I was all right as you find yourself also good-day thank you."

"Who was that? Wasn't that one of the Austrian instructors?"

"Who? Him? Oh, yes. I went to school with him. Taught him to ski, as a matter of fact. They never forget a kindness, those Austrians."

"I wish you'd introduce me."

"I'd like to, but you see he's here under an assumed name. Not a word of this to anyone else, mind you."

"No! No! Certainly not. How romantic!"

Avoiding Jealousy

"YES, of course. Now you run off and enjoy yourself. Otto Eidelweiss wants me to teach him the Gelandesprung."

"What is that?"

"The field jump. But, of course, you wouldn't understand. I'll try to explain it to you when we get back to the chalet."

"Oh, I wish I was good at ski-ing. I keep falling over."

"Ha! Ha! My dear, we all have to learn. Don't get disheartened. Now don't let me keep you. I'll just rest here a while. I'm not as young as I used to be. Besides, I like the feeling of having my shirt full of half-thawed snow. It's just like old times."

"Well . . . see you at the chalet!"

"Yes, my dear. So long!"

And half an hour later one of the instructors discovers me and says, "Ha! For why you do the split somersault so many times, no?"

"I'm trying to get up, hang it!"

"Get oop? Tak' my shoulder by the arms. So. Now . . . OOP! Goot."

"Thank you."

"You take the bus back to the chalet now?"

"But it's nearly a hundred yards to the bus. How do you think I'm going to get there?"

"Put your hand on my shoulder—so. Now keep the skis together. Off we go. Don't wobble! There iss the bus."

"Thanks, old man."

And when the rest of the mob get back to the chalet I am seated in front of the fire, sipping a hot whisky. I put my glass down and say, "You've been a long time getting back. What happened to you?"

"Oh! the road down was simply terrible."

"Did you think so? I thought it was the best trip of the day."

"Oh, it's all very well for you!"

"Now, don't be silly. It's only a matter of a few weeks, if the snow holds out, and you'll be as good as the rest of us. Sit down and warm yourself."

"I'm sure I'll never learn."

"That's what I said when I first started. I was watching you to-day and I thought you were particularly good for a beginner."

"Do you really think so? I wish you'd take me out to-morrow and just show me a few things. I wouldn't be a nuisance to you, really, I wouldn't."

"Certainly! Or better still, I'll introduce you to an instructor friend of mine."

"Oh, but I'm sure he couldn't teach me as well as you could."

"No. But you know how jealous they get; and, after all, they have to earn their living by it, you know."

"You're the most generous-hearted man I have ever met, Mr. Lower."

"Tut! Tut! Don't embarrass me, young lady."

There's nothing like ski-ing if you know how to pronounce it and where to do it.

The ladder of health

Is your child at the top?

This diagram shows the results of an important investigation (published in "The Medical Officer") into the growth of children between two and five years of age.

Look at these children — and think of your own. Your children must have 'something extra' if they are to maintain proper growth. Virol is the one food that supplies everything growing children need for healthy development.

Only Virol brought the children in these investigations up to the ideal rate of growth for their age.

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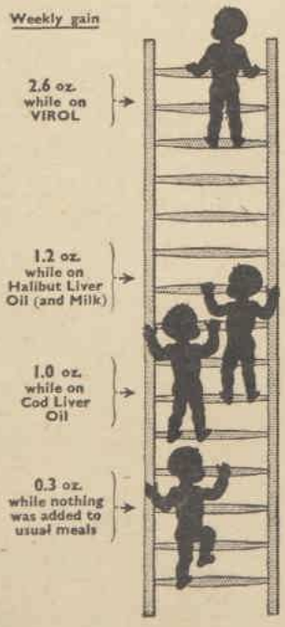
Give your child a Virol Constitution.



VIROL

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Miss E. L. Moe.

"I used to be a professional dancer but when I gave up the stage I lost my youthful figure. I have since found that Bile Beans taken nightly not only help keep my figure normal but also help ensure a better health."
Mrs. D. Edwards.

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GIRL'S STORY of TRIP on-

Skimming Across World with Muriel Howlett

Strawberries in the Clouds

Muriel Howlett's story of her 12,000 miles' air trip on the luxury flying-boat Cordelia is told here.

Miss Howlett is the attractive Australian girl chosen by the British Broadcasting Corporation to tell the world the story of the flight which began in England last week and ends in Sydney this week.

By Radio from MURIEL HOWLETT, during the plane's journey, for the Australian Women's Weekly, by special arrangement.

MISS MURIEL HOWLETT, who here tells the story of her flight from London to Sydney on the new flying boat service.

MY admiration for record-breaking women pilots is increasing hourly.

Here I am aboard the swift super-comfortable Cordelia, doing almost nothing, but still very tired.

Perhaps it's excitement.

This, my first flight under such perfect conditions, is making me marvel how Jean Batten and Amy Johnson, and the other heroines of the air, can keep on day after day without rest, taking all the responsibility and the strain of the flying.

I hadn't even the smallest qualm boarding the flying-boat at Southampton, though I have never flown before.

As the plane nosed its way through the morning mists of the Channel, I wanted to tell everyone how intensely exciting I found the urgent throb of the engines . . . how glorious England looked in that soft morning light, for it was at dawn that we hopped off.

I thought with a thrill that we were pioneering the longest flying-boat service in the world, and then I thought that really I am going home.

How orderly everything looks from the air! You can't imagine even a stone out of place looking down at cottages like dolls' houses, and boats lying in the Channel like polished colored toys.

Big, square buildings look like children's blocks, and broad fields like snippings from lengths of silk in every shade and tone of green.

In fact, these aerial views make me think immediately of designs for dress materials. We've had fabrics dotted over with animals and trees and gardens and what not, and I'd like to see some designs based on the extraordinarily neat effect of landscapes seen from the air.

It's an idea.

Champagne Reception

I WISH I were a Professor of Geography like Dr. S. Petersen, one of our two interesting women passengers.

She holds that post at the University of Copenhagen, and I think she must feel her own maps have come true as she gazes out of the window.

Down below she can see the French Alps streaking past, and now we are watching the lovely Rhone Valley spread across the colored map.

Now we are leaving Marseilles. When we dropped down onto Lake Marianne there I felt that we had simply made one bound like a giant kangaroo from England into France.

They brought out champagne in our honor there, and a distinguished party regaled us royally. The visit was truly a flying one, so now we're off again.

At 200 miles an hour, winging along at 1000 feet, the Mediterranean looks incredibly blue, as if all the sapphires in the world were melted together.

We are the first party to be entertained at the magnificent new Bracciano Airport, the pride of Italy.

10,000 Feet Up

I'M afraid I must confess immediately that my first thought at this exciting occasion was of home.

Vividly the memory of hot Sunday mornings in Sydney came back as we ate peaches and loquats proffered by the local celebrities who turned out to do us honor.

I've now become more excited than ever.

We've climbed 10,000 feet to rise above the soaring peaks of the Appenines, snow-streaked magnificence holds our fascinated gaze as we fly on towards Brindisi, then on again to Athens.

The chains of islands below look like strings of black opals.

Mrs. Jessie Booker, our only other woman passenger, is not at all well. She is 62, and wanted to see something of the world before she died, she told us.

She is now as anxious to get home as she was determined to get to London, and she chose to fly because her trip home had led her to vow never to travel by ship again.

We are spending the night in lovely Athens with 1700 miles of our journey to Australia notched off on the log, a quite long enough hop for a first flight.

TO me this next stage is more than thrilling. A fantastic panorama of history lies below us as we wing from Athens towards Basra.

Alexandria, Palestine, Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee glide smoothly into the past as we race on. What would I give for a chance to cover that ground below!

It's frightfully hot, and glimpses of eucalypts and pepper trees below remind me again that I'm on my way home to the land of the gums.

Now we're climbing, trying to escape the exhausting heat of the Syrian desert below. **It looks drastically inhospitable even from 13,000ft.**

But we need not notice that. We are enjoying strawberries and ice-cream way up in the clouds, and the occasional camel caravan, which is the only suggestion of life below, seems as far away as another world.

In a flying boat you can feel terribly snug with sheer comfort.

Now clumps of date palms suggest that Basra is near.

Out of the tropic dusk blaze the flares lighted along the Shat-el-Arab, Basra's waterway. We slant down easily with another 1750 miles of our journey behind us.

That desert I maligned as inhospitable is offering us a dinner of iced consomme, fish, duck, ices, melons, and savories.

A place to linger we found it, but on we must go, on to India over another desert, the Sind, above which the seven Australians aboard toasted our team in iced beer when the news came through of the Test result. We didn't care about the bumps as we flew through a monsoon.

Three hundred miles from Karachi a picturesque native crew helped us refuel from a barge at Jiwuri. Then on we went again to Karachi.

We are all feeling terribly sorry now that we must leave Mrs. Booker behind us. The steaminess of the Persian Gulf has been too much for her, and the doctor we called in on arrival says she is too exhausted to continue.

We hope she'll be able to follow on the next service plane to Brisbane.

Now we're nearly home—hopping across the Timor, then that dash from Darwin, and parents and friends waiting to see me.

Did ever an Australian girl have a better trip home?

END PAIN by STRENGTHENING WEAK KIDNEYS *The Cause of the* Agony of RHEUMATISM

That the cause of terrible, crippling rheumatic pains, and kindred troubles such as bad back, lumbago, lies in the weak kidneys has been proved over and over again. Weak kidneys allow poisons and impurities to enter your system, causing stiffness, swellings, inflammation, excruciating pain, which may result in lifelong misery.

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NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

Final instalment of our serialisation of this World-renowned Novel

By... Kenneth Roberts

WITH that, slipping and splashing with excitement, they gave us the unfamiliar help of muscular arms and got us off the raft, lifted Billy to the bank, put our belongings in a heap, and made the raft fast to a stake.

"Happen to have anything to eat?" Rogers asked them, whereupon, after another look at him, they sprang up the bank and departed, running. They were back in five minutes bringing with them a bottle a third full of rum and a piece of bread the size of my fist. "That's all we got, Major," one said. "We're out chopping wood and ate the rest, but there's plenty supplies at the fort. There's turnips and fresh pork."

Rogers broke the bread in four pieces. "Why, it's bread!" he said. He gave us our portions, took a mouthful of rum, then went over and looked at Billy. He poured a little rum between his lips. When Billy opened his eyes and coughed, he gave him the bread and passed us the bottle.

That mouthful of bread moistened by rum had incredible sweetness and savor. I could feel it moving warmly inside me, as though hastening to assure my cramped and aching stomach, my thumping heart, my laboring lungs and my shivering body that their long agony was over.

"Now we'll go up to the fort," Rogers told the staring woodcutters. "Guess maybe you'd better help us a little. Leave our stuff here; then come back for it. One of you carry this Indian boy. Then we'll just lean on the two of you."

One of the men picked up Billy and carried him. The other gave Ogden and me each a shoulder, and Rogers staggered along, now and then bumping into the man who carried the Indian boy; and thus we set off for the fort, which we could see, low and square, in the middle of its dismal, snow-covered clearing.

Our helpers took us across the parade ground to the log barrack in the centre. A squat tower of hewn planks rose from its northern end. The man on whom Ogden and I leaned pulled the latch-string of the door and kicked it open. In a broad stone fireplace opposite the door a fire burned, and at either end of the room were rows of bunks. In front of the fire a blanket was spread on the floor, and around it were a dozen Provincials, rolling dice.

ALL DANGER from menacing Indians was now over.

They looked up. One said angrily, "Keep that door shut!"

"This here's Major Rogers," one of the woodcutters said in a voice that choked with excitement.

The Provincials got slowly to their feet and faced us, stared at us and frowned with unbelief, then seemed to see something terrifying.

"Who's in command of this fort?" Rogers asked.

"We don't know his name, Major," a soldier said huskily. "We're strangers here."

"Go get him," Rogers ordered.

Three Provincials jumped together for the door at the end of the room, jostling and tripping in their haste.

Rogers walked drunkenly to a bench, and the staring soldiers fell away before him.

"Put Billy on the blanket and go back and get our muskets," Rogers told the woodcutters.

Ogden and I got to the bench with difficulty. The feel of a roof over my head and of a closed room, warmed by a fire, almost suffocated me.

The door at the end of the room burst open. A stolid-looking man in a wrinkled blue uniform peered at us, blinking. "Which?" he asked. "Which one?" He came to us. "They said Major Rogers! None of you are Major Rogers!"

"I'm Rogers," the Major said. "Now here: write down what I say. I can't repeat. What's your name?"

"Bellows," the officer said, "in charge of the King's stores." He clapped his hands to his pockets, looked confused, then hurried from the room. When he returned he had pencil and paper. "We didn't know—" he stammered. "We heard—where did you——"

"Get canoes," Rogers said. "Load 'em with food. Send 'em up river. Mouth of the Ammonoosuc."

"These men are Provincials," Bellows said apologetically.

"They're bound home. There's only——"

"Get settlers," Rogers said. "Good canoemen. Hire 'em!"

"It's pretty bad weather," Bellows said doubtfully. "Maybe when it clears off——"

ROGERS rose waveringly to his feet, then straightened himself to his full height and seemed to fill the room. In a strained, hoarse voice he said: "To-day! To-day! Now! Can't you realise there's a hundred Rangers at the mouth of the Ammonoosuc, starving! Get men and pay 'em! Get all the settlers into the fort. Call 'em in! Drum 'em in! I'll talk to 'em! For goodness sake, get started!"

Bellows stared at him wildly; rushed back to the door and shouted a name, adding, at the top of his lungs, "Assembly, Assembly!"

Three private soldiers tumbled into the room, one a drummer. At a gesture from Bellows he ran out on the parade ground, fumbling with his drum braces. His drum rolled and rumbled, sending chills down my spine.

To one of the other soldiers Bellows shouted, "Run to Mrs. Bellows. Get a pail of milk and a bottle of my rum."

"And some bread," Ogden said.

"All the bread she's got!" Bellows shouted.

Rogers sank down on the bench, rubbed his gaunt face with huge skeleton hands, ran his fingers through his hair. "Write an order for the food to go up river. What you got in this place?"

"Pork," Bellows said. "Fresh beef. Turnips."

"How much bread you got?"

"Not much," Bellows said. "These Provincials——"

"Provincials be hanged! Let 'em go without! Put all the food you can find in those canoes, and send out for more. Send out for everything there is! Those men of mine are going to be fed, or by heavens I'll raid every house in the settlement!"

The drum rattled and rolled, rumbled and banged.

Bellows scribbled hastily on a sheet of paper and sent the third soldier flying from the barrack with it. There were people crowding in at the door, goggling at us.

Rogers raised his voice to be heard over the continuous rolling of the drum. "Tell me something," he said to Bellows. "Supplies of food were to meet us at the mouth of the Ammonoosuc. They were sent, weren't they?"

"Oh, yes," Bellows replied, and he looked frightened. "They were in charge of Lieutenant Stephens."

"So? What did he do with 'em?"

"He brought 'em back," Bellows said. "He waited several days; then he thought you and your command must have been wiped out—and he heard firing one morning and thought it might be French and Indians, so he decided he'd better start for home."

"LISTEN," Rogers said, and he spoke as much to the settlers and Provincials who had crowded in through the doorway as he did to Bellows. "We finished St. Francis for you. There isn't any more St. Francis, and you can begin to move up that way and clear the land and live in peace whenever you've a mind to.

"But this Lieutenant Stephens who got frightened and took our food away when we were firing muskets to show him we were coming—we'll have to have a settlement with him. He isn't here, is he?"

"No," Bellows said tremulously. "He's gone back to Crown Point. You'll be going that way, too, Major, I take it?"

"No, not till afterwards," Rogers answered in a choking voice.

The crowding people stared stupidly at him as he stood before them in the firelight, unbelievably gaunt, barefooted, covered with bruises, tattered strips of strouding sagging around his legs. The shredded buckskin leggings hung loosely on his emaciated flanks; singular torn bits of garments concealed little of his ribs and bony chest; his hands were scarred, burned, sooty and pitch-stained from his labors with the raft.

"No, we'll see Lieutenant Stephens at Crown Point afterwards," Rogers said. "Now get me some beef—fat beef. I'm going back to the Ammonoosuc myself."

It seemed impossible that the man who had routed me from sleep at sun-up on the following morning had been at death's door from starvation and exhaustion only 24 hours earlier. Already, before waking us, he had been to the river to make sure that canoe-loads of supplies had set off for the Ammonoosuc. I had the feeling that the man was indestructible—this Rogers of Rogers' Rangers—this paladin who had destroyed St. Francis, had led us into hell and through it and out of it; that this colossus couldn't be killed or beaten.

As I saw him then, it seemed to me his determined soul was such that even had his body perished his ghost would have continued to lead us; would have threshed and fought the way through to bring us into safety.

"Come on," he said that morning, when he'd wakened me, "I still need you for a while." He wore borrowed buckskins, made for a smaller man—which was only natural, since he was bigger than most. He and Ogden and Billy and I ate a whole side of bacon, mopping up the grease with our loaves of bread, and washing it down with a kettleful of tea the color of the water in a spruce bog, and it made me feel as though I had swallowed a bag of bullets.

"I'm going to leave Billy here to fatten up," he told me. "When you come back from Crown Point, stop and get him. Take him home and keep him for me. I'm in Portsmouth every few months. When I need him, I'll ask for him."

Then, after breakfast, he set to work framing his report to General Amherst. I have heard it said, often, that everything Rogers wrote was written for him; that he was ignorant and illiterate. That isn't so. He was a bad speller. Aside from that, he expressed himself not only fluently and well, but in simple language, which is a gift denied to many writers who are called great.

He dictated eight pages, telling briefly what he had done and what he proposed to do; and what with consulting his note-book of our travels, and correcting here and inserting sentences elsewhere, it was almost noon before he reached the concluding paragraph:

Please turn to Page 38

Active sportswomen eat Peek Frean's Vita-Weat because it's *energising* (and the flavour's delicious). Vita-Weat Crispbread is made from the *whole* grain of the best wheat. Calories, vitamins and mineral salts are all retained—none of the goodness is thrown away!

Eat Vita-Weat for vitality—and slimness, too. Peek Frean's Vita-Weat is free from unconverted starch, so it *cannot* make you fat.

Put a toast rack of Vita-Weat on your table at every meal. A ½-lb. carton costs only a few pence. *Why not buy one to-day?*

PEEK FREAN'S

Vita-Weat

CRISPBREAD

V22.8A

A MEAL IN A MINUTE

WITH

AND

A cube makes a cup of delicious chicken broth for one penny.

A high quality favourite for 30 years. Delicious for sandwiches and cocktail savouries.

MADE BY HARRY PECK & CO., LTD., LONDON

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SOME NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

HUSBAND: Every time I look at that hat you're wearing, I've got to laugh.
WIFE: Then I'll leave it somewhere handy so you can see it when the bill arrives.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"If you're a good girl, people will look up to you."
"I'd rather they looked round at me!"

SHE: Can you think of anything finer than this bite in the winter air?
HE (bored): Yes, a nip in the local hotel.

"The Browns have a most wonderful car."
"What's so wonderful about it?"
"It's paid for."

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

YOUNG BRIDE: I want a small piece of lamb for baking, please.
Butcher: A forequarter, madam?
Young Bride: Oh, no. I think a three-quarter will be enough.

NURSE: The new patient in our ward is lightheaded.
Doctor: Blonde or delirious?

"IS that dog of good race?"
"Excellent. The mother belonged to a duchess and the father was run over by a Rolls Royce."

WIFE: But, Archibald, you cannot go to the opera without shaving.
Husband: Why not, my dear? We are going to "The Barber of Seville."

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY: Gentlemen, I hold in my hand a phial of soda. What chemical shall I combine with it to produce a valuable article of commerce?
Goadsby (waking up): Whisky!

"GEORGE didn't have his contract renewed because of his poor following."
"You didn't tell me he was an actor."
"He isn't; he's a private detective."

HE had gone up on a maiden flight with his nephew.
"T-tell me when you're going to loop the loop again," he remarked nervously.
"Well," said the nephew, "I don't always know."

DORIS: What position does your boy friend play in the football team?
Joan: Oh, he's one of the drawbacks.

NO MORE *Kidney Trouble* FOR ME

THE failure of the Kidneys to carry out their work properly is definitely at the root of many of to-day's most common ailments—Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout. The correct function of the Kidneys is to extract from the blood excess water and waste poisons which are subsequently expelled from the body. If the Kidneys are disordered, these poisons accumulate in the blood stream, and, in time, will take serious toll on your health.

There is no surer way to restore your Kidneys to their normal, healthy state than Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy famous for more than sixty years.

Warner's Safe Cure is packed in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/9d and in the original 5/- bottles . . . and is sold by Chemists and Storekeepers everywhere.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

THE 60 YEARS OLD REMEDY FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

Put an End To Those CHILBLAINS & FOOT TROUBLES With The Aid Of Zam-Buk

ARE you subject to annoying chilblains every time there's a return of cold weather? It's not only the pain and discomfort you have to contend with but there's always a danger of chilblains breaking and becoming septic.

You can be free from chilblains all Winter if you follow this easy treatment. Just give your feet—and your hands, too—a nightly rub over with Zam-Buk. This restores circulation, ends

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

and where the skin is broken gives complete antiseptic protection. If your feet are aching or tired, or you have hard growths, before applying Zam-Buk bathe the feet in warm water and dry thoroughly, especially between the toes.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus, with Zam-Buk's aid, corns are softened and easily removed, aching joints, ankles, toes and feet are soothed and strengthened and real foot comfort is assured.

1/6 or 3/6 a tin. Of all chemists & stores

"The chilblains on my feet were swollen and extremely painful. I was persuaded to use Zam-Buk Ointment, which brought great ease, reduced the swelling and completely removed the annoying chilblains."—Miss G. M.

"As a health visitor I'm on my feet a lot during the day. I find Zam-Buk very reliable for keeping my feet easy and comfortable. My father, too, ensures sound feet by using Zam-Buk."—Nurse E. S.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

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You Can End Colds Quicker!

..WITH THE 3-Minute VapoRub Massage

FIRST—*rub Vicks VapoRub briskly on the throat and chest.*

NEXT—*rub VapoRub briskly* on the back, *between and below the shoulder-blades.*

THEN—*to strengthen and lengthen its famous double-action—spread VapoRub thick on the chest, and cover with warm flannel.*

IT takes so little time, and does so much, so quickly—this 3-Minute VapoRub Massage. It is so safe, too, for there is nothing to swallow, and so nothing to upset a child's delicate digestion just when all his strength is needed to fight off the cold.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts VapoRub working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable.

At the same time, warmed by the body, VapoRub releases its powerful medicated vapours. These are breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, direct to the irritated air-passages of nose, throat, and chest.

Working in these two direct ways at once, VapoRub soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, breaks up congestion. And, with the air-passages clear, breathing becomes easy again.

Long-Lasting Double Action

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon drops off to restful sleep. Meanwhile, VapoRub keeps on working for hours—breaks up most colds by morning.

For Grown-Ups, Too

You never grow too big to welcome the warm comfort of a VapoRub Massage, and the quick relief of its powerful, head-clearing vapours. No wonder, then, that VapoRub has become the preferred treatment, in 71 different countries, for all the colds in the family. More than 26 million jars are used every year.

Ideal for Children's Colds — VICKS VAPORUB — ...Just as Good for Grown-Ups

Out of sorts?

Take

Beecham's PILLS

when you're BILIOUS... LIVERISH.. SLUGGISH. LISTLESS..

"worth a guinea a box"

Profit and Loss

Continued from Page 5

"WHEESHT, man, Dan," Collins propitiated, "we'll gang over and take a look at it."

He came out of his office. They all began to walk over to the cliff face.

"It's not safe, anyway," remarked Frew as they drew near. "We'll need to put a couple of shots above her and bring that ower-hung bit down."

The fact was that on the near-hand side, whether through Green's unskilful drilling or through some fault in the sandstone stratum, the shot had undercut, that is to say, brought down the lower masses of the stone without dislodging the upper. Thus a great ledge remained, overhanging the cavity beneath.

Dan, with the others, stopped ten yards off and stood frowning at the botched up job. From his long experience he knew it to be dangerous; at any instant—it might be within a second or within an hour—down those unsupported tons of rock would crash.

"What a mess!" He cursed under his breath, and turned to Collins.

At that moment young Green, smarting under what he considered an unjust accusation, and burning to justify himself by locating the situation of his bore-hole, walked straight into the undercut.

A shout from the bunch of men drew Dan round.

"Come out, you fool," Dan roared. "Don't ye know what ye're doing?"

Green turned and looked at Dan stupidly.

"Come out, you fool," shouted Dan again. And he dashed in to yank out the flabbergasted lad. That was when the fall occurred.

A huge slab of rock broke off the overhanging mass and dropped plumb through the air like an enormous flying tombstone.

Dan heard it, saw it coming. With a powerful effort he jerked Green out. Then, springing sideways, he tried to get clear.

He was a split second too late. The rock, weighing ten tons, fell upon his right leg and mangled it horribly.

Dan sprawled on his face. He groaned. He tried to move, but could not. His leg, mutilated and useless, was pinned by the stone. He was trapped in the undercut.

A cry went up from the rest of the gang—a united cry of horror and fear. Collins, Joe Frew, and two others dashed into the undercut.

"Get out, dammit," Dan groaned; "there's more comin' down."

"Wheesht, man, wheesht!" Collins almost blubbered his familiar propitiating phrase, and, lifting Dan's shoulders, he tried to drag him free.

Dan groaned again.

"Ye can't move me. The whole graveyard's on top of me."

Joe Frew went down on his knees to lend Collins a hand. But it was hopeless. Dan's leg was fatally imprisoned by the rock, there was no room to rig tackle strong enough to lift it, and at any minute the entire roof might cave in upon them.

"For heaven's sake give us a dram," Dan said, moistening his lips. A bottle was hurriedly produced, and at the same time Collins turned to Green.

"Run," he commanded. "Run as quick as you can and bring the doctor, never mind who—get somebody, anybody, Cameron or Hyslop if you can." Without waiting to be told again, the terrified lad took to his heels and ran.

At eleven o'clock that forenoon it so happened that Finlay Hyslop went back to Arden House because he had forgotten his stethoscope. But for this unimportant fact he would have been out upon his rounds when Green arrived. As it was, he walked straight into the white-faced, panting youth on the steps.

The next minute he was in the gig.

Over the quarry when he arrived there hung that strange, abnormal silence which in street, shipyard, or house he had come to associate with serious disaster.

Taking his bag of instruments, he sprang out of the gig and hurried forward to where Dan lay.

Squeezing himself into the undercut he made a swift examination.

Only one thing to be done. Amputation.

He looked at Dan, on whose grey face big beads of sweat stood out, and Dan looked back at him. What with the pain and the whisky—for the bottle had been used a lot before Finlay came along—Dan was a little out of himself. And he said:

"Go ahead! I know what you've got to do. Take the thing off, but look slippy, or you'll get a rock on the back of your head in the middle o't."

Finlay made no reply. He opened his bag. With a pair of scissors he slit Dan's moleskins, then cut them completely away.

He poured half a bottle of iodine over the thigh above the macerated knee, saturated the mask with chloroform, and clapped it on Dan's face.

"I'll get you out of this," he whispered. "Just you breathe in and forget about everything."

When Dan was under the influence of the anaesthetic, Finlay propped the bottle against his body, tightened the tourniquet, pulled on a pair of rubber gloves, picked up the knife, and began.

Under the low roof of rock, Finlay worked like a demon. In the midst of his operations a small fragment of the stone detached itself from the roof and fell upon the bottle of chloroform. The bottle smashed, and every drop of the anaesthetic flooded upon the ground. Finlay gave an exclamation of dismay. But it was impossible to stop now.

At frantic speed he went on with the ligature; Collins, with his eye on the roof, kept urging him to hurry.

With his task almost completed Finlay suddenly looked round and caught Dan's dilated eye fixed strainingly upon him.

"You've made a fine job of it, doctor," Dan whispered from between his clenched teeth, "though I only saw you do the hind end of it."

He had been out of the anaesthetic for a full five minutes.

As they pulled him clear of the undercut his eyes were still fixed on Finlay. He tried to speak again. But instead he fainted.

"AS I was saying," the night-watchman went on meditatively, "six months ago if anybody had told me that I wouldn't regret having my leg off I would have bashed him in the jaw—the surly, cantankerous deevil that I was. But, somehow, since then, I've taken a different notice about things.

"I can't tell you why or how, for I can sit down now and rest without aye wanting to be on the rampage. I can be quiet. Ay, that's just it.

"I can be quiet and at peace with myself. A way I never was before. It's queer, but I seem to get more satisfaction out of life with one leg than I did with the twa."

A silence came between the two; then Finlaly said:

"I suppose it all boils down to this, Dan, that everything happens for the best. Though it's hard to realise it at the time. Profit and loss, maybe. What you lose in one way you gain in another."

"It's a graun', graun' night," said Dan at length, sniffing the crisp air. "I'd a sight rather be here than in the Fitter's Bar."

They stood for a moment while the still beauty of the night encompassed them. Then Finlay turned towards the town.

"I'll be off, Dan," he said. "Look out for me to-morrow as I come by."

And with echoing footsteps he strode down the road, leaving Dan Tainsh to his silent communion with the stars.

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GIRLIGAGS

"THERE seems to be no speed limit when one starts driving you crazy."

If you want to look fresh and young—

PUT A SPOONFUL OF MOUSSE OF CREAM *in your* FACE POWDER

and see the MAGICAL RESULTS!

YOUR skin often becomes dry, parched and lined because your face powder absorbs its natural moisture and oils. A new beauty trick enables you to avoid all this. Just blend a *teaspoonful* of "Mousse of Cream" with a box of your favourite powder. This prevents the powder from absorbing the skin's moisture; keeps your skin soft and velvety-smooth. You can buy a superfine powder in which "Mousse of Cream" is already blended for you just in the right proportions—Poudre Tokalon. The "Mousse of Cream" in Poudre Tokalon makes it stay on hours and hours. Neither wind and rain nor perspiration can spoil the lovely fresh "matt" complexion it gives. Try Poudre Tokalon and see what an amazing improvement it makes in your complexion in a few days. 1/- and 2/- a box at all Chemists and Stores.

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A Kensington lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone to 8 stone 3lbs." This is a scientifically correct treatment endorsed by leading doctors. No dieting or exercising. Three weeks' treatment 5/6; six weeks, 10/-; at all chemists, or post free from NOEL F. FORD, M.P.S., (Rpd. Unl.), Chemist, 247 King Street, Newtown. Tel. L1712.

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.

So they Say

LETTERS WELCOME!

Write to THIS page what you think about situations met with in everyday life, in your personal contacts with people.

Write to the Points of View page your opinion on general news and events of the week.

WHY BE BORED?

HOW often do we hear young married women complain that the days drag, that they find they have not enough to keep them occupied?

One acquaintance of mine left business to marry. She furnished a nice flat in the approved style and settled down, but 12 months later she returned to her old job—she was "bored" at home.

Yet this same young woman would not consider having children because they would "interfere with her freedom."

There are dozens of interests for young married women. Why should life be boring for them?

If a woman is not fond of sport, then there are so many books to be read, and new friendships to be formed.

A young married woman is on the threshold of a new life which offers her the greatest interests to be had—a "home," a loved and loving husband, and, if she so desires, the privilege of enjoying that most priceless gift—motherhood!

£1 for this letter to Mrs. G. Harris, 10 Salisbury Road, Willoughby, N.S.W.

♦ ♦ ♦

PIANO PRACTICE

MANY people to-day are often bored because they do not know how to amuse themselves in their own homes.

Many have pianos, but few who know how to play ever seem to touch them.

Why don't more people keep up their practice after years of study? If they took more interest in the piano they could really enjoy many an evening at home—instead of always going out for their pleasures.

Margherita Calvi, 107 Birrell St., Waverley, N.S.W.

♦ ♦ ♦

DO YOU DO THIS?

IT is surprising how easily little breaches of etiquette can be committed unintentionally. For example, reading a paper over someone else's shoulder.

Many a time when a fellow passenger opens his paper invitingly, I steel myself not to take a look, but I am afraid my eyes finally wander where they ought not.

It is so easy to do when one notices a particularly interesting paragraph. The offender only wakes up when he catches an accusing look from the owner of the paper.

Miss C. M. Jeffries, Clarence Rd., Indooroopilly SW2, Qld.

♦ ♦ ♦

PITY POOR WOMEN

IS there anything that a woman can do, say, or wear that is right?

Here are some of the things I have read recently concerning women:

If a woman devotes all her time to her home, husband, and children, she is a bore. If she has outside interests, she is a poor homemaker. If she "lets her appearance go," she will lose her husband's interest. If she visits a beauty parlor, she is said to be frivolous and extravagant.

Girls must not play sport because they do not look beautiful. They must not follow business careers because it makes them hard.

What are poor women to do?

Mrs. M. Richards, 72 Ross St., Richmond, Melbourne.

♦ ♦ ♦

ADVICE WANTED

RECENTLY I escorted a girl home from a local dance. On our way we were accosted by an aggressive stranger, who hurled abuse at my companion. Both my newly-made acquaintance and myself ignored this man and resumed our walk.

Did I act correctly? Both the girl and the man were total strangers to me. Should I have quelled this man's speech by physical force?

D. McKenzie, 4 Carlisle Avenue, St. Kilda S2, Vic.

What is Wrong With Cleaning Husband's Shoes?

IN reply to Mrs. Duncan (18/6/38), I do not think it belittling for a wife to clean her husband's shoes on occasions, any more than it is for him to do it for her.

Some women want all the little things done for them, but do not bother to lend a helping hand when needed.

Mrs. D. Mann, 143 Gaffney Lane, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Would Go Dirty

MRS. DUNCAN'S letter about cleaning her husband's shoes made me chuckle.

I have always cleaned my husband's, otherwise they would always be dirty.

One day I read that cleaning a man's shoes was the surest way to earn his contempt, so I decided never to touch them again. After a week of seeing them dirty I could bear it no longer. That is why I clean his shoes.

Mrs. V. R. Bell, Short St., Grenfell, N.S.W.

Not If He Expects It

WHETHER there is any harm in cleaning one's husband's shoes depends upon the type of man he is.

While the majority of men would be thankful for the service and willing to help their wives in return when they were in a hurry, there are some who would expect their shoes cleaned always if it were done once.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 20 Cobden St., Belmore, N.S.W.

Doesn't Want It

MRS. DUNCAN, your friends are justified in their feelings regarding the cleaning of shoes.

Surely it is unnecessary. I do not think the average man would expect it.

Cleaning his shoes does tend to lower a woman's dignity more than pressing his pants.

Mrs. A. M. Ashdown, Colaba, 51 Artarmon Rd., Willoughby, N.S.W.

Just Isn't Done

I DON'T think a wife should clean her husband's shoes. It just isn't done.

A wife keeps all the rest of her man's wearing apparel presentable, from his tie down to his socks, but the shoes should be his job, however rushed he is to keep an appointment.

Miss L. Gillett, 46 Foreman St., St. Peters, N.S.W.

Menial Task

SHOE-CLEANING does seem to be an unsuitable job for a woman.

A husband would not see his wife emptying the garbage-tin or cleaning out clogged pipes, and shoe-cleaning to most people is "on a par" with these.

No decent man would allow his wife to clean his shoes, no matter how pressed for time.

Mrs. M. Wallis, 44 Park Place, South Yarra SE1, Vic.

True Helpmate

WHAT is wrong with cleaning your husband's shoes? Isn't a perfect marriage one in which man and woman work for each other's benefit?

Loving Service

Often when I have been doing some important task, my husband has bathed and dressed the baby in preparation for an outing, and cleaned my shoes.

These people who are "shocked" and horrified are not only unreasonable, but have no sense of a true love and helpmateship.

Mrs. M. S. Stanton, 18 Boronia Ave., Epping, N.S.W.

Delights of the Old-Style Musical Evening

I AGREE with Miss Lorna Crouch on musical evenings (18/6/38). There are a few people to-day who still entertain in this manner, and I would like to see them revived.

I derive far more pleasure from a musical evening than from several shows at a theatre. Often one meets one's future partner in life at these meetings, and the marriage is made much happier by the sharing of this interest.

K. Tasker, 68 Barker Road, Strathfield, N.S.W.

Australian Fault

WE agree with Miss Crouch about the pleasures of musical "At Homes," but wonder whether the lack of interest in them is purely Australian.

We have been in Sydney three years, and during that time have made the acquaintance of only one musical person.

Prior to leaving England we went to many musical evenings, and miss them sorely here.

Mrs. Ellen E. Forster, 86 O'Donnell St., Nth. Bondi, Sydney.

Will Come Back

EVERYONE old enough to remember them will agree with Lorna Crouch as to the many real delights of the old "musical evenings."

Like the "flesh and blood" stage, they have been more or less supplanted by the mechanical inventions of recent years.

But this appears to be a passing phase, and there is little doubt that both the stage and the musical evenings will again come into their own.

A. D. Donnelly, Tenterfield, N.S.W.

Health First

THAT health and healing lie in the food we eat, to a greater degree than in any drugs we may swallow, is now a recognised fact.

This being so, I look forward to the time when every school will be equipped with a modern kitchen in charge of a trained dietitian, where children from their infancy will be guided in the selection and taught the preparation of food.

In too many homes the menu is planned with an eye to economy rather than to health.

Mrs. Lance Holding, Chalsworth Rd., Gympie, Qld.

Feel "At Home"

MISS CROUCH'S letter moves me to write that a musical evening is one of the warmest forms of entertainment.

Visitors feel more at home because each is contributing to the success of the evening. A lot of fun can be had in this way, too.

Ena Neal, The Hospital, Rydalmere, N.S.W.

Distant Fields . . .

REMEMBERED pleasures are always sweetest, Miss Crouch.

While now we can listen-in to the wireless to beautiful music rendered by the best artists of the day, our need for self-expression finds outlets that are less painful to our friends than were the amateurish efforts at musical entertainment.

Miss J. Smith, 39 Bent Street, Caulfield SE8, Melbourne.

Blame Wireless

I LONG for the musical evenings of bygone days, when the family gathered round the piano with other musical instruments, and when we would all join in.

Nowadays the wireless is switched on until nobody even listens to what is being played.

Mrs. H. Wright, 112 Wolde Ave., Hurstville, N.S.W.

Why Not Have Special Ring For Widows?

I DO not agree with J. E. S. Price (18/6/38) that widows should wear a special ring to distinguish them from others.

That would make widows seem anxious for remarriage, whereas loving wives cherish their dead husbands'

Might Frighten Them Off!

wedding-rings, and would rather wear them than any token of widowhood.

K. Hollier, Werrimull, Vic.

Branding Them

WE still keep up the stupid custom of branding women with rings. Why not brand them all properly?

Divorced women and widows could have their own special rings.

Mrs. W. G. Moore, 5 Carter Ave., Toorak SE2, Vic.

Practical Idea

I AGREE that widows should wear some special token. Why not wear the wedding-ring on the middle finger of the right hand? And a widower could wear his late wife's ring on the little finger of the left hand.

Miss E. Francis, 10 Neville St., Mentone S11, Vic.

Priceless Possession

I DO not think J. E. S. Price's idea for widows to wear conspicuous rings a good one.

Not many young widows with children would cast aside that plain gold band for something special and conspicuous to show that they were eligible for marriage again.

Mrs. C. E. Feeney, Bellingen, N.S.W.

WAKE UP, MEN!

WHAT is to become of our girls? Young men of to-day take them out occasionally when, for example, they want to attend a dance, but the majority have no desire for courtship or marriage. They prefer the company of their own sex.

Mrs. L. Baker, c/o Post Office, Springwood, Blue Mountains, N.S.W.

♦ ♦ ♦

FALSE VALUES

IN a recent issue of The Australian Women's Weekly I noticed a paragraph written by a leading London doctor to the effect that we do not bother enough about our underclothing.

It brought to my mind the numbers of girls who spend money on cosmetics when it would be better put into items of clothing.

One cannot help but notice girls whose faces are covered in make-up, wearing laddered stockings and shoes down-at-heel.

One notices carelessness in personal appearance far more than lack of make-up.

Miss Betty le Faire, c/o G.P.O., Melbourne.

♦ ♦ ♦

CHOOSE OWN NAMES

I RECENTLY read an article concerning the manner in which the people of China name their children. When the children are born they are given "milk" names, and as they grew older they are at liberty to make a change.

I wish this practice were adopted here. Many people go through life hating their Christian names, and in childhood may suffer much from teasing schoolmates.

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The Moon Looked On

Continued from Page 8

"Very nice," said Joe. "Very, very nice. But where do we eat?"

Estrella caught his arm and started along the cobbled road. On one side the waters of the Mediterranean slapped against a stone bulkhead. On the other, brick-front houses crowded closely one against the next. They were drab and grey, like old crones who huddle close in the moonlight and whisper ancient secrets. Here and there was a splash of color—a yellow sign above a shoemaker's shop—Zapateria. Further along a butcher—Carnerceria. A house or two with no evident excuse for existence and at the end of town where the dirt road left the cobbles and wound into the hills was a church. The grey stone spire was a silver finger that pointed at the moon. Near the church Estrella found a restaurant. But the doors were closed, the windows shuttered.

"What's wrong?" asked Joe.

Estrella's eyes were wide. She shrugged.

They walked towards the restaurant. A dog barked. Two more dogs joined the chorus and from the churchyard another hound added its voice.

"Where's everybody?" asked Joe. "The joint is dead."

He rapped against the warped wooden door. There was no answer but a scurry of footsteps. He knocked again. Estrella called to open the door. She called again and added a few words Joe had heard on other waterfronts. Still no answer.

"This is a swell spot to pick for supper," he said. "I suppose they pull in the sidewalks at nine."

"Something is wrong," said Estrella.

"Yeah—we don't get any supper."

A black-robed priest came from the church. He walked slowly, looking forward and back at each step. He lifted his arms and smiled. Estrella bent one knee and spoke to him in Spanish. The priest answered and Estrella's hands went quickly to her throat.

"Now what?" said Joe.

"The padre says——"

She caught Joe's arm and turned towards the dock. From the far end of town where the boat was moored came the sound of gunfire. A single shot, another, a rattle as of small stones falling on a tin roof. There were screams. And the dogs barked louder.

"What is it, Father?" asked Joe.

"The war, my son—the war."

Joe hardly noticed the priest had answered in English.

"The war? What war?"

"The revolution."

So that Spanish captain had been right! And the hotel clerk knew his business when he advised against going into Spain. Ten years in the automobile line waiting for a plant foreman's job and then someone had to start a revolution and spoil it.

Joe looked at the priest, looked at Estrella, looked up the street. There were more shots, more screams. The restaurant door opened and a grey-headed old fellow with whiskers like a billy-goat grabbed the priest by the arm. He motioned to Estrella, jabbered at her in Spanish. He motioned to Joe. Another burst of shots came from the street. Joe caught Estrella by the shoulders, took the priest by the arm, and pushed them into the restaurant. He followed and slammed the door.

"Now what's it all about?" he asked.

The priest told him. Spain's Government was a republic, so called. Actually, it was a Communistic form of government. Exiled and defeated Royalists in Morocco had revolted and Spain was suddenly torn with civil war.

"What side are we on?" asked Joe.

The priest smiled. "We, my son?" he said slowly. "We of the Church do not fight." He touched Joe lightly on the arm. "You are an American. You have no quarrel."

"Yeah—I get all that. But what happens when these monkeys finish shooting and crack into the town? Who are they, anyway?"

The old fellow with the white whiskers jabbered and waved his arms in answer to a question by Estrella. She turned to Joe.

"This town," she said, "is for the revolution. The Communists attack—they burn and kill."

"Now isn't that nice?" said Joe. He pointed to the priest. "Can't he stop it?"

Estrella smiled, thinly. "Soon he will die."

Joe waited for the laugh. It didn't come. Estrella was serious. The war was serious. It wasn't a gag.

He looked at the old fellow with the white whiskers—Pedro Barata, the priest had called him. He was standing near a window and in his hands was a Krag Jorgensen. Joe wondered how the devil that old gun had drifted into the town of Poquita.

There were shells on the table, a large pile of them. Pedro lifted the gun and poked it through the glass of the window. He pushed the shutter aside. He yelled. There were answering yells from the street—a pounding at the door.

"They want the priest," said Estrella.

Joe saw the priest's hand on the latch.

"Will they kill him?"

ESTRELLA shrugged, and sobbed. Old Pedro shouted and waved the priest away. The priest smiled and shook his head. He started to unbar the door.

"Nothing doing!" said Joe. "I've got a boat at the landing. Maybe we can all get away."

He took the gun from Pedro and looked through the window. Men were there—many of them. Some waved guns and bottles that dribbled wine. Others played with women, tossed them about and laughed at their cries. A young girl ran screaming from a nearby house. Behind her ran four men. They were unshaven, dirty, drunk. They laughed and snatched at her dress. One caught her arm and threw her to the ground. He bent over her. And Joe pulled the trigger.

"This ought to be good," he said and jammed another shell into the breech.

"What have you done, my son?" said the priest.

"Signed up for the war," laughed Joe. "I don't like the other guys—not at all."

He fired again, and again. There were screams in the street—deep throated, masculine screams of fear and rage. Bullets splattered against the door, poured through the wooden shutters of the windows. The back door opened and a black-haired youngster sprinted across the room. He carried a shotgun. Pedro snatched it and crouched beside Joe at the window. Estrella was there, too.

"Pedro's son," she explained.

The shotgun flared into life. There was laughter in the street and Joe cursed quietly.

"Papa," he said, "it's always best to aim before you shoot. You've gone and knocked down your sign."

Please turn to Page 22

SHE smiled and moved her shoulders in the slow, upward lift that answers so many questions for the Spaniard. She looked at Joe's glass and touched it. Joe nodded, and soon there was another glass on the table. She sipped, and matched stares with him.

"I'm still waiting for an idea," said Joe.

"Why do you go to Barcelona?"

Joe told her—after all, why not? Many of these girls came from the seaports of southern Spain. If there were any way of getting out of Gibraltar she'd know it.

"You want very much to go?" she asked at length.

Joe showed her a five-dollar bill and said, "That much."

She left the table and crossed to the far side of the restaurant where a group of fishermen sat over a bottle of wine. There was argument—much argument. Soon Estrella came back and seated herself close to Joe.

"It is no use," she said. "I think maybe Manuel will take you in his boat. But he say he will not."

"In a fishing boat?" said Joe. "A sailboat?"

"Yes, senor."

"Five hundred miles in a sailboat? You're crazy."

She laughed then, and it was a low throaty sound that was full of merriment. She reached across the table and rested one small hand on Joe's arm.

"Not to Barcelona. To Malaga—near here in Spain. I think maybe there you can get a car."

Joe thought so, too. "Go on back and argue some more. Tell him it's important."

"That I have told him," smiled Estrella. "He say to buy the boat if it is important."

"I get it," said Joe, and his grin matched Estrella's. "The old run-around, eh? Clipping Americans is still in style."

"I do not understand," said Estrella.

"I didn't think you would."

"You want the boat?"

"How would I find my way to Malaga?"

Estrella's shoulders lifted again. "I could show you."

"So you could," said Joe thoughtfully. He finished the brandy and twisted the empty glass between his fingers. "Fair enough. You show me and I'll buy the boat."

In the morning the wind was light and the sea was fair. They sailed out of the little bay, rounded the sheer rock wall of Gibraltar and headed along the coast. There were miles of grape country, hills and castles that stood with their feet in the sea. It reminded Joe of a similar trip he had taken on a rusty old freighter loaded to the rails with ammunition. War time—when they were sneaking along the coast of Spain bound for Marseilles, and the Mediterranean was alive with submarines.

"When do we reach Malaga?" he asked.

Estrella's shoulders moved. "To-night, maybe—to-morrow. It is not far."

She was sitting next to him in the stern with the long arm of the tiller between them. Joe looked at the dark curve of her hair against her cheek. Not bad at all. He'd seen pilots who were much less interesting, but this one had cost him twenty dollars cash in hand before she stepped over the side of the little fishing boat.

The sun slipped over the rim of the sea and the long twilight started. He asked Estrella how many miles to Malaga, but she smiled and shrugged. Later there was a moon—a Mediterranean moon, so bright a man could read a newspaper at midnight. Joe slouched against the tiller post and hummed a tune to Estrella. "There are smiles that make you happy——"

"That is very pretty, senor," she said. "But maybe—maybe you know something else to sing?"

"What's the matter with that tune?"

"Oh, nothing — nothing. But after ten times, twenty times, fifty times—Dios!"

"Now let's get organised," said Joe. "Are you getting twenty dollars to take me to Malaga, or are you not?"

"Si, senor."

HE grinned and it was his turn to lift his shoulders. It was a typical Latin shrug but Joe Blake wasn't a Latin. Far from it. If there is such a thing as a typical American, Joe was that person.

Estrella liked him. She told him so five times the first afternoon and when the moon came up she said it in Spanish. Joe told her she was beautiful and kept on sailing. She tried to sleep. There was a tiny deck forward, but it was hard and dug holes in her shoulders. She curled up near the mast, but that was no better. Water sloshed about in the bottom. She crept close to Joe, and rested her head against him.

They sailed on up the moon-streak through a sea of tinfoil waves. On the shore, a handful of houses lined the rim of a tiny bay.

"Is that Malaga?" asked Joe pointing.

"Poquita," she said.

"Eh?"

"The town is called Poquita—it's name. I have been there some time."

"Pretty little place."

"Yes. They have food and beds."

"Is that right?"

"We could stop—maybe?"

"Now, let's get organised," said Joe. "Are you——"

"Si, si, si! I am getting twenty dollars to take you to Malaga!"

Joe looked disgusted. He put one hand under Estrella's chin and tilted her head. He made a hard mouth. He looked into her eyes.

"Are we going to fight so soon?" he asked.

Estrella smiled—twenty dollars' worth of smile. She reached up and patted Joe's cheek.

"No, senor—we do not fight. But this boat—its boards are hard."

"Oh, so that's it? Can't take it, eh?"

He pushed against the tiller and let the sail belly into the wind. There was a dock where a fleet of small fishing-boats was moored. Joe sighed. He'd seen those boats years ago with red and blue and yellow sails, and long-moustached fishermen who wore pirates' boots and a knife. They were very picturesque, but he wanted to get to Malaga. He wanted to rent a car and get to his job.

But Estrella was wiggling. He swung the boat into the landing, jumped out and made a line fast to the dock. He held out his hands and helped her over the side. For a moment she stood on tip-toe, her arms above her head and her eyes turned towards the moon. It was a silver moon. It softened the hard, wise lines of the girl's face. It touched her lips and made them young—almost like a child's.

She smiled and followed Joe to the main street.

"You like this place?" she asked.

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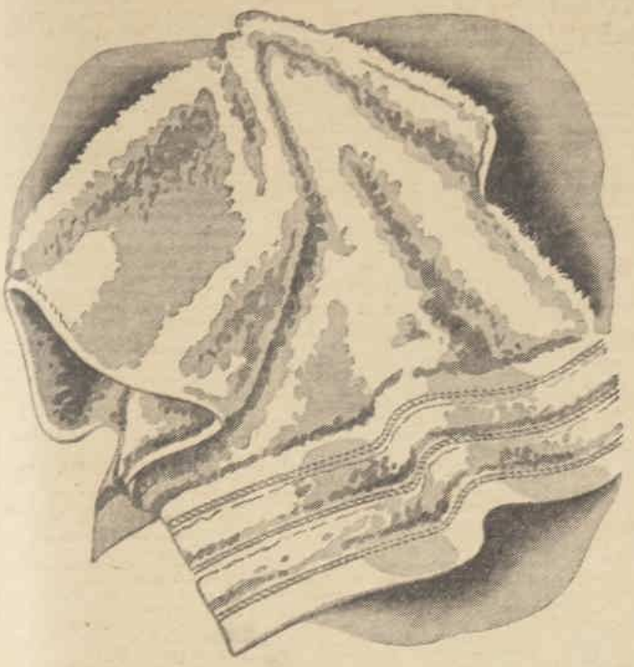

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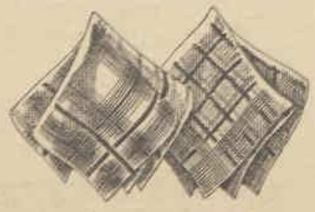

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The Moon Looked On

Continued from Page 20

HE grabbed the gun, tossed it to Estrella and told her to reload. The old Krag covered a woman who ran down the street. It picked off a man who followed. Joe set it down and took up the shotgun.

"Watch, papa," he said. "Duck hunting out of season."

The men had backed into doorways and a steady fire flicked bits of stone from about the window. Joe waited. A tall, red-faced fellow with a dirty khaki coat stepped forward. He took one step, crouched and fired at the window. Another man joined him.

He, too, fired at the window. The slug whistled at Joe and he ducked. Soon there were six men in the street and they hurried towards the restaurant door—openly. They were laughing.

"Strategy," said Joe wisely. He turned and kissed Estrella, then slid the shotgun to the corner of the window. "They think we're out of ammunition. Watch!"

The butt of the first gun had pounded against the door when the shotgun spoke. This time the cries were horrible. There were wounded men in the street. It was war, and Joe felt a little sick. He handed the gun to Estrella and told her to reload.

"Then take it with you," he said. "These monkeys will remember all houses have back doors soon. Before they go around all of you can get to the boat. Now beat it!"

"Beat it?" she said. "I do not understand."

"Thought you spoke English."

"Only a little bit— That I do not understand."

"It means get out of here," said Joe. "All of you—beat it. If you can't get to the boat, scram into the hills. Anywhere, I'll keep these monkeys interested for a while."

"Aha, you are one hero," said Estrella. She was laughing.

"Get serious," said Joe. "These birds play marbles for keeps."

"Marbles? What you mean?"

Joe turned to the priest. "Father, get her out of here, will you? There must be some place to hide."

"It would be better," said the priest, "if you all went. I will open the door and go out to these men. They will never know anyone but me has been here. Then you can get safely to the boat."

"And what a fine time you'll have," said Joe. "Sorry, Father, that's out."

"So—we all stay," grinned Estrella.

Why argue? Joe picked up the rifle and looked out of the window. The street was clear except for a girl who sat in the gutter and cried and cried. He looked both ways but there was no movement of any kind.

"Something very nasty is going to happen," he said. "It reminds me of a time when a submarine ran away from us. Yeah—it ran. Then it stopped on the horizon and shelled the living hell——" He stopped, grinned awkwardly and turned to the priest. "Sorry, Father. The language gets out of control at times."

"Not what is in the mouth, my son," said the priest. "But what is in the heart."

"That isn't exactly beautiful, either," said Joe.

He looked at Estrella and she smiled for him. It was a nice smile. Everything about Estrella was nice, Joe decided. She was a great little sport. A sticker. She knew what would happen to her when the mob knocked down the door, but there were no tears. And she knew what he had meant when he told her to beat it.

She was whispering to the priest now, and soon they drove off into a corner. Joe understood—the confessional. Well, it was good to get it off your chest and he didn't blame her. Besides, there was the next life to think about. Joe had never got around to that. It was a bit late to start now. He looked at Estrella's eyes when she had finished with the priest. They were bright and starry. She smiled for him again.

"You wish to talk with the padre?" she asked. "I will watch by the window."

"Wait until he finishes with old Pedro and the boy," said Joe. "I'm not much on——"

"You?" she said quietly. "What about me? You know what I was, eh?"

"Sure I do—you were a kid, once. A funny-faced kid that grew into a beautiful woman."

"I mean——"

Joe put his fingers across her lips. He looked into her eyes again. He'd seen little girls in white dresses coming from a church once—a long procession of bright-faced youngsters whose eyes were clear and fine. Estrella's eyes were like that now. Even in the dusk of the old restaurant, where a single candle burned, he could see them shining.

HE took his fingers from her lips and put them under her chin. "How about a little kiss?" he said, and grinned.

Estrella drew back and looked at the priest. She looked at Joe and shook her head. He stopped grinning and put out his arms.

"The padre won't mind," he said. "Not the kind of a kiss I want. You see—I love you, Estrella."

"You love me?"

"Yes, I love you. Sometimes, when there's fighting—a war—love comes quickly. Maybe it's afraid. Maybe fear hurries it. I don't know."

She kissed him then, and the priest smiled. He motioned to Joe, but there was movement in the street. Joe looked from the window. The Communists were back, dozens of them. They were setting up a machine-gun behind a low wall that flanked the churchyard. They were laughing and singing. And they hadn't forgotten the women. Joe couldn't see them—they were behind the wall—but he heard a girl's voice and it was pitiful. He rested his cheek against the gunstock and waited.

No use to knock over one man in that mob. Get the machine-gunner—that was the idea. Keep picking off the men who swung the gun, and make it tough for them. Joe wished he could squat behind that thing for about five minutes. It was an old one—the same as he had used in Russia when the Navy took over in 1919. He could make that baby sing a sweet tune. Oh, well——

Estrella came closer, and her kiss was warm on his cheek. Pedro had his eyes fixed on a man climbing to the top of the wall with a grenade in his hand. Joe saw the moonlight glinting on its dull, rounded sides. The pin was out; the man was counting before he threw. An old-timer, thought Joe; some bird who had learned to toss grenades during the big war. He lined the front and rear sights on a gleaming brass belt-buckle. He squeezed the trigger.

There was a cry. Not loud—just a gasp that meant Joe had scored square in the stomach. The grenade thrower slid from the wall holding tightly to his handful of death. Seconds later an explosion ripped the night with yellow light.

"THERE'S a break!" cried Joe. "They divided that one among them!"

He leaned from the window. Men were running across the churchyard. Shadowy figures that yelled and waved their arms. The machine gun sprawled on end, its muzzle in the earth and one iron leg sticking into the night. It was a chance—a long shot. He might get to the gun before those monkeys found their nerve and came back to see what had happened. He pulled at the single bar across the door and swung it open.

The church had seemed close—not more than fifty yards distant. Joe sprinted, and as he ran the church backed quickly away. Fifty yards? It was more like a hundred and fifty. But he got to the gun before the Communists stopped their retreat. He righted it, jabbed at the muzzle with his little finger to clear the dirt. When it was clean he squatted on the saddle and ran his hands over the firing mechanism. And did it feel good!

Now for a real crack at those monkeys! He swung the gun and tried a burst just for the fun of it. It worked And he looked at the mess that had once been men who crouched behind a wall. There was a girl there, too.

There was a sound of heels against the cobble road. Joe eased the gun around. It was Estrella and she was laughing.

"Es muy bien!" she cried. "That was one good trick, my love!"

"Now why didn't you stay put?" said Joe. "G'wan! Find some place to hide."

"In the church," said Estrella. "Up with the bells!"

"Great," said Joe. "Find a nice empty bell and hide in it."

"No—the gun goes up with the bells."

"Not a bad idea," agreed Joe.

He hoisted the gun to his shoulder and staggered toward the church. The priest and old Pedro had hurried across the open street. Behind them came the kid lugging the shotgun. They helped Joe up the winding stair that led to the belfry. He found a place for the gun where he could command the street.

"Good old moon," he said.

It was a Mediterranean moon—bright enough for a man to read a newspaper. And soon a group of Communists came cautiously down the street. There were no women with them now. There would be time for that when they reached the door of Pedro's restaurant. Then he fired, and fired, and fired until the hammering of the shots brought tunes from the bells above him. Soon there was nothing left to fire at.

"There are smiles that make you happy——" sang Joe.

"My love," said Estrella, "is there no other tune?"

Joe had been looking into the night. He turned now, leaned against the gun and stared at the girl beside him. Estrella was pretending. She thought it was time to pretend again. And Joe didn't want her to pretend. He put his arm about her shoulders and walked with her from the church. He followed the path of the moon to where a small sailboat rubbed against a sagging dock. He stopped here, and for a moment looked down into those brown eyes that had grown bright and starry. They were wistful now, and worried. Estrella's hands were in his.

"You are angry?" she asked.

"No—not angry," said Joe quietly.

"Your job—it is gone? Finished?"

"Finished?" he said. And his arm drew her to him. "It's just begun."

"I do not understand."

"You will," he promised. "You will, when you see the moon we've got in my country. It may not be so big and bright. But it comes up out of the ocean and it's soft and friendly. It looks down on homes where men sing and laugh and play with their children. It looks down on my home—on our home——"

"Yes, my love," said Estrella. And even though his arms were hurting her shoulders she did not move.

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How to Win a Husband —And Keep Him!

MUST YOU RESENT YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW?

Smother Your Feelings and Be Kind

NEVER try to win your husband away from his mother, says Anne Hirst, in this the fifth article of a series that gives practical advice on the troubles that beset every woman in winning and holding a husband.

By ANNE HIRST

The mother-in-law problem is horribly real in nine homes out of ten.

The mother who lost a son and the wife who gained a husband look at the man round whom their worlds revolve with different eyes.

It is the wife who must solve the problem.

"MY mother-in-law makes me feel that her son is still her baby, and that I'm a little girl who doesn't know the first thing about looking after him!"

So wrote a bride who was just about to call it quits and send her young husband back to this mother who yearned over him so.

Is your mother-in-law like that?

It is a popular attitude among mothers when their sons marry.

They have borne and reared them; educated them at, possibly, great sacrifice; tended them through serious illnesses, cherished them as the ideal of all their dreams.

Too often they wrap up these sons in an enveloping cloak of adoration that stifles any personality the child might develop.

He becomes an actual spiritual parasite.

No wonder she is frantic when he announces one day that he intends to marry!

If young wives could only understand this close relationship between mothers and sons, they would make allowances for these mothers-in-law who so belittle them.

If you find yourself married to a "mamma's boy," you must accept the situation until you can prove to that mother of his, surely and without rancor, that you are a grown woman in whose care her son is entirely safe.

Don't Argue With Her

FIRST, bury your resentment of her attitude. Treat her with every courtesy. This will come hard, for her behaviour is selfish and unintelligent and you know it.

But if, when you're tempted to a sharp retort, you'll say quickly to yourself, "She's Bob's mother," you will find yourself better able to control that quick little tongue.

When this mother-in-law of yours insists that Bob can't stand this and that, has never been accustomed to such-and-such, must never be allowed to do so-and-so, for heaven's sake keep silent.

The fact that Bob does indeed do and like many of these things since he's married may be all too true—but if it is, why say so?

Remember, always, that this mother of Bob's considers you a child. To answer her back can only prove she is right.

If you have not learned self-control before your marriage, you've got the chance of a lifetime to learn it now. Try with all your heart to be mistress of it.

CONTROL THAT quick little tongue when your mother-in-law treats you as an inexperienced child who could not possibly know how to care for her precious son.

Study Her Carefully

FEW older women cannot be won over by compliments. Learn to be subtle, not blunt, for these compliments must not be obvious.

Study your mother-in-law as you would study any other problem you have to solve (for you have to solve it, you know) and remember that she is too old to change.

You are the one who must accomplish that adapting of the two personalities, and it isn't impossible. I've seen it done hundreds of times.

Go out of your way to be thoughtful for her. Do those little things that mean so much to an older woman who thinks she is being set aside.

Take time out of a busy day to drop in to see her, deliberately to ask her advice even though you know the subject better than she does.

Send your husband to visit her, urge him to telephone her when she isn't expecting it.

Invite her to your home when your own mother is coming; I've seen this whole miserable business nicely solved by the two mothers getting together and discussing their children frankly and honestly.

Treat your mother-in-law when she comes as you would treat an honored guest, and sooner or later she'll begin to behave like one.

The experience will be new to her, poor soul, and your star will begin to rise as surely as you thought you had watched its waning.

Don't expect a miracle, however. This mother-in-law of yours has lived twice as long as you have. Her love for her son has deepened through all those years.

You don't want to change that love, you only want to try to make room for your love for him to grow beside it.

There is room in Bob's heart for the two of you, you know.

He has been accustomed to this mother-love dominating him for twenty years or more, before he knew you at all. Make allowances for that.

Never try to win him away from his mother.

That is the fatal mistake (and it is fatal more often than you think) which many young wives make.

They are intensely jealous of all the life which their husbands lived before they married.

Two's Company

They refuse to see that their own love cannot take the place of other and older ties; they refuse to admit that those ties are essential to the completeness of his life. They are as selfish as the mother I describe, and as unknowingly so.

So never let your husband feel you are jealous of his mother.

Never say a single unkind word about her; think how you would hate his disparaging your own mother.

All of these difficulties that face a young wife are much easier, of course, if you are not living in the same house with his mother. I fervently hope you aren't.

The normal adjustments between husband and wife in the first few years of marriage are difficult enough to make without the presence of a third person as witness and often uninvited adviser.

If your mother-in-law is dependent upon your husband, I strongly advise your cutting your own expenses down to the bone, to provide a place for her to live in, rather than have her live with you two.

It may sound cruel, but I have seen so many hundreds of people (including many, many thoughtful, considerate trios) fail utterly in their attempt to live together in harmony.

If the mother in question is wise, she will not consent to live in her son's new home.

But it is hard for a woman who has been head of her own establishment for a generation to give over the reins to a younger one.

It is hard to see herself supplanted, as she often feels she is, in the heart of her adored boy by a young chit hardly out of school.

It is heart-breaking for her to look ahead to lonely evenings without her son.

Be Kind

SO when you think of how difficult his mother is now and then, think of all those happy times with him that she is missing now.

Do everything you can, with all the tact you can manage, to show her that your love for him is an intelligent love that can not only watch over him but include within its bounds a deep affection and gratitude for his mother.

Give her the benefit of every doubt you can.

You'll never entirely understand how she feels towards you, and why, until you have a son of your own whom you must relinquish some day to some other young chit hardly out of school, and watch him go so eagerly to her, leaving you standing alone in the twilight of life.

You can afford to be kind.

Two-Year-Olds Teach Daughter of the Great Freud

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Representative in England.

That she may be able to continue her studies among Kindergarten children in England is the earnest hope of Dr. Anna Freud, daughter of famous psychologist Dr. Sigmund Freud.

DR. ANNA FREUD and her father and mother, with a married sister and her children, have just arrived in London as refugees from Austria, where all their money and possessions were taken from them.

I saw her in the quiet, spacious house these distinguished refugees have taken in the pleasant, artistic suburb of St. John's Wood, which lies just north of London's famous zoo.

Forty-one years old, tall, with a scholarly stoop, Dr. Anna Freud is a distinguished psychologist, and her eighty-two-year-old father's chief colleague.

She has dark brown hair, a serious face, which is redeemed from severity by a pair of beautiful, kindly brown eyes.

The room in which we talked was filled with flowers from admirers and two fresh bouquets arrived while we chatted.

"My father is at present unable to see anyone," she said. "He is fatigued by the journey, but, of course, he is overjoyed to be here and hopes to be able to finish his present work, which is a psycho-analytical study of the Bible.

"We hope the German authorities will allow our library to be sent after us."

Dr. Anna refused to talk of their experiences in Austria, beyond denying that any of the family had been arrested.

"I hope to be allowed to continue my researches here and, perhaps, get permission to practise.

"In Vienna I had a clinic attached to a kindergarten, where I studied children between the ages of six months and two years.

"I did not attempt to teach the children. They taught me. I would like to be able to continue this branch of study here as there is still an enormous lot babies can teach us about subsequent human behaviour."

Asked whether either she or her father had any theories explaining the present trend of ruthlessness that seems to be sweeping over whole peoples, Dr. Anna replied that she did not like to generalise.

"All human motives and motivisations can be explained," she said, "if we study the background, but swift generalisations are not scientific."

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VIGOR MEDICATIONS

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Betty's "Racey" Narratives

Let's Dip a Thumb into the Spring Double Pie!

By BETTY GEE — From Brisbane

IT'S a long way from home and a far-off target, but here I am in Brisbane considering the two Cups double, and definitely I'm going to have a shot at it.

Yes, I've decided to take a double on Ajax and Bristol and I'm going to take another on Spear Chief.

Before I left Sydney I thought the Melbourne Cup was all over for Bristol, but I've heard such magic tales about Spear Chief, the Brisbane champion that I simply must couple him in a double.

He's a veritable demigod here. Queenslanders love their champions, and they'd put up their own money to back them against the world's all-comers.

Of course, other States might be the same, but Queensland is enthusiastic. Some think they're over-enthusiastic I don't, where Spear Chief is concerned.

You should have heard the tall tales about him which have been poured into my ear, but they weren't too tall. Everything said about him has been confirmed by his part-owner, Mr. J. B. Charlton, a staid old Scot, who doesn't talk out of his turn. He is given to conservatism, but even his praise was high.

First of all let me say that I looked over Spear Chief before he ran in the Doomben Newmarket, and a more lovely creature of the equine species I, Betty G, never set eye upon.

Perfectly modelled, with the curves of a Mae West, long and rangy with that suggestion of power-plus-speed that you get when you see a sleek, straight-12 pass you by on a smooth road.

Yes, I was impressed, but more so when I heard the race-caller declare one moment that Spear Chief was last of all the Newmarket field, and next moment was up with the leaders to finish third.

And this, mark you, from a two-mile stayer!

Well, if he can rattle up a finish like that in a Newmarket, what will he do to a Cup field at the end of two miles. He won the last Brisbane Cup over this distance.

Well, I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Charlton in Brisbane. He has a marvellous racing record. Never had a loser in his life. Every horse he ever bought, he told me, has won races, and many of them the best prizes on the Turf. He's won every big classic on the Queensland Turf. Can you beat that for luck and judgment?

He told me himself that Spear Chief can come home the last furlong of a mile or a two mile race in 12½ seconds. Such figures hardly mean a thing to me, but Dickie says he's a Phar Lap if he can do that.

And I could see Mr. Charlton wasn't skiting.

Well, Spear Chief has gone down to Geo. Price's stable, and you know what I think of him as a trainer. He turns them out looking like the finished product, and wins more big races than any other Sydney man. So there you are!

It looks only a matter of good health, plus a little good luck, for this Queensland crack to win the Melbourne Cup.

And I'll give you a quiet little tip to get on to him in the w.f.a. races, too, and pull back from the books the cost of the double we're going to take.

As to Ajax, I dare not gild the lily by stressing his recommendations. You saw what he did to our champions last spring, and again last autumn, and the Caulfield Cup is all "sewn up" for him.

Now for Bristol! I might as well explain that he came home like a house on fire to win the City Handicap at Randwick autumn meeting at Easter. He's the same age as Spear Chief, or, rather, will be, when the Cup is run. Both will have turned four, but Spear Chief has 9.0 and Bristol only 8.0.

He is owned by Mr. Alma Baker, a big squatter of Glen Innes way. His trainer is Wm. Kelso, and I saw Mr. Kelso pass through Brisbane last week-end on a holiday cruise on the Strathnaver to Noumea.

Which set me thinking. Didn't he go for one of these nice cruises in 1928 and return just in time to top-off with a Melbourne Cup win with Statesman? Of course he did.

So this little trip is the prelude to another Cup win, perhaps with Bristol, eh? Anyhow, here's hoping.

The odds are pretty short in doubles with Ajax, thievish, in fact.

I think the books ought to be put in gaol for usury. But if you look round you'll find some bookie who will lay you a fair price.

When I get back from Brisbane I'm going to devote myself to picking the Epsom and Metropolitan. That's a far more difficult double, and a very ticklish proposition.

First you have to find out which races the stables are going for. You might pick them wrongly and impulsively—step in where angels fear to tread lightly, so to speak—and find the horse you've coupled for the Epsom is going for the Caulfield Cup, and the one you've chosen for the Metropolitan is going for the Melbourne Cup instead.

Your horses are scratched, and your money's gone without a run! Hence the need for caution.

Some horses break down, and again you've lost without a run. But my experience is that good horses never break down

That's why I've chosen Ajax with Spear Chief and Bristol. They're whole and sound, and likely to remain so.

BETTY starts to cheer her horses home before the races are run.

Men Fear Women's Freedom in Albania

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

MANY Moslem women in Albania have not been allowed to go outside their houses since King Zog issued a decree a year ago abolishing the veil.

Conservative husbands and fathers have refused to permit them to be seen without the veil and the huge black cloak which for centuries have hidden the faces of Albanian womenfolk.

An added peril, old-fashioned Moslems feel, is the fact that 625 teachers have been trained and sent throughout the country to teach the emancipated women to read and write.

On the ground that education is a folly and a snare for wives and sweethearts, many doors have been barred to the teachers.

Nevertheless, thousands of Albanian women have just celebrated joyfully the first anniversary of their "liberation from slavery."

Starting life in the right way!

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THE MOVIE WORLD

July 9, 1938. | The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement | Page One

PORTRAIT OF A SOUTHERN REBEL

"JEZEBEL," from the Warner studios, is heady, historical drama, set in America before the Civil War. Bette Davis is the "Jezebel," a wilful southern maid; Henry Fonda and George Brent are her suitors. 1. Bette Davis, a tempestuous Jezebel in the making, with her two ardent swains. 2. Taking the air with her aunt in the picture, Fay Bainter. 3. A tense situation with Fonda, her true love. 4. Fonda brings home his northern bride (Margaret Lindsay). 5. An idyllic moment between the lovers. 6. Brent prepares for a duel.

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News and Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, from New York and Hollywood

Win for Ginger

GINGER ROGERS only agreed to call off her feud with R.K.O. when studio bosses promised not to make her work after six in the evening, guaranteed her a six weeks' rest after each dancing picture, and four weeks off after all others.

Ginger has been heading for a nervous breakdown, making two pictures at once, one in the daytime and one at night.

* * *

Coogan Cashes In

EVERYTHING is turning out for the best for Jackie Coogan. The millionaire "Kid," who hadn't a penny in his pocket, is cashing in on all the publicity given to his suit against his parents for his childhood earnings.

Jackie is going on a cross-country vaudeville tour with Bob Hope, the comedian, and will earn £200 a week.

The scheme is to crack jokes about Jackie's legal troubles. Bob Hope will say, "How much am I supposed to pay you?" Then Jackie is to reply:

"Oh, it doesn't matter. I probably won't get it anyway."

* * *

Crawford May Sing

JOAN CRAWFORD'S next picture may be operetta. Joan has been asking M.-G.-M., her studio, to let her sing on the screen, and now they seem to be weakening.

She has been studying singing for several years, and has developed a fine voice.

Forbidden Rehearsals

MRS. PAT O'BRIEN has forbidden her husband to rehearse his famous rapid-fire dialogue at home any more.

Pat was proving a bad influence for their 18-months-old son, who, just learning to talk, was attempting to copy his father.

* * *

Marxes for Paris

GROUCHO and Chico Marx are spending their spare time studying French. When they finish "Room Service," the mad Marxes will be off to Europe for a personal appearance at the Cirque de Paris.

Harpo will go, too, but he doesn't have to learn French, as he'll keep to his "no talking" routine in the Paris act.

* * *

Broadcasts Causing Trouble

STUDIOS which encouraged stars to appear on radio programmes in order to get extra publicity are now worried because the radio work is beginning to upset picture schedules.

Numbers of the stars have regular weekly broadcasts, which take up a great deal of time in rehearsal, as well as actual presentation.

Shooting on "Alexander's Ragtime Band" has been considerably slowed down because Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Alice Faye, and Ethel Merman have all had to take time off to prepare for their air programmes.

THE BEST CURE FOR BABY'S SKIN

40. *"'Vaseline' Jelly rubbed on baby's head overnight will remove every sign of 'Cradle Cap.'"* 5/- to Mrs. McArthur, of Carlow Street, for a very helpful suggestion.

41. *"I find 'Vaseline' Jelly most useful when Baby's eyes are inflamed and inclined to stick. Just smear it on the lids overnight."* 5/- to Mrs. Dangleish, of Karuah.

42. *"When baby's arms and legs become scratched and sore from crawling, I smear a little 'Vaseline' Jelly on them overnight, and by morning they are quite healed."* 5/- to Mrs. Coles, of Biddy Street.

43. *"When my children get croup I put a little 'Vaseline' Jelly on their tongue at night. It relieves the throat at once."* 5/- to Mrs. White, of Bay Street.

44. *"My baby's face was badly bitten by mosquitoes, and I rubbed 'Vaseline' Jelly all over it. In half a day all the angry red lumps had disappeared."* 5/- to Mrs. Cody, of Maclean Street.

45. *"When baby was teething he had a nasty rash all over his face. 'Vaseline' Jelly very soon cured it."* 5/- to Mrs. Carle, of Aintree Road.

We will pay 5/- to anyone sending in uses for "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly, which we are able to accept and publish. Just post your suggestion to Chesebrough, Dept. A 15, Box 1131 J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

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Look for this name on the jar

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Romance Again For Kay Francis

WILL IT MEAN A DIGNIFIED EXIT FOR THE SCREEN'S MOST GRACIOUS LADY, SAID TO BE NO LONGER A BIG BOX-OFFICE DRAW?

BY JOAN McLEOD FROM HOLLYWOOD

ONE of the five major film stars to be labelled recently "box-office poison" and hurled from impregnable positions behind star billing and expensive production, Kay Francis is causing more speculation in Hollywood than anyone else.

Highest paid star on the Warner Brothers lot, where she has queened it for seven years, she must have found such criticism a difficult pill to swallow.

Enigmatic as ever about her private affairs, and seemingly unperturbed by recent stories, she refuses to commit herself to any comprehensive statement as to her future.

In September, about the same time as her contract with Warners expires, she is to be married to Baron Barnekow, the German airman, who will be her fifth husband.

She will not be renewing her contract with Warners, and the way thus seems clear for a graceful exit via matrimony.

She has, however, announced that she will "go into semi-retirement" and put her marriage first when she marries the Baron.

Which means apparently that she still intends to pursue her film career to some degree.

Further, she has been having a series of arguments with her studio over story material, which seems to prove she is very much interested in her screen career.

And her break with Warners may be a lucky one. Warners have never wanted to loan her out, and have themselves only provided her with poor stories and parts.

Having made her mark as a sophisticate with a rare ability to wear clothes, she has been put in heavy, "handkerchief" dramas that gave her plenty of opportunity to wear gorgeous gowns, but with little popular appeal. Always she has been an unhappy wife, or mother fighting for her child.

In "I Found Stella Parish," she had a difficult, emotional role, but played it with a delicacy and restraint that proved her actress as well as clothes horse. The film, however, had little box-office appeal.

In "Sweet Aloes," she was a woman who has an unfortunate love affair, and has to give her baby to the wife of the man she loves. In a difficult role she made no false gestures or inflection.

● Kay Francis is one of the few film stars who are as lovely off the screen as on. She is shown above enjoying a quick lunch on the Warner Brothers lot.

"Another Dawn," with Errol Flynn, was another paralysingly heavy drama, concerning a woman who fights against her love for a man not her husband.

All her emotional scenes for "Confession," with Basil Rathbone, were stolen by tyro Jane Bryan.

She is now hurrying through the remaining pictures she is under contract to make for Warners.

Already she has completed two, "Secrets of an Actress," and "Women are Like That," which will add little to her prestige.

Then she is to make "The Changeling" and "Madame Doctor," which, according to schedule, will be finished by September. After that she will be free to marry and retire, or make only pictures she thinks are worth making.

This may provide a solution to a problem which many of Kay's admirers had begun to think past solving.

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The Return of Shearer

IN "MARIE ANTOINETTE," THE FILM HER HUSBAND PLANNED FOR HER BEFORE HIS DEATH

BECAUSE a quiet little man read a book four years ago, 5000 people are working overtime on Hollywood's biggest production since . . . well, since the last biggest production.

The man was Irving Thalberg, production genius of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and "was" is sadly accurate. The book was Stefan Zweig's "Life of Marie Antoinette."

Mrs. Thalberg, or Norma Shearer, read the book, too, and yearned to do the part.

Next day Thalberg sent a memo. to the research department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he was producer-in-chief, asking for some piece of information about the French queen.

That was in February, 1934. Since then the research department has answered 59,276 questions, collected a library of 1536 volumes about Marie Antoinette and her times, and written 1,000,000 words in answers and explanations.

And now, eighteen months after Thalberg's death, "Marie Antoinette" is more than half-way to being a completed film. There is no budget for the picture, no time limit.

Metro are determined that the film, the last to be planned by the great Thalberg and the first to be made by his widow since his death, shall be monumental.

Lavish Settings

IT is by far the biggest and most important production now in progress in Hollywood.

Norma Shearer has never looked so lovely as she does in the beautiful costumes of the period.

The size and splendor of the "Marie Antoinette" settings take one's breath away.

When somebody remarked to Miss Shearer on how lovely she looked, she said, "It's the white wig. Maybe I ought always to wear a white wig."

She wears no make-up, only powder.

Her thirty-four dresses are about four stone each in weight—or half the weight of the wearer.

"They were tiring at first," she says, "but it is surprising how quickly one becomes used to an inconvenience. I'm not conscious of their weight now."

Before she started work she had been studying the part for months. The picture has caught the fancy and enthusiasm of everybody working on it.

Cedric Gibbons, the art director, built ninety-eight detailed scale models of the settings, including a complete "doll's house" version of the Palace of Versailles.

The head property man, Ed Willis, went to Paris last year on a buying trip, and the result was the largest consignment of antiques ever landed at Los Angeles Harbor.

Many of the pieces of furniture are actual Marie Antoinette relics, and there are genuine portraits of the French royal family.

• Norma Shearer has emerged completely from her eighteen months' retirement after her husband's death. Here she is on the piazza of her lovely Hollywood home.

• Interlude between shots on the set of "Marie Antoinette," showing Miss Shearer, complete with pompadour headdress, talking to director "Woody" Van Dyke.

Dressing By the Stars

ADRIAN, famous fashion designer for Metro, doesn't believe that the glamorous gowns he creates to be worn in the pictures are suitable for the average woman.

In fact, he believes off-screen dressing should be as quiet and conservative as possible.

Caught in a rare idle moment at the M.-G.-M. studios, he was asked whether, in his opinion, a woman could rely on the cinema as her fashion guide.

"Not unless the woman has a highly-developed style sense and discretion," he said.

"You see, in designing for the screen, we often must use dramatic licence in our models. Often we are helping to build up a definite character or situation.

"Such clothes are not suitable for wear by the average woman.

"The woman who has to budget her dress income should have to rely on few but good clothes.

"A tailored suit with adequate changes of blouse and accessories, a plain coat with a simple collar of some good fur; two plain dresses, one suitable for sports, the other for afternoon; two evening gowns, preferably in black and white, and one with a jacket for dinner wear, would be an excellent skeleton wardrobe around which to build any wardrobe, regardless of budgets.

"This, of course, could be cut down or built up as required.

"A girl may be glamorous without having a variety of dashing clothes, so long as she chooses her wardrobe with distinction and taste, allowing her more extreme moments for evening things."

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Spencer Tracy's South Sea Idyll

BREEZY INTERVIEW WITH THE SCREEN'S No. 1 ACTOR, NOW RELAXING BETWEEN PICTURES IN THE SUNSHINE OF HAWAII.

By JOHN WILLIAMS
From Honolulu

HERE in Hawaii one catches Hollywood stars off guard, because this is a place of relaxation. There are no studio publicity prompters, but only quiet and sunshine that provide an ideal peaceful holiday for hard-working players.

After several false starts and steamer bookings cancelled because of studio demands, Spencer Tracy, Hollywood's best-liked he-man, and Mrs. Tracy are forgetting family and screen cares in the peaceful environment of this resort.

When Spencer, who is staying at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Waikiki, said: "I'll meet you at the cocktail bar," in reply to my request for an interview, I imagined a session with mint juleps for which the bar is famed, but I found him lolled back on a cane lounge and sipping—a cup of English tea!

The freckled-faced he-man was serious, so serious about it that he poured himself a second cup!

Then he lounged back again, tossed a leg nonchalantly across an arm rest, pulled his inevitable felt hat low over his eyes, and settled down to talk.

He was full of the latest studio information, which he rattled off in the dot and dash manner.

"The role of Manuel in 'Captains Courageous,' which won me 1937's academy award, was easier to play than I thought it would be. The Portuguese dialect was tricky at first, but I settled into it . . ."

Then, talking of other stars, he said: "Paul Muni and Helen Hayes are the dramatic tops. Muni's work in 'Zola' was a wow . . . Pat O'Brien came down to see us off. He's as amusing off the screen as on.

"He's crazy over his two youngsters, Mavourneen and Sean, and has worked out a swell idea about them, with his buddies, Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins.

"They have made a contract with a Hollywood still photographer to make studies of their respective children every month until they are twenty-one.

"They pay him on a monthly retaining fee basis, and he must record the birthday parties and everyday activities . . . Pat's next part is in 'Garden of the Moon,' with Margaret Lindsay . . .

"Hollywood's latest heart throb is a young Englishman, Richard Greene, who only two months ago was rushed from the London stage to play with Loretta Young in 'Four Men and a Prayer,' and then the lead in the next Sonja Henie picture, 'Lucky Star.'

"He's a streamlined answer to a girl's prayer: twenty-four, six feet, with brown wavy hair, and blue-grey eyes, a Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor rolled into one . . . Tyrone Power, incidentally, is working on 'Suez,' a super-historical spectacle that is being done in the grand manner . . .

"'Suez,' by the way, is being directed by Allan Dwan, who is the hero of as remarkable a 'comeback' story as any told in Hollywood.

"During the silent days, Dwan directed Douglas Fairbanks and Gloria Swanson. He flopped in his first attempts at talkies. They said he was 'washed up.' You know the way they jump to conclusions.

"But quick-witted Darryl Zanuck gave him a chance, and in quick turn came the successes 'Heidi,' 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,' 'Josette,' and now 'Suez.'

"Because Hollywood is in the grip of a cycle of robust brawling epics, my next is to be 'North-West Passage,' based on the current best seller.

"Paramount, because of the success of 'The Plainsman' and 'Wells Fargo,' now have such stalwarts as Henry Fonda, George Raft, and Akim Tamiroff fighting it out for the love of Dorothy Lamour in 'Spawn of the North,' a stirring tale of the Alaska salmon fisheries way back in the days when men were men . . .

"We had a lot of fun making my last picture, 'Test Pilot.'

"Thousands of fans, though, condemned the studio for allowing me to get killed in the spectacular crash, the grimsome note upon which the story ended. They didn't like my being killed in 'Captains Courageous,' either. Funny the way the public reacts . . .

"I suppose they'd smile if they could see me sipping tea. But any liquor you see me drinking on the screen is nothing but cold tea. Maybe that's how I acquired the habit . . ."

• MR. AND MRS. SPENCER TRACY, shown on their arrival in Honolulu, where they are holidaying for a space, away from it all. They were accorded a rousing welcome, and suitably adorned with leis, symbols of friendship.

Sisters of the Stars

SISTERS of well-known film actresses have always presented a pretty problem in the film colony.

Not knowing quite how the public would appreciate duplication of their favorites, however lovely, producers have usually carefully ignored them, and the sisters themselves, in tacit agreement, have kept out of sight.

Joan Fontaine, though not much like her sister, Olivia de Havilland, took no risks on her film career, and carefully concealed her identity until she won a good contract.

Sally Blane, who bears a striking resemblance to her lovely sister, Loretta Young, has been working hard for years, without getting anywhere.

Now, however, since the five Lane sisters are going down well with the public, Columbia has discovered Gloria Blondell, sister of famous Joan Blondell, and put her on their payroll.

And nobody was more pleased about it than Joan, who has done all she could to help her young sister.

It was while visiting her on the "There's Always a Woman" set that Gloria first caught the eye of Frank Capra, who suggested a test.

She appeared in a few Hollywood pictures several years ago, and quite lately had some good roles at Warners.

A Spinner of Charms

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]

She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"

WHEREVER she goes, whatever she does, admiring and envious eyes follow this lovely girl—*until she smiles!* And then, shock and disillusionment and only the ghost of beauty.

It seems impossible that one so fair and so fastidious should let dingy teeth and tender gums cloud her loveliness. And yet how often it happens—*and how often you have seen it happen.*

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS A WARNING

Just a little tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. It doesn't look serious. It doesn't seem important. But from this small beginning sometimes develops a real dental tragedy. Beauty is marred. Dull and dingy teeth and tender gums can exact heavy penalties. And that's why your dentist advises, "Don't let gum troubles start!"

At the very first tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush, *go directly to your dentist. He may find your gums in a serious condition.* But he is far more likely to find just a common case of "too much soft food"—gums robbed of the work they need by our modern menus—gums grown lazy, tender, and sensitive. And his advice should be followed to the letter—better care, more stimulation, Ipana and massage.

Ipana and massage is approved by modern dentistry. And your first few days with Ipana will tell you why. Rub a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Almost at once, your gums improve, new circulation wakens sluggish tissues. For Ipana is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth.

Try this sensible suggestion of your dentist. Feel your gums grow firmer. See your teeth grow whiter. Close the door to really serious gum disorders. Keep your smile what it should be—*lovely, bright, sparkling.*

* * *

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.

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SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

Here's Hot News From All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

AUBREY SMITH, the "perfect English gentleman" of Hollywood films, at present in London to play the role of the Duke of Wellington in a sequel to "Victoria the Great," has just been honored with the C.B.E.

Born in London, educated at Charterhouse and Cambridge and former captain of Sussex Cricket Club, he watches Tests enthusiastically.

He has a clause in his English contract which guarantees him a holiday while the Test matches are on.

BRITISH films have taken a new lease of life. Pinewood Studios are planning to spend £1,750,000 in the next few months.

£300,000 of this will go in two Gilbert and Sullivan productions; £200,000 on "The Mikado," in color; and £100,000 on "The Yeomen of the Guard."

Lily Pons is likely to star in these ventures.

* * *

THAT amusing and versatile Russian, Gregory Ratoff, has been awarded a new contract by 20th Century-Fox. Like his old one, it permits him to serve as writer, director, producer, and actor, but at a much higher salary.

* * *

BETTE DAVIS, proud owner of two Sealyhams, a Scottie, and a handsome Doberman Pinscher, has been elected president of the Tail-waggers' Foundation, the American society for the protection of canines.

Bette has always taken an interest in this organisation, and her dogs were charter members.

* * *

TWELVE - YEAR - OLD Frank Worthington can thank Shirley Temple for his first picture role.

Frank was stand-in for Benny Bartlett in the new Temple picture, "Lucky Penny."

One day the director said he needed a boy of about 12 for a small part in the picture. Shirley suggested that Frank be used, and now Frank is a real actor, with a stand-in of his own.

This NEW Prescription

X STOPS CALENDAR PAIN IN THREE MINUTES

GREAT medical discovery, relieves periodic pain, neuralgia, neuritis, headaches, almost immediately. Sold by all Chemists and Stores in dainty blue and silver box. Price 2/-. Sufficient for several months. Refuse any substitute. Ask for MIDENE.

Pronounced Ry-dene.

THE SOCIAL WOMAN'S STAND BY

Chamberlain's TABLETS WHEN NATURE NEEDS HELP

PRIVATE VIEWS

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars— below average.
★ One star— average entertainment
★★ Two stars— above average
★★★ Three stars— excellent

★★ THE DEVIL'S PARTY

(Week's Best Release).

Beatrice Roberts, Victor McLaglen. (Universal.)

THIS is not one of McLaglen's greatest pictures, but it is one in which his portrayal of human character is seen at its very best.

It isn't a woman's picture in the ordinary sense—there's too much crime and punishment, ruthless male ambition and relentless destiny—and yet many women will like it immensely, both because of McLaglen's brilliant acting and thoroughly virile sex appeal, and because the love story, though not dominant, is well portrayed.

Hardly the picture for children; it will give growing sons both thrills and a lesson in life!

For, like McLaglen himself, this picture makes no bones about the fact that life is tough for those who choose the primrose path.—Capitol; showing.

★★ FORTY-FIVE FATHERS

Jane Withers, Thomas Beck. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

JANE WITHERS is one child star who appeals to all the people who heartily dislike most of the others—including Shirley Temple.

Jane has a certain frankness and an almost sardonic quality that counteract the gush and sugariness of the other prodigies.

And yet she is just as genuinely childish and sweet as any.

Jane succeeds in being preternaturally clever and yet retains an air of naturalness.

In this theatrical musical, with tons of comedy, she is teamed with capable Thomas Beck and charming Louise Henry.

The story is nothing, but the entertainment is there—for children or grown-ups.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ TIP-OFF GIRLS

Mary Carlisle, Lloyd Nolan. (Paramount.)

TWO stars because it's a very well-done job, and has a superb portrait of a gangster by J. Carroll Naish, the best character man on the screen in his own line.

But if you don't like pictures about the war on crime, don't see this.

Not that it's gruesome, but it's a tense, realistic thriller, mainly fast action, with touches of sardonic humor by Naish and Roscoe Karns.

Mary Carlisle plays the gang boss' secretary, who doesn't know he's a crook and doesn't know Bob Anders (Lloyd Nolan) is a G-man.

She finds out both facts in a fast climax when she and Anders are on the spot and law and order are having a tough race to cheat the highway bandits of their prey.

Title, "Tip-Off Girls," refers to use of girls as decoys by the gang. They beg lifts on trucks and tip off the crooks when a rich cargo is aboard.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ ROSE OF TRALEE

Binkie Stuart, Fred Conyngham. (Associated Distributors.)

THERE'S nothing pretentious about this Irish melody romance, but it has a certain simple, if unreal, charm—like a typical Irish concert in any country outside Ireland.

Binkie is the newest and youngest child star—remarkably clever, and somewhat appealing, too, but just a little over-produced. At that the producers have our sympathy.

We have yet to hear of the producer who could make a five-year-old star without over-producing.

Binkie appears as the small daughter of a singer (Fred Conyngham) who goes through some tough times in London with her mother (Kathleen O'Regan), while Daddy is in America trying to crash through as a radio star.

The sentimental story is not overdone, and the whole show makes pleasant entertainment, with Conyngham (well known here), Danny Malone, Dorothy Dare, and Talbot O'Farrell all contributing to the laughs and sighs.—Lyceum; showing.

★ STOLEN HEAVEN

Olympe Bradna, Gene Raymond. (Paramount.)

THIS has excitement, comedy, music, picturesque atmosphere . . . but fails to be better than average because the story is just too incredible to hold you and the stars are weak.

Raymond is a hard-working juvenile who at his best can be quite pleasant, but he hasn't the force to convince as the iron-hearted leader of a gang of crooks.

The boomed Olympe Bradna has a heavy, inexpressive face and a cloying affectation of sweetness.

Story is about Hungarian jewel-thieves who are also competent beer-garden performers as a blind. When police bullets zing, they find refuge with a famous pianist (Lewis Stone) who has retired through lack of confidence.

Steffi (Olympe) restores his confidence, and they have to choose between sticking with him and helping him make a comeback, or escaping. What do **you** think?

Comedy by Glenda Farrell and others.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ SALLY, IRENE AND MARY

Alice Faye, Tony Martin. (20th Century-Fox.)

THIS is a typical screen musical comedy, in which the comedy is often amusing and sometimes very forced, while the music is conventional for the most part, with two or three good numbers.

The main trouble is that a rather sentimental story is not so much woven through the plot as dragged through.

However, it doesn't prevent the show being entertaining, or Alice Faye from being more than ordinarily charming.

Alice is one of the most appealing song-and-dance girls on the screen in a first-rate role. This is not first-rate, but it gets by.—Mayfair; showing.

★ LITTLE MISS THOROUGHBRED

Janet Chapman, John Litel. (Warner Brothers.)

THE new support to Plaza's "Snow White" introduces still another new child star! Some of these days we're going to be rushing the theatres to see a full-grown actor as a novelty.

The leading lady, Janet Chapman, is a well-trained youngster with personality, and though the story is a thoroughly sentimental one, it has the advantage of stressing the true qualities of childhood—so often abandoned by child films in favor of giving the very juvenile leads fictitious adult virtues.

"Little Miss Thoroughbred," as may be gathered fro . . the title, deals with a good little girl of spirit who comes through tough tests satisfactorily.

It will stir a tear or two, and provide some amusement, too, with Frank McHugh at work.—Plaza; showing.

Shows Still Running

- ★★★ **Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.** Feature-length fairy-tale, drawn by Walt Disney.—Plaza, 6th week.
- ★★★ **Test Pilot.** Myrna Loy, Clark Gable. Action drama.—St. James, 2nd week.
- ★★ **The Broken Melody.** Lloyd Hughes. Romantic drama.—Embassy, 3rd week.
- ★★ **The Joy of Living.** Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, jun. Madcap comedy.—Regent, 3rd week.
- ★ **Four Men and a Prayer.** Loretta Young, Richard Greene. Romantic adventure. — Century, 3rd week.
- ★ **The First Hundred Years.** Virginia Bruce, Robert Montgomery. Sophisticated comedy. —State, 2nd week.

THEATRE ROYAL
J. C. Williamson Theatres present
FAY COMPTON
in Noel Coward's famous plays entitled
"TO-NIGHT AT 8.30"
COMMENCING SATURDAY, JULY 2, FOR 10 NIGHTS ONLY.

How to Bring Back that "Lighter" Golden Radiance to Darkened FAIR HAIR

All shades of Fair Hair given that "Lighter" more lustrous colour by amazing new "VitaF" Sta-blond

Here is the quick scientific but easy way to bring out the lighter radiant loveliness of all the darker fair hair, from ash blonde to brownish. Wash your hair with Sta-blond, the shampoo which coaxes out the lustrous natural lighter colour which alone makes true fair hair so attractive. Sta-blond will make your hair from 2 to 4 shades lighter, according to your type. Light fair hair can never darken so long as you use Sta-blond, the safe shampoo which contains no injurious bleaching or dye. Because it contains the precious VitaF, this new shampoo prevents brittleness and dandruff, and rejuvenates the roots. Your perm. takes better, too. Try Sta-blond yourself today, or insist that your hairdresser uses it. New Sta-blond contains enough for two shampoos. Sole distributors: Fassett and Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 3679SS, Sydney.

STAY FAIR WITH STA-BLOND

THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

And still they come from *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!*

* * *

"A Yank at Oxford" proved so popular at the St. James, Sydney, that it ran a solid month! Acclaimed as *Robert Taylor's* best picture!

* * *

Now we have the greatest thrill-picture Leo ever made:

"TEST PILOT"

with CLARK GABLE, MYRNA LOY, SPENCER TRACY, and Lionel Barrymore!

* * *

The big love of a Test Pilot's life is laid bare in this fast-flying film. *Gable* as the Test Pilot, *Myrna* as his sweetheart, *Tracy* as their best friend . . . .

* * *

Speed records, power dives, altitude records, acrobatics . . . . these are only a few of the exciting action-filled sequences in this romance of the man who flirted with death.

* * *

Fast, modern comedy dialogue . . settings that are only limited by the sky . . . whole fleets of huge new planes flying in thrillingly close formation . . . close-up scenes of the 400-mile-an-hour National Air Races . . . devastating crashes . . . delightful home scenes . . . these are some of the elements of this 1938 wonder picture, *"Test Pilot"*

* * *

It has been predicted that *"Test Pilot"* will prove more popular than any other picture this year. This already has been indicated in London and New York, where the film has broken all attendance records.

* * *

And now *Sydney* is agreeing, as *Melbourne* and *Brisbane*, and all the other centres in *Australia* and *New Zealand* will soon.

* * *

Yours for the best in entertainment.

LEO, of M-G-M.

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HORDERN BROTHERS

great winter SALE

Dainty Floral Cambric Quilt, for hard service, filled special purified feathers, fully piped, standard sizes. Nice range of colourings.
6 x 5 ft. Usly. 27/6; Sale, 25/11.
6 x 4 ft. Usly. 26/11; Sale, 24/11.
Others, feather filled, from 19/11.

~~26/11~~ 24/11

FLAT CREPE COVER

Absolute luxury in feather filled **Quilts** covered with smart flat crepe, the material that leads as a favourite—relieved with ruched cushion centre, in beige, saxe, green, gold, light rose or dark rose.
6 x 5 ft. Usly. 59/6; Sale, 39/11
6 x 4 ft. Usly. 52/6; Sale, 37/6

~~52/6~~ 37/6

Furnishings First Floor.

~~19/11~~ 6/11 YD

MODERN FURNISHING TAPESTRIES

Are you recovering a cosy old Lounge Suite or a favourite old chair? If you are, you'll rush these new tapestries at bargain prices below. Modern designs, of dependable qualities. Us. 7/11 yard; Sale, 5/11. Special Bargain, modern motif on Blue or Brown. Us. 19/11; Sale, 6/11.

PITT AND GEORGE STREETS, SYDNEY

"DAMP-SET"

your own wave with VELMOL

IT works on hair of any texture . . . on any wave . . . and takes but four minutes!

It's the marvellous new way to "*damp-set*" your own hair—and save time and expense. And it's so easy! All you need is brush, comb, and a little VELMOL.

A Velmol *Damp-set* keeps hair fastidiously fresh . . . never "stiff" or "greasy." Holds finger-wave for days. Makes a "perm." last a lot longer.

Ask for VELMOL.

All Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers . . 2/-

THE THREE WINNERS of the 2GB song star quest. Miss Joyce Atkins (centre) polled the greatest number of votes at the final concert at the Sydney Town Hall; Miss Jean Cerchi (right) was second, and Miss Ilma Smith third. These singers will be heard in future broadcasts at 9.30 p.m. on Mondays and Wednesdays.

Who Is World's Greatest Tenor?

Radio Listeners Express Strong Opinions

Naming the world's greatest tenor is a dangerous business. Lots of people hold strong views on the subject—and they'll argue!

This has been proved by the flood of opinions that swamped 2GB in recent months as a result of the Sunday night session, "The World's Famous Tenors."

JOHN DEASE, who conducts the session, caused the flood by inviting listeners to name whom they consider the six most outstanding tenors of to-day.

Week after week, the letters on this debatable point pour in.

There is a story that the great Enrico Caruso once met John MacCormack in the street in New York.

"Well," said MacCormack, "how's the world's greatest tenor this morning?"

"You ought to know how you are!" replied Caruso, with gallantry.

To-day, Caruso is dead, and radio listeners enjoy debating the point over which they were so gallantly polite.

Few musical sessions on the radio have created more discussion. In the first place, it incorporated the novel idea of presenting half an hour devoted entirely to tenors.

Each singer remained nameless until after he had sung, and listeners were asked to name the tenor.

Varied Tastes

LATER, John Dease asked listeners to name the singers they considered the six most outstanding tenors of to-day.

The variety among the lists submitted was amazing, and the knowledge of music shown by people in all walks of life was quite remarkable.

Lists as different as "Crooks, Hackett, MacCormack, Thill, Borgioli, Kullman," on the one hand, and "Gigli, Chamlee, Martinelli, Schmidt, Kiepura, Martini" on the other, revealed the varied taste of listeners.

The frequent appearance of the name of Jussi Bjorling and Luigi Fort showed how carefully the Australian public scans the horizon for the appearance of a new tenor.

Equally interesting were the numbers of letters urging the claims of lesser-known singers such as Pertile and Allessandro Valente.

An analysis of the letters showed that the Australian public considers the world's three greatest tenors of to-day to be Gigli, Crooks and Tauber.

John Dease, who has conducted this broadcast since its inception, says that all through the week people ring up asking him to play their favorite tenor numbers. He has even been stopped in the street by strangers wanting to know when he is playing a certain record.

"I agree that Gigli is the world's greatest tenor to-day," he said, "though I do make a reservation in favor of Jussi Bjorling, the new Swedish tenor.

"His brilliant successes in concert and opera at the age of 27, and his few recordings, suggest that in him we have, perhaps, the successor to Caruso.

"Personal taste decides preference for the Italian or German school," he continued.

"There is a spectacular splendor about the florid singing in the Italian style which absolutely compels applause in the concert hall, but I think too much of it, on the air can be very exhausting.

"Perhaps the warmth and intimacy of the Germans, Groh, Tauber and Patzak, and the Belgian Andre D'Arkor (whom one irate listener described as the only tenor who didn't either bawl or squeal), are more in tune with the fireside atmosphere of listening-in.

"If local impresarios continue their good work of importing international celebrities for concert tours, why not Gigli and Bjorling?" added John Dease hopefully.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier

WEDNESDAY, July 6.—11.45 a.m.: Serial, "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins. 2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, July 7. — 11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, July 8.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, July 9.—2.30 p.m.: "Let's Go Places." 9.30 p.m.: "Hits of To-day."

SUNDAY, July 10.—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital — Georges Thill. 6.10 p.m.: "Waltzing to Strauss."

MONDAY, July 11.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, July 12.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: The Homemaker, Mrs. Eve Gye.

GLOWING HEALTH RETURNS TO ANAEMIC TIRED WOMEN

For years Mrs. Withers had been gradually feeling less and less equal to keeping the big house going. Every day the children seemed to cause more work and worry. She was continually snapping at them, but how tired and irritable she felt!

Mr. Withers was getting alarmed too. Was his wife getting old? "Yes," he said to his friend at the club, "she's five years younger than I am, perhaps she really should see a doctor." "Well," replied his friend, "my wife was feeling just the same until a friend put her on to Wincarnis, and now she's feeling ten years younger and fitter than ever before."

It is simply amazing how quickly Wincarnis brings back health and vitality to anaemic, tired people. Wincarnis is made from rich matured wine, prime beef extract and vitamin malt. Wincarnis builds up the whole system, creating rich red corpuscles and restoring energy and happiness.

Start a regular Wincarnis course to-day. But—make sure you get Wincarnis. No cheap, inferior tonic wine has the power to bring back glowing health. It stands to reason that such quality ingredients as used for Wincarnis cost money. Wincarnis can't be sold for less. But think how much more important it is to get the best and only the best in tonic wines. Wincarnis is the road to that priceless asset—health!

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.
MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

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DON'T ACT! Until you throw

The Mystic Dice!!

Calculate your lucky days and your FUTURE PROSPECTS in Love, Marriage, Health, Travel, Finance, Luck, Lotteries, etc., yourself at home.
Send P.N. 2/- for Your Mystic Dice to PLATO, Box 1718K, G.P.O., Sydney.

9 3

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if M. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Gifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.***

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ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page.
Set down simply in a letter of about 300 words the most outstanding event in which you have been concerned, whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie.
Only authentic incidents are eligible.

Real Life Stories

A PRIZE of £1/1/- is awarded for the best Real Life story each week, and 5/- for others published.
Write your letters legibly and address them: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly.
The full address will be found at the top of Page 3.

Separated at Sea ... a Mother's Night of Horror

Tragedy, fear, suspense, and exposure are blended in the thrilling sea story which wins the Real Life Story prize of a guinea this week for Mrs. John Burgess, Lancaster Road, Ascot, Brisbane.

At the same time it is a singularly human document, telling of the happy reunion of a family separated in the open sea and their triumph over adversity.

MANY years ago when I was only a girl of sixteen years of age (writes Mrs. Burgess), my people took me to Darwin where I met a young Englishman. Shortly afterwards we were married and went to a station property 200 miles from Darwin.

During the many years we were there, six sons were born to us. The nearest doctor and nurse were 200 miles away, and the two white women in the district depended entirely on black gins to help us in our troubles and difficulties and in the rearing of our families.

So much was this the case that all my little boys spoke the aboriginal language fluently—more so than English.

After many years in the Northern Territory we decided to make our home in Sydney, and boarded the good ship Bega. The other passengers were so kind and sympathetic to me because I was so young and had to battle with those six boisterous little boys—just steps and stairs.

At 10 o'clock one night when we were nearing Sydney, with the moon shining and the water smooth, the ship suddenly listed.

The warning bell rang loudly. Lifebelts were handed round, and in the confusion all the lights went out. We were all bundled into the lifeboats, but imagine my horror and fear when I called my children by name and one was missing—also my husband.

He was standing by waiting his turn when we took to the boat, but in the confusion we became separated.

The lifeboat leaked badly, and the brave men in charge bailed constantly all night. One lifeboat capsized and many people were drowned.

I will never forget that night of horror, fear, and suspense, thinking my husband and small son had been drowned, and wondering how on earth I could face life with those helpless children.

But imagine my joy when, just as day was breaking, I heard my husband cooee. He had been saved and my small son was with him. He was in another lifeboat 20 yards away, and was still holding that poor babe just three months old.

At 8 o'clock in the morning we were rolled to safety after having been eight hours in the open on one of the coldest nights in winter.

We lost everything we possessed, including our money which was in one of our trunks, and had to face life in a strange place with not a penny.

But we faced life bravely. We now have a fine home, and I was a very proud, though very sad, mother then, only this year, those six boisterous little boys, now grown to splendid manhood, acted as pallbearers to a well-loved father when we laid him to rest.

"I'LL NEVER FORGET that night of horror thinking my husband and small son had been drowned."

Blind Cycling

CYCLING home from Mildura High School we ran into a blinding dust storm.

With one hand holding on a "boater" straw hat and the other on the handlebar, I put my head down and was making moderate headway when, suddenly, I found my progress barred.

Looking up, I was amazed to find myself sitting on my bike between the flanks of a pair of huge draught horses.

Realising the danger of my position, I "sneaked" off the bike, which a teacher drew backwards, begging me to keep still.

Fearful lest the horses should bolt or kick, I backed out slowly to safety.

The driver came from a nearby factory to see me emerging unhurt. He told us this pair of horses were very quiet, but the other pair he drove would certainly have bolted.

5/- to Mrs. A. W. Dakin, 80 Palm Avenue, Mildura, Vic.

Stray Bullet

WHILE enjoying a fishing holiday at Nelson, Victoria, I took my children for a run in the car through the bush.

The two elder children were in the back, while baby was standing on the front seat looking through the closed window when the car ran over a small tree branch.

The bump undoubtedly saved baby's life, for, as she fell back on to the seat, the window through which she had been peering was shattered in a thousand pieces, some of which cut my nose and face.

A bullet had smashed the glass and passed by my face and out through the open window on the driving side.

Inquiries revealed that a resident of the locality had obtained permission to use a rifle in the district as kangaroos had become a nuisance.

But whether it was a bullet from his rifle or the result of another person shooting in the bush was never ascertained.

5/- to Mrs. M. E. Rogers, Harrow Rd., St. Peters, S.A.

Set On by Monkey

COMING home from school I was passing a block of land where a circus had erected a tent when I noticed a monkey near a van, and ran across to it.

I stooped to pick up a peanut to give to the monkey when he sprang and grabbed me and dragged me under the van.

My sister and friends heard my screams and ran to my aid, and eventually I was rescued by the manager of the circus.

Although I am a woman in my thirties, I still carry mementoes of that horrible experience in the shape of scars.

5/- to Mrs. Mary Hartley, Iris Street, Moree, N.S.W.

Wharf Rescue

RELATIVES were off to England on the Osterley, which was about to leave Outer Harbor, S.A.

Farewells were over, and the hawsers had been hauled in ready for the ship's departure.

I stepped forward to pick up a streamer, but lost my balance, and went head first into the water in the narrow space between the wharf and the side of the ship.

I could not swim, and as I fell my head hit something infinitely harder—the side of the ship. Momentarily I lost consciousness.

My most terrifying moment, however, came when I unsuccessfully tried to clutch the slippery underpart of the boat as I came up for the second time. It seemed to be all over, when a sailor, who had climbed down one of the piles, caught me by the wrist and held me till ropes were lowered to haul us to safety.

5/- to Mrs. Rae Grant, 9 Lillian St., Prospect, S.A.

Saved by Pudding

WHEN a child of six, with my mother and sister I was being driven along a country road in a jinker, when the horse shied and bolted.

A mile or so farther on the road turned sharply, almost on the bank of the Murrumbidgee River, and the horse headed straight for the water.

As we reached the turn of the road an old woman ran out of her cottage on the roadside.

She was mixing a pudding in a big basin and, quick as lightning, threw basin and all at the horse's head.

It turned and after another mile or so was pulled up.

We still remember gratefully our old lady and her pudding.

5/- to Miss Mary Stewart, 378 Gilbert Road, Preston, Vic.

Wartime Adventure

TRAVELLING by the Osterley at the beginning of the Great War, our ship was forced to put on all speed and travel 500 miles off her course with all lights out for three nights.

In a lantern lecture, the captain informed us how near we had been to sharing the fate of two ships that had left Colombo harbor two hours before us and been sunk by the Germans.

One night about midnight, while off the French coast, our ship suddenly lurched, vibrated throughout, and then stopped.

Getting quickly into a dressing-gown, I was about to wrap a blanket around my sleeping child when a steward passed the word, "All's well."

I made my way to the deck, passing hysterical women, some kneeling in prayer, others being comforted, while some had to be supported and given brandy.

I was just in time to see two French torpedo boats, one just gliding away from the liner's side.

The French patrol had been unable to decipher the ship's nationality, and, refusing to take any chances, had sent a shot over our bows, making her reverse her engines and stop suddenly.

What rejoicing there was on deck! Passengers jumping and dancing round in pyjamas, and one young woman, with her beautiful blonde hair nearly touching the deck, clasped an old man in her arms, and made him join in the dance of joy at our escape.

5/- to Mrs. Lucy Blandy, 21 Park Road, St. Peters, N.S.W.

Air Crash Dream

WHILE staying at the home of my fiance, he remarked at breakfast one morning that he had had a very vivid dream the previous night.

"I saw an aeroplane crash in flames," he said, "and the pilot was thrown out and killed."

No more was thought about the dream until about an hour later when a neighbor informed us that Jimmy Melrose's plane had crashed and that Melrose had been killed.

Neither my fiance nor myself is in the least superstitious, but we regard the incident as a very strange coincidence.

5/- to Miss A. Schmidt, c/o Messrs. Stanfield and Stewart, 379 Collins St., Melbourne C1.

For personal hygiene, for fastidious personal cleanliness, use 'Dettol.' It is deadly to germs, yet non-poisonous, pleasant-smelling and non-staining. *Ask your Doctor.*

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THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

Your Chemist has 'Dettol' - - - - price, 2/-
RECKITTS (OVER SEA) LTD. (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT.), SYDNEY

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LEARN DRESSMAKING NEW EASY WAY!

YOU can test this wonderful Course of Dressmaking in your own home, give it any trial you like, and if it doesn't quickly make you an accomplished dressmaker, capable of making the latest frocks, suits, coats, etc., it won't COST YOU ONE PENNY! But please hurry! This offer may never be repeated. It places you under no obligation. All you have to do is post the coupon TO-DAY!

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FOR a limited time only the La Mode School of Dressmaking is offering absolutely FREE this Book, entitled, "How to Design, Cut, and Make Smarter Clothes." This wonderful book will show you how to cut and make perfect-fitting garments for any figure; how to adopt all the very latest styles to suit your own requirements. Post Coupon to-day!

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and Keep Them Young Forever!

★ If you moisten your lips all through the day—beware! It's a sign the lipstick you're using is drying your mouth—making it old and lined.

Your lips can be young—soft and appealing, all through life, if you use the lipstick that protects them . . . Michel Lipstick. The base of this famous lipstick was created especially to keep mouths soft. Michel Lipstick is pure—alluringly so! Its perfume delicately inviting.

SIX ENTRANCING SHADES

Blonde : Cherry
Vivid : Capucine
Raspberry : Scarlet

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Face as White as a Ghost's

SHE WAS ANAEMIC FOR SIX YEARS.

"My face was as white as a ghost's and I felt I was going to have a nervous collapse," states Mrs. E.P., of Leichhardt, N.S.W. "I suffered from anaemia and nerves for six years and although I had different treatments, I made no progress. I could not sleep at night, was terribly depressed and had nervous headaches. My weight was only 7 stone.

"I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and have taken a short course of these pills. I am glad to say that the nervous headaches have vanished and I feel much stronger. I have gained one stone in weight, sleep soundly and do not get that tired, lifeless feeling. My complexion has lost its unnatural whiteness and my nerves are splendid."

A natural colourful complexion is always attractive and a sure sign of womanly fitness. Together with other beneficial results, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills by helping to create rich, red blood, give colour to cheeks and lips, and strengthen the nerves and system throughout. If you are anaemic, pimply, headachy, unattractive, thin, run-down, or nervy, let nothing prevent you from taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now. 3/- bottle at chemists and stores.***

KIDNEYS CAUSE OF MANY BACKACHES

Flush Out 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes

It is surprising how quickly many sufferers relieve nagging backache once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be clogged kidneys.

Medical authorities agree that your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which strain the waste and acids from the blood. A healthy person should pass 3 pints a day and get rid of more than 2 pounds of waste matter.

If your kidneys don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous, causing nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness. It may lay you up for many months.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS . . . used successfully the world over by millions of people suffering with backache and other kidney disorders. They give quick relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. So be sure you get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS.

What Women Are Doing

Organising Flying Corps

UNDAUNTED by official disapproval expressed by the Minister for Defence (Mr. Thorby), Miss Betty Mullins, Sydney business girl, is going ahead with her plans for the organisation of an Australian Women's Flying Corps. Her confidence has been justified, for ever since she first formulated her idea applications for membership have been coming in.

Miss Mullins defends the Corps by saying that she does not intened its members to engage in fighting in the event of war, but that they would be valuable in flying ambulance service, and in transport and commercial work.

✦ ✦ ✦

Life's Interest Is In Art

ART interests literally fill the life of Mrs. Mona Elliot, of Brisbane. She is the president of the Arts and Crafts Society of Queensland, on the council of the Art Society, and convener of the art coterie for the Brisbane Women's Club.

Mrs. Elliot —Green and Co.

Apart from these activities she manages to find time for her pottery work and painting. In her pottery she usually decorates her work with designs of Australian motif, like the kookaburra and native bear.

Mrs. Elliot contributes every year to the Arts and Crafts and the Art Society's Exhibition.

✦ ✦ ✦

Has Written Book About Old Sydney

RECOLLECTIONS of old Sydney, of many characters, some great, others curious, are contained in the little book, "Looking Back," which Mrs. R. H. Todd, of Double Bay, has just published. Mrs. Todd, who came to Sydney fifty years ago, has, as a journalist, been connected with much of its theatrical, literary and social life in that time.

To her goes the honor of being the one to found the first women's club in Australia—the Ladies' Club. She wrote, also, for the first women's paper established in Australia, "Dawn," the editor of which was Mrs. Louisa Lawson, mother of the famous poet.

✦ ✦ ✦

Councillor and Charity Worker

TRADITION has entered a great deal into the life of Councillor Elizabeth Bleazley. Her election to the Melbourne City Council makes her the fourth member of her family to have belonged to it. Her grandfather, father, and uncle have all represented Brighton, Mrs. Bleazley's shire.

In order to carry on the good work of her mother, the late Lady Bent, Mrs. Bleazley joined the Brighton Ladies' Benevolent Society, of which she is now president. She is also correspondent for the Children's Welfare Department and a member of the Children's Welfare League.

✦ ✦ ✦

Mother of Three Cares for Others As Well

THE mother of three little daughters, Mrs. Frank Warren, of Brisbane, still finds time to do a great deal of voluntary work, all of it connected with children. Every Wednesday and Friday morning she attends the Park Presbyterian Free Kindergarten to care for the little ones whose mothers are either busy in town or at home.

Mrs. Warren —Dorothy Coleman.

Mrs. Warren is also on the executive of the Creche and Kindergarten. She is the convener of the social committee of the Queensland Mothercraft Association, and looks after their rooms in the city.

REPRESENTATIVE ON FLYING-BOAT

MISS MURIEL HOWLETT, who was chosen by the British Broadcasting Corporation as their representative on the journey to Australia in the flying-boat, Cordelia, is an Australian. Her home town is Temora, N.S.W.

She also handled the "knot to knot" news for the Corporation on the maiden voyage of the Queen Mary.

Her talents are many, as a few years ago she was runner-up in a speed typing test, under twenty-one section, and she reached the finals in an eisteddfod, contralto solo singing section.

Special Law Was Passed for Her

THE youngest woman to practise law in Arkansas is Miss Zonola Longstreth. A special law had to be passed to allow her to be admitted to the Bar at the age of nineteen. She has gone to England as the representative of the International Federation of Business and Professional Women, for whom she is forming club branches in England. In a fortnight she had already organised two clubs.

✦ ✦ ✦

Finds Many Interests in President's Work

BRIDGE and sewing circles, and collecting and distributing clothes to the needy are just a few of the interests Mrs. B. C. Richards finds in her position as president of the Brisbane Catholic Daughters' Association, of which she is a foundation member.

Mrs. Richards —Norton Trevaire.

One of her schemes is to raise funds, with the help of her committee, towards purchasing a "Holiday Home." At Christmas time the C.D.A. give a six-weeks' holiday to numbers of children from the country. So far they have only been able to rent a house, but it is their ambition to own one of their own.

✦ ✦ ✦

Will Have Poem in New Anthology

MRS. RUBY GILL, of Sydney, has received word that one of her poems, "Wizard of the Violin," will be published in "Endymion: Book of Modern English Verse," which will appear in standard and de luxe editions and a limited Edition Immortal to cost ten guineas.

Mrs. Gill, who was born in India at a military station, came to Australia in her girlhood and, apart from extensive travels abroad, has lived there ever since. Many of her poems have been published in Australian periodicals.

✦ ✦ ✦

Exhibits Posters Throughout World

MISS WINIFRED GUY, better known as the Poster Girl, has arranged another exhibition of her collection of posters, to be opened by Lady Street this Thursday.

Miss Guy was the originator of poster exhibitions, and she held her first one in Sydney eleven years ago. At the moment she has 500 posters with her in Australia, and 3000 at her home in England.

On Thursday Miss Guy will exhibit several new posters which should be of particular interest in Australia. One is a picture of Whitby, depicting Captain Cook with his ships, and is by Doris Zinkiesen; another is a beautiful interior of the Liverpool Jewish Cathedral. She is calling this exhibition "A Tour of Great Britain by Poster."

Says Library Depends on Personality of Librarian

THE only woman in Australia who is in charge of a major library, Miss Evalyn Wood, of Perth, who recently visited Sydney for the Librarians' Conference, has been librarian of Perth University for ten years. She says that the library of a University is not only a hub of higher culture, but something in the nature of a matrimonial bureau. Romance often blossoms out of friendships begun over technical books.

Miss Wood

The career of librarian is one of the most satisfying open to women, says Miss Wood: it is one in which they are being useful all the time. The personality of the librarian counts as much as the contents of the shelves.

Two years ago Miss Wood won a Carnegie travelling scholarship to study library management in America. American women who hold big library posts go to endless trouble to keep the general public in touch with their work.

✦ ✦ ✦

She Preaches and Sings in Japanese

ATTRACTIVE nineteen-year-old Miss Annie Hitch, missionary daughter of a missionary father, conducts evangelical meetings in the streets of Tokio. She preaches in Japanese and leads hymns in the same language. She has a portable organ and a piano accordion which she plays herself.

Miss Hitch has made this work the ambition of her life since her childhood in China. The Japanese, she says, are good listeners but not enthusiastic singers. The Japanese Government does not approve of her work, as the official religion of the land is Shintoism. Miss Hitch passed through Sydney recently on her way to Melbourne where she will complete her studies.

✦ ✦ ✦

Record for Hospitality to Island Hostess

THE name of Mrs. Drummond Thomson, of Numa Numa, in the Solomon Islands, stands for hospitality. For the last fourteen years she has entertained travellers every time a ship calls at Numa Numa—that is, every six weeks.

Sometimes as many as thirty guests accept her hospitality. They are entertained at afternoon tea and inspect Mrs. Thomson's garden with its tropical flowers and shrubs, or enjoy a swim in the enclosed swimming-pool.

✦ ✦ ✦

Supplies Pretty Things to Sick Children

HONORARY secretary of the auxiliary council of the Alfred Hospital, Melbourne, and president of the Alfredians, the auxiliary which works exclusively for the children's ward, Mrs. J. A. Campbell is one of the busiest women in Melbourne.

Mrs. Campbell —Broothorn.

The work of the Alfredians is to supply pretty things which will make life more cheerful for the children. They have already furnished the ward with red-and-white quilts hand-worked with animals, which provide hours of interest for the little patients. Alone Mrs. Campbell has made 100 quilts.

✦ ✦ ✦

To Work As Plant Physiologist

DR. JOAN HEARMAN, a distinguished West Australian graduate, has been appointed assistant research officer of the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research at the Citrus Research Station at Griffith, in the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area. She will work there as a plant physiologist.

For the past eighteen months Dr. Hearman has been investigating nutrition deficiencies in pines at Ludlow, W.A. Her mother, Mrs. W. A. Hearman, of Bunbury, is State president of the Country Women's Association in West Australia.

Rheumatism

BANISH PAIN

No matter how severe the pain there is sure relief for you in Sloans. Applied lightly it penetrates without rubbing, scatters the congestion which causes the pain, restores comfort to the painful limb. Sloans is a concentrated medicament containing *active* ingredients only. *Get a bottle to-day.*

1/9 at all Chemists.

SLOANS LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

SO FAT SHE HAD TO SELL HER BUSINESS

New Health at 50—Thanks to Kruschen

"Two years ago," writes a woman, "I was running a very successful business. It was strenuous, but the chance of a lifetime. At the time I weighed 18 st. 10 lbs.—but I was exceptionally strong. Then I began to feel tired, in fact always tired. My feet and legs began to swell and my eyesight began to fail. Eventually, I had to sell my business, and go into a nursing home.

"One day, a friend said: 'Get your health down. Start taking Kruschen.' In desperation I took her advice. To-day I weigh only 12 stone 8 lbs. I feel perfectly fit, and yesterday I walked 7 miles. I am 50 years of age, and have been passed for life insurance. I am starting a new business, and with renewed health, I shall make good again."—(Mrs.) B.E.

Kruschen is an ideal blend of mineral salts found in those European spas which have been resorted to from time immemorial by the over-stout. Before the first bottle of Kruschen is finished, fat begins to go. And it continues to go, until there is no more superfluous flesh to burden the body and endanger the health.

BOILS AND PIMPLES

People who take a regular dose of TWIN SODA are surprisingly free from these troubles, such as Boils, Pimples, Skin Blotches, Prickly Heat. Should you suffer from any of these complaints, buy a 1/6 packet of pure TWIN SODA from your chemist and purify your blood simply and easily. These complaints are needless when the remedy is so simple and economical.

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MISS PEGGY MURRAY, who was killed in a car accident last week in America.

Tragic Death of Well-Known Sydney Girl

The death of Miss Peggy Murray in America last week forged another link in the poignant sequence of events arising out of the visit of the U.S.S. Louisville a few months ago.

On the day of the American warship's departure from Sydney, nineteen people who sailed up the harbor gaily waving farewell lost their lives in the wreck of the Rodney, the launch which carried them.

MISS MURRAY, who celebrated her 20th birthday on April 14, went to America to act as bridesmaid at the wedding of her school friend, Joy Barrington, and Lieutenant Stephen Daunis, of the U.S.S. Louisville, who had met during the 150th Anniversary Celebrations here.

Miss Murray was accompanied by Miss Patricia Tebbutt, of Manly, who was another bridesmaid.

PEGGY'S death in a faraway land is a double tragedy for her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Murray, who lost their eldest daughter, Mary, in a street accident, seven years ago.

It is also felt as a great loss by her many friends—those friends who, a few weeks ago, bade her a happy farewell as she sailed off in the Mariposa.

For Peggy was one of Sydney's most loved girls. She had a genuine gift of friendship, and possessed the most lovable qualities of loyalty, sympathy, and humor.

Quite unaffectedly one of her greatest friends said last week:

"Peggy's death has made me feel as if the whole bottom has dropped out of my world."

That was the remark of someone who had known her all through her schooldays at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Kincoppal, Elizabeth Bay, and for the four last years which she spent in the outside world—four years, at the end of which she was gentle, as gay and as fresh as she had been in her convent school days.

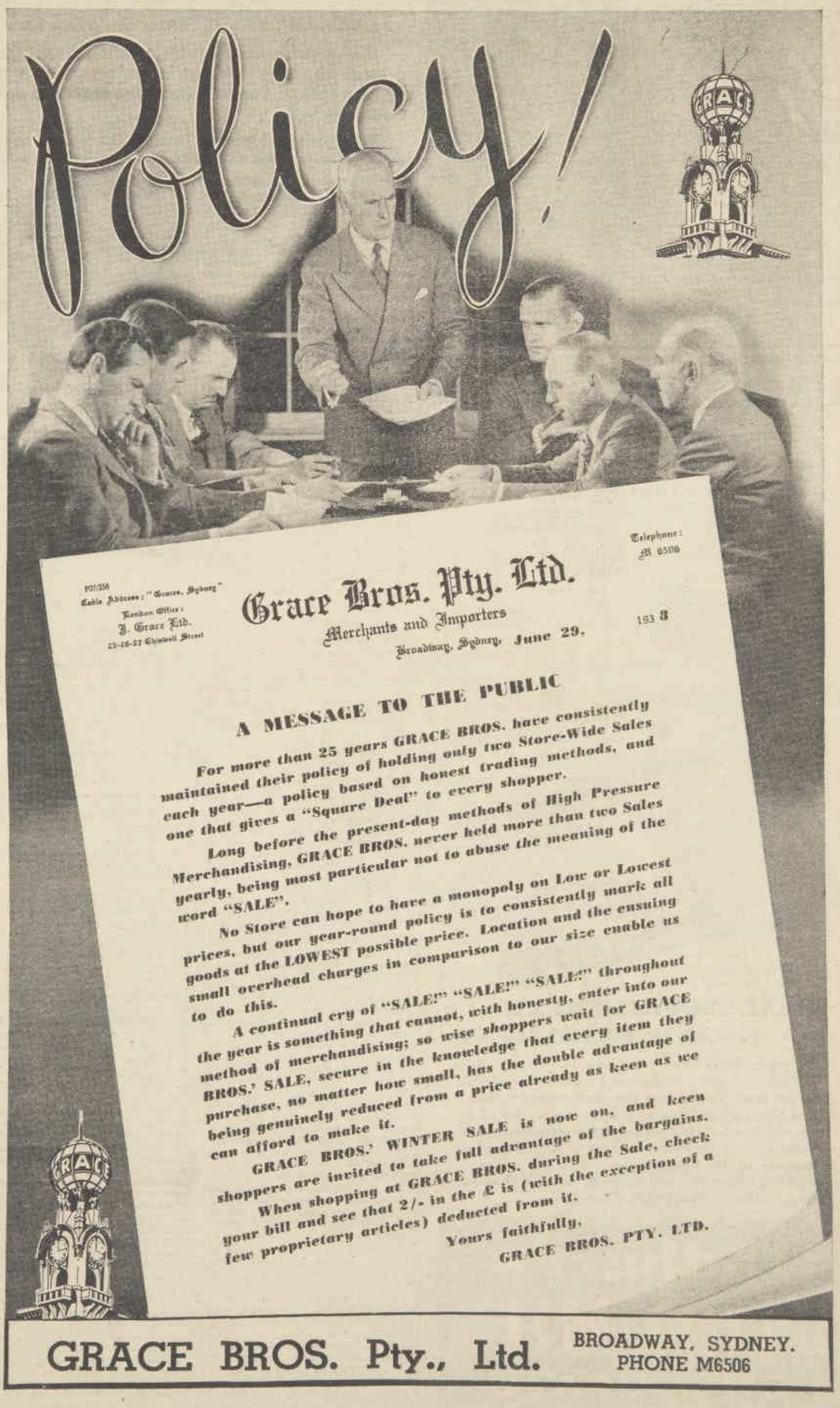
At school Peggy shone on the tennis court (she was a member of the school tennis team), and in theatricals, in which she always took a leading part.

She was also a prefect—the highest tribute the convent can pay to any of its pupils.

After leaving school, Peggy visited England with her parents, and was presented at Court.

In the last few years she has worked for many charities. She was a member of various committees, and was known for her genuine sympathy with the poor.

Her death leaves us with a memory of a girl who deserved the affection which she won, and a regret for the woman she would have been—a memory and regret which can only be expressed in sympathy for Mr. and Mrs. Murray and their youngest daughter, Patricia.



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When A *Doctor* Gets Indigestion

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

Did you realise that doctors are more liable to indigestion and stomach trouble than anyone else? Of course, when you come to think of it, the reason is obvious, the doctor, being at the beck and call of hundreds of patients, finds it impossible to get regular meals.

In common with most doctors, I find that the best way to prevent or to relieve digestive trouble is to take a good antacid after meals. My personal preference is 'Bisurated' Magnesia. If ever I get stomach pain or flatulence, a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia will always put me right, because it instantly neutralises the excess acid which is usually the cause of the trouble. In all cases of indigestion, wind, or pain after meals, I strongly recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia.

*Note: 'Bisurated Magnesia referred to above by Dr. Scott is available at all chemists. The package bears the trade mark, Bismag.'****

Crawford Ranks Leaders In Women's Tennis

AUSTRALIA'S Nancye Wynne, whom Crawford ranks seventh among the best women players.

By JACK CRAWFORD, Former Davis Cup Star.

Although Australia's women tennis stars failed to reach the semi-finals at Wimbledon, they were not disgraced. Far from it. The team has done remarkably well.

The standard of women's tennis in the world to-day is higher and more evenly distributed than it has been for years.

FOR seven years Suzanne Lenglen dominated the position in international tennis, and for another seven or eight, Helen Wills-Moody.

But now we find that about thirty girls could be placed in a tournament and one would not know who would be a certain winner.

Two of our girls at least, Nancye Wynne and Thelma Coyne, would be in that first thirty, and in my opinion Nancye Wynne is entitled to ranking in the first eight.

That none of our girls was seeded at Wimbledon means little.

It is difficult to seed players when you have not seen them play, and although Nancye and Thelma went home with big reputations it was almost impossible to seed them above some of the players whose play was known.

If Nancye had been Australian title-holder they would probably have seeded her; but Miss Bundy has the title—and even she was not seeded.

Nancye Did Well

IN reaching the fourth round of the singles Nancye did particularly well.

Many of those she defeated were more or less nonentities, and she disposed of them with ease, but her defeat of Lizana, of Chile, was a splendid performance.

When Nancye finds the sidelines, as she can do, even the consistency of a Mme. Mathieu is of little avail.

She has impressed the critics with the speed of her stroking and placements.

Leading English tennis writers are agreed that she has the best control of the ball that they have seen by a woman player for a long time.

That includes Helen Wills-Moody and Suzanne.

But Nancye has not yet acquired the match-winning habit. That is a matter of temperament and concentration.

She is very new to the game, and concentration will come to her.

She will probably watch Helen Wills-Moody and say: "She doesn't hit the ball better than I do, but is more careful at the critical point."

Helen Wills-Moody throughout her matches keeps herself in a state of concentration in which she is aware of the existence only of the other player, the umpire, and the ball.

The crowd does not exist so far as she is concerned.

WHILE Nancye Wynne's temperament is all right, she has not yet learnt this secret of concentration right through the game.

She concentrates for a period and then there is a slacking.

That's where you lose matches.

The thread of her mental processes was clearly seen in the match in which the steady Mme. Mathieu defeated her—the first set win, then the loss of her grip on the game and defeat.

To what degree this was influenced by the incident in which Madame demanded and was given a new line-umpire cannot of course be estimated, but apparently it did seriously affect Nancye's subsequent play more adversely than that of the more experienced Frenchwoman.

The fact remains that in one game Nancye will be playing tennis that no other girl could equal, and in other games will be missing everything.

I doubt if she will ever become as consistent as the great ones, but it is always a pleasure to watch her play.

She has a very striking service, beautifully produced. Her back-hand—and, when going, her forehand—is a match-winning point.

But to my mind her forehand is her greatest weakness, because it is made, not with the flight of the ball, but across it.

When things are going wrong it is the forehand that fails her more than anything else, especially on easy balls.

Left-handers have been her downfall on no fewer than three occasions.

JACK CRAWFORD'S RANKING OF WOMEN PLAYERS

1. **Helen Wills-Moody.**
2. **Sperling.**
3. **Alice Marble.**
4. **Helen Jacobs.**
5. **Jedrzejowska.**
6. **Mme. Mathieu.**
7. **Nancye Wynne.**
8. **Dorothy Bundy.**
9. **Lizana.**
10. **Peggy Scriven.**

Dorothy Round not considered, as she is not playing this year.

Then on one line: Kay Stammers, Thelma Coyne, Miss Morphew, Mrs. H. Miller, Mrs. Fabyan, Mary Whitmarsh, Evelyn Dearman, Dot Stevenson, Mary Hardwick, Valerie Scott.

So even is the standard of women's tennis, Jack Crawford says, that any of the second ten given here might be capable of defeating any of the first ten.

That is another matter of experience—we have no girls out here that are good left-handers.

Thelma Coyne is not very far behind Miss Wynne, although she has not done anything startling on this trip.

She impressed the critics, however, in the doubles.

BOTH Wallis Myers and S. N. Doust said that she was one of the best doubles players they had seen for a long time.

She and Nancye Wynne have made a very strong team. They have also been showing up in mixed doubles, in which they seem to play better.

Dot Stevenson is only 22, and Margaret Wilson is still in her teens.

Miss Wilson, who is not a member of the team, had an excellent win in beating Mrs. Morphew, of South Africa.

I would not be surprised if she became one of our leading players—that is, if she continues in the game.

She is studying medicine and may not devote the necessary time to becoming a good player.

Miss Stevenson has not sufficient strokes to get to the top of the tree, but has great determination.

She gets a little nervous in a match and often, before she warms up, her opponent has the match.

Miss Joan Hartigan, who is also playing unofficially, has not done anything outstanding, but is travelling for pleasure, rather than tennis, and, of course, Mrs. Hopman did not go away primarily to play.

The team was not sent with great expectations of winning matches, but, since the funds were available, with the main object of learning something.

The women deserved the trip and it is the greatest honor in the tennis world to play at Wimbledon.

It is better to be beaten there than to win here against inferior players.

While they can beat everybody at home they cannot learn much more.

HELEN WILLS-MOODY, whom Jack Crawford places at the top.

Over there they learn accuracy and get experience.

The trip will be an expensive one from an Association point of view, costing nearly £2000, but if the girls have learned something to help improve the standard of women's tennis in Australia expense is not so important.

They will go on to the American National Championships at Forest Hills, and then, perhaps, to California.

EAT *MORE* MILK

One and a half glasses of fresh, full-cream milk in every ½ lb. block

REAL NOURISHMENT AND ENJOYMENT

In every ½-lb. block of Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate there is a glass and a half of fresh full cream milk, fresh from the farm—used within a few hours of milking to preserve every bit of its nourishment. That means extra smoothness and deliciousness, so when you have to miss a meal or happen to be hungry between meals there is nothing better for you or more delightful to eat than Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate.

Cadbury's DAIRY MILK CHOCOLATE

½lb blocks 1/4", ¼lb blocks 8", and in 1/-, 6" and 3" tablets.

DS.229

BABY SON and DAUGHTER—Healthy as can be

Such Beautifully Happy Children

Mrs. E. C. NAGEL writes:—"My two children are as healthy as can be. I have given them Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders from their birth. When I first heard of the Infants' Powders I immediately tried them on my little girl, and she has regained health and is a very happy and pleasant child since I started giving her the powders. Both my little son and daughter are such beautifully happy children, because they get their Infants' Powders regularly."

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

are intended to ease pain and soothe the child, check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental to the teething period, and are useful in delayed or prolonged dentition.

Mothers ensure the best Protection and Comfort for their Children by using

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

which are safe, reliable, unfailing and guaranteed perfectly harmless.

Box of 20 Powders for 1/6 at chemists and stores. For *free* sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

CANCERIANS, the balance of 1938 may prove good to you! But the best prizes will go to those who display speed and staying power.

STRANGELY enough, to speak of speed in relation to most Cancerians (those born between June 22 and July 23), is as bad as to expect Arians or Scorpions to sit still and twiddle their thumbs indefinitely. For Cancerians hate rush and excitement almost as much as Arians and Scorpions love it.

Nevertheless Cancer folk sometimes surprise associates with the speed, precision, forcefulness and quick wit with which they meet an emergency.

The possession of this seldom-used characteristic is fortunate, for during most of the remainder of 1938 they may have to meet many completely surprising and sudden changes in their affairs, provided, of course, the more important individual horoscope does not show contradictions.

Among other things the year is likely to produce periods of anxiety regarding finances. Let the anxiety remain, for it will dictate caution.

But if forethought is applied to their affairs most Cancerians will experience added prosperity.

Extravagance and over-confidence should be avoided, but, Cancerians, no chance for improvements should be overlooked! Benefits are especially likely through the fortunes of other people, so that if your success seems, at times, to depend less upon your own efforts than upon the affairs of others don't let this fact worry you.

Better still, search diligently for as many avenues as possible through which to turn it to good account. Ask favors and seek promotion or other gains through superiors or those who can aid you.

Your advice may be much sought in business channels, but make up your mind not to work for nothing. Most of you dislike the financial end of a business deal, preferring that profits drop into your lap without commercial embarrassments. Don't underrate your value.

Profitable Changes

THE careers of many people born under this sign may take an entirely new trend some time later in the year. Old ties and activities will be sloughed off and new interests and responsibilities take their place. Although not always desired, these changes will nearly all prove fortunate in the end.

Most Cancerians like to live quietly and privately, but during the remaining months friendships and social activities should be cultivated, for sudden and surprising gains can come your way through such sources.

Strive not only to make friends and mind them, but also to interest them in your affairs, for their assistance may prove unexpectedly acceptable.

In all probability you will find, too, that you are the recipient of friendly gestures from people who desire your own friendship and help.

The year should also see the realisation of certain ambitions and hopes which many of you have been regarding as hopeless—and to a goodly number will come opportunities to make additional money through some new or unusual source of activity and interest.

July (until the 23rd), and from October 24 to November 23 should prove best of all, so work hard then.

The affairs of partners (either business or marriage), and of other loved ones, can cause worry, depression or new responsibilities, yet patient and optimistic Cancerians will find that in love, romance and marriage, as in other departments of life, the year will eventually produce good fortune and happiness.

THE DAILY DIARY

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Live quietly at this time. Venturesomeness and over-confidence can bring trouble, especially on July 11, 12 and 13.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Quite fair on July 11, 12 and 13.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Not spectacular. July 14 and 15 just fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Work hard and be confident for good results can follow sincere effort. Make changes and start some new ventures on July 16, but be conservative on July 11, 12 and 13.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): July 9 and 10 just fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Hard work on July 11, 12, and 13 can produce good results provided over-confidence is avoided.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to October 24): Wise liberals will live quietly now, if they wish to avoid delays, upsets and difficulties. Be particularly cautious on July 11, 12 and 13.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): You can afford to be your energetic and enthusiastic self. Work hard putting plans into operation, but don't over-do things. Be sure to start new ventures on July 16 (after 10 a.m.). July 11, 12, and 13 very fair for most Scorpions too.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Routine best for you this week.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Let wisdom and caution guide you this week, for upsets are possible. Avoid losses and entanglements.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Complete routine tasks for best results this week. July 14 and 15 just fair.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): You can afford to be optimistic and active. If opportunities do not come of their own accord, set about forcing them. Plan ahead to begin new enterprises and make changes. July 16 best for such, but July 11, 12 and 13 very fair also.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

CHILD'S TELL-TALE TONGUE

Your child's tongue will tell you plainly when the tiny bowels need the help of a laxative. A coated tongue means a sour stomach and constipation. But you have to be most careful what medicine you give. Strong purgatives weaken and leave the bowels more bound than ever, and nothing stops a child's growth like constipation.

Doctors and nurses everywhere advise 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Califig,' because it is a pure fruit laxative, therefore safe, and, being a liquid you can measure the dose to a nicety to suit your child's system. Kiddies love its pleasant taste and thrive all the better for it.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say '*California*' and look for '*Califig*' on the package. Get a bottle to-day.***

STATEMENT ON OATH MADE BY LEADING AUSTRALIAN SKIN SPECIALIST...

Eminent member of the B.M.A. gives evidence before the Workers' Compensation Commission. Read below what he says, as reported in the "Sydney Morning Herald" on 1st April, 1938:—

"Dr. . . . . gave evidence that in the last four years he had conducted about 6,000 tests with different soaps, and had sent the results to learned societies in the United States. In his opinion, 'Lifebuoy' Soap . . . was one of the mildest available — certainly milder than some other soaps which were recommended for babies and women."

***What better proof** of Lifebuoy's wonderful mildness could you have than this testimony, given on oath, by a famous Australian Skin Specialist?*

The amazing gentleness of Lifebuoy's lather is no accident. For years our chemists worked to perfect the wonderful blend of ingredients which go into the familiar, clean-smelling tablet of Lifebuoy Soap. But the most important ingredient—and one which is not found in any other toilet soap, is the famous *Lifebuoy Health Element.* Not only does this exclusive ingredient help to purify the skin and protect you from risk of offending with "B.O."—*it actually aids in making Lifebuoy milder.*

2 AB8

NO OTHER TOILET SOAP HAS LIFEBUOY'S HEALTH ELEMENT

Because Lifebuoy is the only toilet soap with the exclusive element, no other well known toilet soap can offer the same degree of safety and gentle cleansing for your skin. It is for this reason that regular use of Lifebuoy is *bound* to show an improvement in the health and beauty of your complexion.

A LEVER PRODUCT

Test for 1 Month

and PROVE that VIBRAPHONES defeat **DEAFNESS**

A perfectly safe hearing aid. Non-electrical—Practically invisible—No wires—No batteries—No head-bands. Obtainable direct from new Sydney consulting rooms.

NATHAN HEARING AIDS

Write for Booklet

Suite 601F, City Mutual Bldg., Cnr. Hunter & High Sts., Sydney, and at 175 Collins Melbourne.

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The EASIEST way of all to REDUCE

Tens of thousands of grateful women Attest that Marmola Prescription Tablets genuinely enable you to reduce, safely and gently. You can continue to eat what you like, at the same time avoiding strenuous exercise and the very positive danger of weakening caused by drastic purgatives and salts.

Four times a day they take a little Marmola tablet, containing in exactly the right quantity a world-famous corrective for obesity which prevents your food from turning into useless fat. This corrective is prescribed by physicians everywhere and acknowledged to be a most effective fat reducer.

Since 1907 more than 28 million packages of Marmola have been purchased. Could any better recommendation be had? Today—buy a package of Marmola and start at once. When you have slimmed to your liking and are once more the proud possessor of a beautiful slender figure, stop taking Marmola.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 4/3 per package, or you can secure them direct from The Marmola Co., P.O. Box 3679, SS, Sydney, N.S.W.*

Books

Eleanor Dark, young Australian writer, has used a ferry disaster based on the Greycliffe tragedy as a climax to "Waterway," her latest novel.

IN an accurate Australian setting, Miss Dark has placed people whose story might as easily have happened in Knightsbridge or Manhattan, in Ottawa or Johannesburg as in Australia.

There is nothing aggressively Australian written into the characters.

The problems of Winifred and Lesley, daughters of old Professor Channon, are the problems spun for them by their keen active intelligence.

Their father has always told them: "There's only one thing on earth you must accept without question, and that's the weather."

They grew up in an atmosphere of free discussion, their earliest memories being of lively debates between their father and any one of a dozen friends who haunted their home because of his gift of conversation.

"Ideas and the words with which to express them had been the toys of childhood, along with blocks and dolls. Dissections, ruthless and witty, of creeds, motives, conventions and superstitions had formed a background to life."

With such a background, what use can these two girls have for the ready-made philosophies, the parties, charities, and such of their carefree friends swimming happily in the nice social pool to which they belong?

Winifred married Arthur Sellman, and soon came to regret it. He won her in youth with his virile, handsome charm, but before long she realises that the gulf between them must widen with the years.

"What do you think a man invests money for?" he asks impatiently when she begs him to buy some bushland to save a patch of trees—"just plain, ordinary gum-trees," he calls them—or to publish some poems she calls important—"finance a few shady scribblers" is his way of putting it.

MISS ELEANOR DARK, successful Australian novelist, whose latest book "Waterway" has an intimate and accurate Australian setting.

"I should think," she had replied slowly, "that when he had as much as you have, it might be—sometimes—just to—to help."

"To help? To help what?"

"People," she said. "Ideas . . ."

The Blind Daughter

HER love for Ian Harnett, their next-door neighbor, is denied not by fear of worldly loss or convention, but because a tragic bond holds her to her husband.

There is a small blind daughter of six years old, and Winifred knows that her behaviour must be above reproach or even malicious misconstruction if she is to go on serving Brenda as she has done for six years.

Winifred thinks of Brenda — "she isn't unhappy. That's what one clings to, that's what one battles for. And she isn't helpless. That was harder to achieve. Not for her, for me, for me!

"Not to help her when every nerve in my body strained to help her, not to protect her when that's all I live for. Not to snatch her back from small dangers she must learn to manage for herself, not to keep her always by my side when every minute she is out of my sight is agony—agony.

"No, that is all foolishness. The little physical harms are nothing. There's the harm life can do to her when she's grown up; there's the danger of this house, the incredible silliness of the lives that will be all about her unless . . ."

Unless, of course, Winifred stifles her own longing to live instead of merely existing. She is quite prepared to continue merely to exist.

Lesley Channon, the younger sister, has two suitors—Sim Hegarty, lovable, eligible, secure, spoiled darling of the social world she mistrusts, and the other Roger Blair, stormy petrel of the city's intellectual life, impulsive despiser of security and leader of forlorn hopes.

One appeals to her intellectually, the other attracts with his virile youth and charm, and she is in great danger of making her sister's mistake over again.

It is Roger who points out that Sim Hegarty is perhaps not so different from what Arthur Sellman was when Winifred married him. Sim has a little more intelligence and humor, but would that last?

Roger says that perhaps Winifred is partly responsible for Sellman's deterioration. He must find the marriage bewildering and miserable.

"If he had married someone of his own kind his life would still have been stupid from our point of view, but not from his . . . He'd have still been a lazy, smug parasitic nonentity, but he wouldn't have been a drunkard and sadist."

Thus the author wins sympathy for her most unpleasant character and puts a nice balance into the story.

Lesley's love-story is interesting; Winifred's is rather beautiful.

Realising their love, Winifred and Ian resolve to meet no more alone. Out of their need for some communication there grows without any arrangements of code or signals the habit of placing in their windows flowers, a book, a photograph, that can be seen from the next house.

By its very childishness, it becomes in time "a saving gleam in both their lives."

ELEANOR DARK has written this book with a simple plan. The action begins in the dawn of a day destined to be made hideous by the evening's tragic harbor disaster, and it ends with the sunset.

Finding the characters in the present, the writer casts back in their thoughts for the past that put them there, and she assembles most of them on the doomed ferry with skill.

This tragedy, the climax of the book, is obviously based on the story of the ill-fated ferry Greycliffe, which was sunk in a collision with the Tahiti in Sydney Harbor some years ago.

Professor Channon comes on from an Art Show, and sits making notes on that book that he hopes to finish in the six months Dr. Denning gives him before a cancer takes him and his wisdom and tolerance from family and friends.

Dr. Denning's wife sets out to catch the same boat; Ian Harnett's two motherless boys are on board and Winifred's blind daughter, and her husband, Arthur Sellmann.

Restraint and Vividness

JUMPING aboard at the last moment come that nice Mr. and Mrs. Smith from the bungalow round the corner with their so new baby.

They set out peacefully across the sunlit harbor, then suddenly the shadow of the big liner is upon them.

Miss Dark has written with admirable restraint of the accident. You are frozen again by its horror (especially as in the background of your mind is the thought that this thing really happened), but she has not taken the easy way of painting unendurable pictures.

Nor does she harrow her readers with unnecessary deaths and sorrow which might easily have overweighted her conclusion, for, in spite of the climax of tragedy, the book ends on a note of peace and hope.

The setting, Sydney Harbor, with its homes on the foreshores, its bathing coves, its busy ferries and clanging gang-planks, is superbly done.

It is so intimately known, so accurately etched that every Australian who has stayed or lived beside this famous waterway will be immediately at home in the atmosphere.

"Waterway." By Eleanor Dark. Collins. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

Books To Read

"DISORDERLY CARAVAN." Josephine Kamm. An entertaining story of a cruise, with a spot of tragedy and a drop of comedy well mixed.

"THE HOUSES IN BETWEEN." Yvonne Cloud. Mainly about a London house and a plan to demolish it. The interest lies in the effect of the proposal on a variety of people.

"THE NURSEMAID WHO DISAPPEARED." Phillip Macdonald. Multiple murders in a grand detective mystery, written in original style.

30 Gallons of Blood

Terrific Daily Strain on Kidneys

Every day your kidneys filter 260 pints (over 30 gallons) of blood to separate 3 pints of urine, and when kidneys and bladder weaken, you get backache, "getting up" nights, and aches and pains in head, limbs, and body.

If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS from your chemist. Take one or two Menthoids with a drink before or after your meals, to strengthen your kidneys and bladder, cleanse the blood stream, and banish Rheumatism, Arthritis, Lumbago, Neuritis.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Attacks Heart of Victims

Thousands now realise that symptoms of High Blood Pressure are Dizziness after Bending, Flushes of Blood, Headaches at top and back of Head, Head Noises, Shortness of Breath, Depression and Irritability, Insomnia, Loss of Vitality.

Uric acid crystals and other impurities are driven from the blood stream quickly, safely, and thoroughly by Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Your heart and kidneys expend vital energy in performing their work, and must have an ample, regular supply of rich, healthy blood. Menthoids ensure this important function.

Banished from England—12 Years' Suffering Ended

"I was a sufferer from serious kidney and bladder trouble for many years in England, and was told by doctors to go to Australia. During 12 years' residence in Sydney I have had to go to the Coast Hospital for 2 months each year for special medical treatment, which gave me considerable pain and entailed much expense. After a course of Menthoids my kidneys and bladder are quite healthy and the weakness has gone. I feel like a young man again, and full of vitality."—T.H.D.

Men and Women Get New Vitality

Medical Authorities state that 85% of men and women approaching middle age and past middle age are terribly handicapped by Blood Pressure or Kidney and Bladder weakness. Thousands now enjoy amazing new energy and happiness after taking Menthoids. Don't suffer the breakdown of unmoving age. Menthoids will cleanse your system, tone up your whole body and make you feel young again.

WATCH FOR THESE SYMPTOMS

Flushes to Head.
Kidney and Bladder weakness.
Heart Pains.
Swollen Fingers and Joints.
Swellings under eyes.
Dizziness—Head Noises.
Sleeplessness.
Shortness of Breath.
Muscular Pains.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are safe for the most delicate patients, for their pure herbal ingredients do not depress the heart. Get Menthoids to-day from your nearest chemist. Instantly you will feel wonderful improvement. Each day you will feel new health and vigour return. A short treatment will put many years on to your life.

FREE Diet Chart

Every flask of MENTHOIDS *contains the valuable diet chart which will help you. Be sure you get genuine* MENTHOIDS . . . *refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine.*

12 Day Treatment.	Month's Treatment.
3/6	6/6

FROM YOUR NEAREST CHEMIST

MENTHOIDS

"Handy" work at home

If your hands displease you, set them to work on themselves. Get a bottle of Charmosan liquid cream hand lotion and pour some regularly on your hands and get them busy rubbing it into each other.

It won't be long before this "handy" work at home has you thrilled and excited, and you will tell your friends, "Really, this Charmosan lotion is marvellous. Just look how it has improved my hands."

A hundred and one things are always at work on your hands tending to spoil them, but you can defy the lot if you use Charmosan hand lotion regularly.

It's made for hands and nothing else. It contains all the things required to keep the skin on your hands clear and fresh and as soft as velvet.

Charmosan liquid cream hand lotion

Non-sticky . . . non-greasy. Large bottle 2/-. Small 1/-. Sold by all chemists, drapers and stores.

Wrinkles

Not for me, thank you. I was told today that massage with Charmosan cold cream works wonders with them. So here goes.

Charmosan cold cream

Boudoir jars 2/6; tubes 1/-. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers, and stores.

The Insurance man says—

"The best insurance against Coughs and Colds is HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE. It brings rapid relief. I know of no better health insurance." 2/6 and 4/6.

Always insist on . . .

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/-

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Intimate Jottings by Caroline

DID YOU KNOW—

That well over £1000 was taken in single shillings at the Tapestry and Fan Exhibition? It closed last Saturday and the proceeds are for the Sydney Industrial Blind Institution.

* * *

Popeye and His Spinach

THE table decorations were certainly something out of the box at the Movie Ball at the Trocadero last Tuesday. They varied from live doves fluttering gently among the tops of tall spangled pillars to plaster figures of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, and Popeye the Sailorman, complete with his bunch of spinach.

It was a surprise to see Ron Whelan, out of his role of screen villain, giving an energetic demonstration of the Big Apple. Meg Fowler-Smith, of Grafton, one of our young belles, who is becoming quite an old hand at "extra" work in films, looked radiant in black velvet "swinging a rhumba" round the room.

* * *

Lullabies for Baby

THE new baby girl at the H. H. Mannings' home at Kempsey, North Coast, will not lack attractive slumber music, as her mother, formerly Lorne Wilson, was a well-known Sydney singer.

Lorne and her small daughter are in Kareela hospital, and are receiving lots of congratulations. Her mother, Mrs. Stanley Wilson, is staying at her daughter's country home for the time being.

* * *

Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. P. O. G. Langley, of Flinders Naval Depot, Victoria, are visiting Sydney on their annual leave. They travelled up by car and chose the Prince's Highway route, with its lovely coastal scenery.

* * *

Young Men as Hosts

IT has become fashionable for young men to act as hosts at cocktail parties or dances, and so return hospitality given to them.

They are generally assisted by mother or sister at these parties. Ken Smithers, I hear, is entertaining about 100 young friends at the Pickwick on July 5, and Mrs. C. O. Smithers will assist her son in doing the honors.

* * *

A change of their plans will bring Sir Norman and Lady Kater back from England at the end of next month. Their original intention was to remain abroad until the end of the year.

* * *

New Clubrooms

THE new clubrooms of the Independent Theatre sound marvellous, and I love the idea of the cream curtains with the history of the theatre stencilled on them in green.

To celebrate the official opening of the rooms, which will be done by Mr. Harald Bowden, a cocktail party is arranged for next Wednesday, when the Minister for Health, Mr. H. P. FitzSimons, will also be a guest.

The first play in the new rooms will be, "You Can't Take It With You," an American comedy, produced by Doris Fitton. July 18 is the date, by which time the new stage will be completed, and the proper theatre seats installed, 175 Pitt Street is the club's new address, and all the members are so thrilled with the rooms they are almost pleased about the fire which burnt out the old ones in King Street.

* * *

Anglo-American Ball

A HOT supper cooked a l'Americaine," was one of the highlights of the Anglo - American ball at the Australia Hotel last Monday, and everyone voted the American chicken "simply swell."

The ball was arranged by the American Society, and they chose July 4 as it is Independence Day in the United States. Last year the American community in Sydney held their first ball, and it was such a success they decided to make it an annual affair. Monday's dance was a small one to help defray expenses for the big one they will hold on the last Thursday in November, Thanksgiving Day in the States.

Mrs. G. Aubry, wife of the president of the American Society, was president of the ball committee. She was responsible for many of the novel ideas, such as having special flags sent out from America to decorate the ballroom.

Cricket Ball in London

OH! to be in England now that Test cricket is here seems to be the theme-song in Sydney just now. A lucky Sydney girl who is there is Pat McGirr, one of the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Greg McGirr, of North Sydney.

Pat is in London with her father, and recently attended the cricketers' ball with Jack Fingleton, a member of the Australian team. She is an enthusiastic spectator of every Test match.

THIS ATTRACTIVE young lass is Enid Noreen Chambers, one of this season's debutantes. Enid is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Chambers, of Bondi Beach.

Warm Fires and Flowers

THE huge log fires for which Elizabeth Bay House is famed, and the flowers in bright red tonings, gave delightfully warm atmosphere to the dance held in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes last Friday.

Two attractive North Shore lassies who entertained were Joan Scott-Fell, daughter of the honorary treasurer, Mr. J. W. Scott-Fell, and Kathleen Noss, of Lindfield, who brought a large party of young people. Another hostess was Joyce Beazley, whose fiance, John Hall, came down from Newcastle for the party.

Palm Beach Dance

THE Palm Beach Dance this Thursday night promises to be as bright and gay as in former years. It is being held at Grace Brothers, and a feature of the evening will be the buffet supper in the ballroom.

Quite a number of the people on the committee were at the Muswellbrook Picnic Races, where the buffet supper was served in the ballroom, and they all decided it would be a grand idea for their own dance.

John Ralston, who is president, Barton Honey and Theo Walker are the three brave men who have been working on the committee with the 20-odd women who complete it.

* * *

Noticed dancing at the Carl Thomas Club one night recently, Peter Dearing and Mrs. John Dalley, of Melbourne. She was one of the well-known Nicholas sisters. Peter and his partner were giving a fine exhibition of "trucking," and before long everyone on the floor was trying to imitate it.

* * *

Will Travel by Panama

MRS. BILBE ROBINSON is off again on her travels after a stay here of a little over six weeks, spent mostly in the country. She will board the Awatea on July 8 and change over to the Akaroa in New Zealand for her voyage via the Panama Canal.

This is her second trip by this route, but the first for her travelling companion, Mrs. Ian Watson, who will join her husband in London.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Main left on Sunday for their home, Retreat, Illabo, and spent a night at Moss Vale on the way in order to see their children. Helen and Alison are pupils at Frensham, and Peter is at Tudor House.

* * *

Diamond Engagement Ring

JEAN EADE CAMERON, elder daughter of the J. H. Camerons, of Melbourne, is wearing a lovely diamond ring, given to her by her fiance, Mr. Alastair MacRae, of Vaucluse.

Alastair's father gave a dance at his home to announce the engagement, and Jean's parents motored over from Melbourne to be present at the party. Jean wore a frock of burgundy crepe with a spray of orchids, sent to her by plane from her uncle in Melbourne.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron and their daughter returned to Melbourne after the party, and are now spending a holiday in Tasmania.

Arts Student Entertains

THAT our University students have their lighter moments was seen at the cocktail party given by Betty Evans at her home at Double Bay last Wednesday.

Betty is in her second year of Arts, and among her guests who are fellow-students at Sydney's seat of learning were Rosemary Budge, Quona Ballance, Fairlie Anderson, Lorraine See, Elizabeth Watson, Rita Swan, Beatrice McGirr, and Helen MacDonald.

Mrs. J. B. Evans assisted her daughter to entertain, and her frock of black cloque had attractive trimmings in the form of kid flowers appliqued on the shoulders.

University Dances

WHICH brings to mind the phenomenal number of University dances held this fortnight. Last Thursday was chosen by both the Dental Undergraduates, who held a cheery party at David Jones', and the students at Wesley College, who chose Grace Bros.' new auditorium for their annual "hop."

This Wednesday the Medical Society has invited friends to the yearly ball at the Trocadero, and on the same night the St. Paul's College men will entertain at their dance at the college.

The Arts Society held their "do" at the Union Refectory last Monday, when the main excitement of the evening was the announcement of the engagement of Jennifer Maughan and Keith Storey. Jennifer's ring is a lovely sapphire set in diamonds.

* * *

The Eric Luscombe Newmans have settled into a charming flat at Double Bay. It is one of a block of six flats, which were converted from Mamhead, the old Luscombe Newman home.

* * *

Country Visitors

DOWN for the Sheep Show season from their station property at Charleville, Queensland, are Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Young. Son Faulkner, who is jackerooing on Mumblebone, the Eric Katers' property at Warren, is also in town and staying with his parents at Usher's Hotel.

Other country folks enjoying the seasonal whirl of gaiety in Sydney are Mr. and Mrs. Peter White, of Havilah, Mudgee, and the Irwin Maple Browns, of Goulburn.

* * *

Real Scots at Highland Ball

I WAS amused at a perfectly serious conversation I heard at the annual dance of the Highland Society held at the Town Hall last Wednesday.

One Scot resplendent in kilts and sporran struck a match to light his partner's cigarette, but she was so busy talking that the match burnt out. "I'm afraid I'll have to light another match," said the Scot.

With that Scot No. 2 looked up and said, "Keep it going if you can. You get only 60 for a penny!"

* * *

For Ballet Fans

HERE'S news for ballet fans. Nathalie Branitzka, who visited Australia with the Monte Carlo Company, is having a holiday in Paris and in between social engagements is practising every day at the studio of Madame Egoreva, who is a Princess as well as a famous ballerina and teacher. Nathalie's husband, Jean Hoyer, is regisseur-general of the newly-formed Ballets de la Jeunesse, in Paris.

This company limits the age of its dancers to twenty years, and their juvenile stars are said to be extraordinarily brilliant.

Wanda Grossen, who also visited Australia, is a member of the company.

* * *

I LIKE—

The turban made entirely of vivid red flowers which Mrs. Frank McDonald wears when dining out at night. She bought it on her recent trip abroad.

FASHION WISDOM . . . *By Colette*

If you have delicate features—

Don't choose the bloused crown with duck-edged brim—gives you a pathetic, lost look. You can be very romantic this spring if you

Do follow the pert Watteau mode. Especially for your embroidered fabrics, ribbons, wispy veils, and gayest of flower hats! A delicate ever-in-the-moonlight beauty is yours in the right fashions.

If you are all angles—

Don't accentuate body thinness in a tight-fitting coat that follows too closely the lines of your figure.

Do get curves. Follow the bloused silhouette. It's a soft, feminine season and that loose, full-look is newer than the moulded lines.

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THIN. RUNDOWN NERVOUS PEOPLE!

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST!

See How Easy It Is to Add Pounds of 'Stay-there' Flesh, New Strength, Health and Energy *Without Use of Drugs*

"VIKELP" Tablets, the amazing MINERAL and FOOD IODINE Concentrate from the Pacific Ocean, get right down and correct the real underlying cause of thinness, nervous run-down conditions and systemic illness—FOOD IODINE AND MINERAL STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly you suffer from malnutrition and all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into "stay-there" flesh. The result is you stay "*too thin*," tired-out, pale, ill and run-down.

The most important gland, the Thyroid and other tiny hidden glands, which actually control body-weight and strength—need a definite, evenly balanced ration of the 12 essential body MINERALS plus FOOD IODINE (not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic, or mere iodine fumes).

Only when the system gets an adequate supply of FOOD IODINE and MINERALS can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into FIRM FLESH, New Health, Strength and Energy. To get these 12 essential life-giving MINERALS in assimilable form (Chlorine, Potassium, Calcium, Sulphur, Magnesium, Phosphorus, Iron, Manganese, Copper, etc.) and FOOD IODINE so sadly lacking in the cooked food we eat—take "VIKELP" Tablets, made from an amazing Pacific Ocean plant—now recognised as the world's richest source of these precious substances.

Make This Test

First weigh yourself and see how long you can work or how far you can walk without tiring. Then take 3 "VIKELP" Tablets with each meal for 10 days, and again weigh yourself and notice how much longer you can work without tiring and how much farther you can walk. Notice how much better you feel, sleep and eat. Faulty metabolism, malnutrition, constipation, goitre, gastritis, rheumatism and other systemic illnesses are corrected or disappear entirely. Watch flattering extra pounds appear in place of scrawny hollows. *If you don't gain at least 5 lbs.* (20-40 lbs. a month not uncommon) within these first 10 days, your money will be refunded. Whatever you have tried before, try "Vikelp" Tablets to-day. Contain no drugs. Obtainable everywhere.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER.

Write to-day for fascinating, instructive 50-page book on New Facts about Minerals, Iodine and Vitamins: How to Build Rich Red Blood, Eliminate Skin Disorders, Gain New Energy, and Strong Nerves. Mineral Contents of Food and their Effect on the Human Body—absolutely free. No obligation. Vikelp, Dept. W.W./7/2, G.P.O., Box 2679 S.S., Sydney, N.S.W. 4505

VIKELP HEALTH and BODY BUILDING Tablets

75,000 SUFFER

It has been estimated that in the Sydney Metropolitan area alone a total of over 75,000 persons suffer from complaints such as Indigestion, Acidity, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, Wind, etc. This is needless when the remedy is so simple and economical. Should you suffer likewise buy from your local chemist for 1/6 a packet of pure TWIN SODA. The speedy relief it brings is surprising.*

North-West Passage

"I SHALL set off to go up the river myself at once, to seek and bring in as many of our men as I can find, and expect to be back in about eight days, when I shall, with all expedition, return to Crown Point. As to other particulars relative to this scout, which your Excellency may think proper to inquire after, I refer you to Captain Ogden, who bears this, and has accompanied me all the time I have been out, behaving very well. I am, Sir, with the greatest respect, Your Excellency's most obedient servant, R. Rogers. No. 4, Nov. 1, 1759."

All the time settlers were crowding in to stand near him and stare. They looked at him as we look at great men: that was plain in their eyes, and I think Rogers had a not unpleasant consciousness of their admiration. He kept at his work till he finished it; nevertheless I could see he was fully aware of the increasing throng of visitors and of their staring. When he finally signed the report, he folded it neatly; then stood up and looked about him with a bright and complacent glance.

"Well, friends," he said, "I suppose you know now that all danger from the Indians is over. Do any of you propose to take advantage of that improved condition?"

Several of them responded deferentially, yet eagerly. They said they thought of moving up river: as far up, perhaps, as the Upper Cohase, which was reputed to be fertile and beautiful.

"Cohase! That's nothing!" Rogers exclaimed, and launched out into a description of Lake George and the country north of the Mohawk River. His voice strengthened, became resonant with enthusiasm as he spoke; and his kindling eye roved over the room.

Rogers paced the floor, gesturing, confident and prophetic. There in that wonderland, he told us, he would himself built a State—a little principality—a little Eden. Twenty-five thousand acres he and his officers would ask from the Crown, to begin with; and to that tract, when the war was over, would go his best officers and their families; his best Rangers and their families.

THUS within his principality would be built up an army more perfect and more dangerous than had even been seen. Those who accompanied him would have not only their own army, but their own governor, their own legislative body, their own laws. All would work together; help one another; and there in the wilderness would flourish a community of contented, rich and united people, wholly self-supporting and independent of foreign interference.

No enemy would dare approach them; they would be safe for ever from aggressors and from tyrants. Traders would come from Montreal, from Philadelphia, from all of North America for security, sending goods to the far west and receiving furs in return. It would supplant Albany, Boston, New York as the great clearing house; the great crossroads of America.

Already this was a Rogers I hadn't known; an orator; a projector of dreams; a schemer; a man of business, blowing vast and brilliant bubbles—a Rogers strange and new to me—but when he stopped, listening settlers were staring at him with glistening eyes, entranced.

WHEN I woke at dawn the next day, I heard someone already stirring in the bare room where Rogers, Ogden, and I had spent the night. It was Rogers. He was on his feet, rolling his blanket and getting it fast to his shoulders; but as I watched him he paused to set a brown bottle to his lips and drink long and unctuously. He finished his pack, drank again, looked down at us thoughtfully—then went towards the door, and I thought he lurched a little as he walked. His hand was on the latch when Ogden sat up and spoke.

"Not saying good-bye, Major?" Ogden asked. "No further orders?"

Rogers laughed a little more thickly than usual. "You two go to sleep again," he said. "Sleep a couple of days. It's no weather for you to be going overland to Crown Point. I'll just be sitting comfortable in a canoe myself—good place to drink a little, a canoe. You lay up till the weather clears. When you get there, just tell the General I'll be back here in about eight days."

He was right, as usual, about the weather; and we should have waited till it cleared before we set off for Crown Point. But Ogden—with Jennie Colt, the girl we had rescued at St. Francis, in his mind, I knew—insisted on starting that morning. We made miserable work of the comparatively safe and short journey through snow and rain and slush and mud. The truth is we were sick men, and by nightfall of the first day's march my legs had swelled horrifyingly. Ogden's legs swelled, too, and one of his wounds was giving him trouble again.

Five days and nights it took us to cover those four score miles; the frigid lemon-colored glare of a November sunset shone in our faces when, on the 7th, I stood again on the bank where Hunk Marriner, McNott, Konkapot and I had stood, seven weeks before, looking across to the broad hook of Crown Point.

While we waited for the bateau to

Continued from Page 16

ferry us across, Ogden was consumed by a fever of impatience. He couldn't stand still, but limped up and down, fumbling with his accoutrements, feeling his bristly chin; and when at last we were in the bateau he was as fidgety as a caged fox; jumping up to stare towards the shore; shifting his powder-horn and cartridge-box, only to shift them back at once, scratching himself; clearing his throat; staring about as if the place were strange to him; ignoring the bateau-man's questions; talking to me at random.

When the bateau touched shore he blundered up the bank like a blind man. Officers stopped to stare open-mouthed at us; but he walked past them as if they didn't exist. If they had stood in his path, I have no doubt he would have tried to walk straight through them. His trembling eagerness to reach the fort and the general's marquee was like that of a man half-dead with thirst hurrying towards water.

Amherst's marquee was at the near end of the parade ground within the towering earthen ramparts. It was a double one—two big square tents placed close together, with a connecting corridor—and flanked on either side by two others, one for aides and one for the adjutant. In front of all three stood sentries so magnificent in their uniforms that I, part emaciated, part swelled, and clothed in a kind of ragged patchwork given me by charitable, kind settlers at Number Four, wished myself elsewhere.

They wore scarlet coats with white belts whose buckles shone like gold, brilliant canary-yellow waistcoats, breeches so white that they were dazzling, and black gaiters that came above their knees. On their powdered heads were high, pointed hats with glittering regimental badges, and around their necks were stocks made of shining black leather. I had never dreamed that anything could look so beautiful, and at the same time so coldly repellent.

Ogden hobbled to the closed flap of the middle tent, said "Message for General Amherst," and started in. Both sentries dropped their bayoneted muskets across the entrance. One of them snorted. The other said, "Go over to the adjutant's tent first."

Then out of the tail of my eye I saw the sentries in front of the other two tents looking at us with an air of amused contempt; and my shame at my disreputable appearance vanished.

Ogden stepped back a pace from the crossed muskets and looked the two men up and down. They stopped smiling.

"You're lucky to-day," Ogden said. "I'll only ask you to announce me. Captain Ogden of His Majesty's Rangers, returning from St. Francis with dispatches for General Amherst from Major Rogers. Go ahead! Read it out!"

The two sentries rattled their muskets and brought their hands up in a smart salute. Their faces were as red as their scarlet jackets; their backs so straight that their noses seemed to point to the sky. The sentries at the other tents stared haughtily into infinity. The man who had directed us to the adjutant's tent opened his mouth and bellowed "Captain Ogden of His Majesty's Rangers, returning from St. Francis ——."

The flap of the marquee was pulled aside to reveal the face of a handsome young officer. "Great guns!" he shouted. "Stop that racket!" With his eye on Ogden he weakly exclaimed, "Great Heavens!" He held up the tent flap. "Come in here, Captain! That is to say—just a moment!"

Ogden looked at him distastefully. "Thanks, but we've got to come in to see the General, even if we are not very presentable."

"What!" The young man stared. "No, no! You misunderstand me! I'll tell the General at once! A most remarkable sight! Fortunate the General's dined! Enough to take away a man's appetite! No offence, Captain! Splendid work! Splendid work!"

He turned toward the inner door of the marquee, only to encounter a lean man with beetling eyebrows and grooves in his cheeks as deep as though gashed by a chisel. He wore a little tight wig, and over his uniform a loose green coat lined with brown fur. The aide said, "Captain Ogden, General. He——"

The General stopped him and came up close to us. Ogden was standing as rigid as a fence-post. "We're happy to have you back, Captain." He put out his hand.

Ogden relaxed and shook it. "Thank you, General! Thank you, sir." He fumbled in his haversack for Rogers' letter.

Amherst took it and sniffed at it without taking his eyes from Ogden. "Turn around, Ogden," he said. "I'd like to have a picture of you the way you are."

Ogden obediently turned around.

The General whistled softly; then looked at me. "Who's this?"

"Langdon Towne, of Kittery, sir," Ogden said. "Acted as secretary to the Major."

THE General sat down on his aide's bench and broke the wax wafer on Rogers' dispatch.

"Hm, hm," he grumbled, running his eyes over it. "Discovered the town from a tree—hm, hm—first found Indians in a high frolic or dance—hm—surprised the town when all fast asleep—hm, good!—chiefly destroyed—good, good!—destroyed both them and their boats—ha! yes! —set fire to all their houses—by Jove!—killed at least two hundred Indians and took twenty of their women and children prisoners—yes, yes, yes!—retook five English captives——"

He looked up at Ogden. "Interesting thing, Captain. Stockbridge Indian fellow came in last night. Those five captives the Major mentions have arrived at the mouth of Otter River with five Indians. I sent three whaleboats for them at once. They'll be in to-morrow morning."

Ogden made a strangled sound like a loud gasp, and the General looked at him sharply. Outside the sentries rattled their muskets, and through the tent-opening came a gaudily-dressed officer, all scarlet, gold and white. As he entered, I caught sight of a throng of soldiers standing nearby, and in the distance others hurrying towards the General's marquee.

"Oh, there you are, D'Arcy," Amherst said. "You've been out with the Rangers, so this'll interest you. Here's Captain Ogden, back from St. Francis all dressed up in the latest ranging costume, mostly holes. Thought you might like to have it copied to wear when we march on Montreal."

D'Arcy shook hands with Ogden, then stepped back, as had Amherst, to have a comprehensive view of us. The General's servant came in with a pair of candles. "By Jove!" D'Arcy exclaimed. "By Jove!"

"Quite!" Amherst said dryly. He resumed his reading of Rogers' letter. "Hm. Ah, yes. Found Captain Ogden badly wounded in his body ——" He looked up at Ogden. "How'd that happen, Captain?"

"Well, sir, there was some question as to whether one of the houses was empty. I went in to find out, and it wasn't."

"I see," Amherst said. "I see."

He went back to the letter. "Badly wounded in the body—yes, yes—examined prisoners and captives—hm—party of three hundred French and Indians down the river, boats waylaid, second party of two hundred French and Indians—hm, yes, yes!—return by Number Four—assemble at mouth of the Ammonoosuc River—ah, yes: a great march: a great march!"

Please turn to Page 40

CROUP! RELIEVED INSTANTLY

(1) If you take your little one to the doctor he will tell you that relief will only come when that germ-laden phlegm is cleared from the mucous membranes. He could show you a swab of phlegm under a microscope

. . . and that germ-laden phlegm from croup would look like this →

(2) The grape-like clusters of bacteria are staphylococci, the chain-like formations are streptococci, and the scattered bacteria are highly infectious pneumococci (pneumonia germs), which are always present and rapidly multiply when people catch colds.

The fastest way to break the heaviest cough or cold

1/9 bottle—at chemists and shops everywhere

This dangerous phlegm must be cleared away with all possible speed!

(3) Bonnington's Irish Moss gets rid of this germ-laden phlegm quicker than any other remedy. Only Bonnington's Irish Moss contains the *pectoral oxymel* of *carrageen*, prepared from a seaweed found on the coast of Ireland. Even the most conservative medical men have been amazed by the speed with which this pectoral oxymel of carrageen gets rid of germ-laden phlegm. There is only one genuine Bonnington's Irish Moss. *Avoid imitations.*

LOSE UGLY FAT LIKE SHE DID

"I feel so pleased with YOUTH-O-FORM that I must write and thank you," says Miss D.E.C., in her letter. "My legs and bust were terribly fat and a bulge under my chin made my face look fat and ugly. I was envying the nice rounded figure of a friend of mine, and she laughed and told me how fat she used to be until she took YOUTH-O-FORM. She praised it so much that I determined to try it myself, and it is all she claimed for it—and lots more. The ugly fat has disappeared from my thighs and chest, and people are telling me how much better I look. I am delighted with the change YOUTH-O-FORM has made to me."

Don't suffer the discomfort of obesity. Reduce by this simple, pleasant, natural way. A capsule of famous YOUTH-O-FORM at bedtime banishes ugly fat. No nasty salts, no starvation diet.

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Full 6 weeks' Treatment 20/- | 16-day Carton 5/6

YOUTH-O-FORM

Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, arrives in America, penniless, and decides to take a job on the stage. He meets

MARY: A young dancer, out of work, who tells him she has just been refused a place in a revue being started by

GRUNTZ: Theatrical producer. Mandrake, determined to help her and himself, demonstrates magical tricks before Gruntz, and gets the job, making a condition to his acceptance that Mary is taken on, too. Later, however, Mary comes to him, tells him Gruntz has reconsidered his decision, and does not want her in his revue because she hasn't enough "umph." Mandrake insists on continuing his help and tells Mary to dance. NOW READ ON.

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2 New 'VEET' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white, without trace of ugly stubble.

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Afraid to eat good food, the sufferer from Dyspepsia and Chronic Acid Indigestion makes life a burden to himself and his near companions. The remedy is simple. A small dose of TWIN SODA gives almost instant relief. Buy a 1/6 packet from your local chemist to-day, and look forward to eating what you like.*

North-West Passage

Continued from Page 38

HE frowned at Captain Ogden. "Badly wounded in the body, eh? How did you get through the woods? Did they carry you?"

"No, sir," Ogden said.

"Well," Amherst said impatiently, "didn't you bleed? How'd you keep up?"

"I don't know, sir. I had to keep up."

"No doubt," Amherst said blankly. "No doubt." He sighed. "Let's see: ah, yes; came to Cohase Intervales—yes—put down the river on a small raft to this place—despatched provisions up river in canoes—why what's this?" He rose to his feet fumbling with the letter to find the last page. "Dated Number Four, November 1st. What's he mean by saying he despatched provisions up river after reaching Number Four? I sent Lieutenant Stephens up river with provisions—provisions enough for all of you! Didn't you find them?"

"No, sir," Captain Ogden said. "Lieutenant Stephens went up, but he came back and brought the provisions away with him. His men heard our guns and—didn't bother to wait. We found their fire burning. We could hear them firing guns, down river. We fired ours, but they didn't seem to notice." Under his breath he added, "We were pretty near gone."

Amherst's face turned dark red, a blue vein stood out on his forehead. "D'Arcy," he said, "have Lieutenant Stephens put under arrest and confined to his quarters. Have it done immediately." He turned a cold blue eye on Ogden; then added: "No; not confined to quarters. Better put him in the guard-house in the fort, where he'll be safe from visitors."

THE General looked from Ogden to me. "It's customary," he said, "to confer some small reward for a scout of this nature—for one that proves both arduous and successful. Captain Ogden will receive recognition in due course. But at present I'd suggest complete Ranger uniforms—D'Arcy, I'd be obliged if you'd see to that. Complete. All accoutrements, D'Arcy. Scotch caps, green strouds, shoulder brooches—all. Gift of his Majesty, so to speak, what?

"Come back here to-morrow afternoon when you're clothed and in your right mind. I'll write Major Rogers. Oh, and D'Arcy: have this gentleman"—he pointed to me—"entered on the rolls as an ensign. When he's discharged, let him draw pay as an ensign from September 13. Now take these gentlemen to your tent and give orders for what they need. They probably need a drink as much as anything."

D'Arcy smiled. "May I have the honor, gentlemen?" He stood aside to let us precede him from the marquee. We came out, and there were hundreds of soldiers—Rangers, Provincials, British Regulars in work overalls and in the uniforms of half a dozen regiments—standing at a respectful distance and staring at us. But staring wasn't all they did. They began to cheer and kept on cheering.

It was mid-afternoon the next day when Ogden and I, standing on the high bank, sighted the three whaleboats heading in for Crown Point.

Poor Ogden was trembling. All day his answers had been slow in coming, his preoccupied eyes restless, and his smile forced.

As the whaleboats came slowly toward the sickle-shaped beach on which the Rangers' tents were pitched, I made out Mrs. Colt's white hair; the tight knot at the back of Sarah Hadden's head; the fat face of the German woman; the dishevelled locks of Mrs. Wick; the yellow braids and flat back of Jennie Colt; the shining black heads of the three Indian girls. They were all there. They had all come safely through.

The beach was a-swarm with Rangers and Regulars who had gathered to see the women come in. Strangely, when the boats grated on the pebbles and the rowers shipped their oars, Ogden hung back. The occupants of the boats began to disembark. I saw Jennie rise from her seat, swing a bundle to her shoulder, and pick up a kettle. Then she sprang ashore, and began to push through a crowd of laughing and shouting soldiers and make her way up the beach.

"Well——" Ogden said in a voice that shook, even upon that monosyllable, and went down to meet her, walking stiffly and almost uncertainly. She looked him straight in the face with cold brown eyes, but would have gone on if he hadn't caught her arms; and I realised that she didn't recognise him, shaven and trim in his new uniform.

"Jennie!" he said. "Jennie!"

She dropped her bundle and kettle. "My land!" she cried. "How'd you ever get here? How's your side?"

"It's all right. All right, Jennie. How've you been? I didn't know—I hope—by James, Jennie, I thought we weren't going to get through. I wondered how you were making it. I was afraid—afraid——"

"We did all right," she said carelessly. "We took it easy. When it rained, we denned up. We killed five deer and a bear and half a dozen racoons."

Ogden kept hold of her arm as though he never intended to let her go. He had to release her, though, when she stooped to pick up her bundle and kettle. "Here, let's get up on the bank," she said, and looked angrily at the dozen Rangers and handful of Regulars who seemed disposed to crowd around her, staring and chaffing.

SHE scrambled up the bank, near to where I stood, and I noticed that she glanced back over her shoulder at one of the Stockbridge Indians who had all the time kept close to her.

"Jennie," Ogden said, "I've got my discharge. We can start for Jersey to-day if you want to."

"Jersey?" Jennie said. "Jersey? I can't go to Jersey! I'm going with my mother."

"Your mother can come to Jersey, too," Ogden said. "There's room for her. I figured you might want to bring her."

"No," Jennie said, "I can't."

"You can't!" Ogden cried. "Why can't you? Look, Jennie——"

But Jennie rolled her eyes upward, as she had rolled them at Rogers when I first saw her on the dance-ground at St. Francis, only now she was rolling them at the Stockbridge Indian—smiling at him.

Ogden's gaze followed hers. He turned helplessly to me, then back to Jennie. He seemed confused and slow-witted. "No, Jennie," he said. "No. Now wait. Now wait, Jennie. You can't do that. You—your——"

She turned on him. "Can't do what! I can do anything I please! I don't owe anybody anything! I didn't ask anyone to take me away from St. Francis! I'm going to Stockbridge to live!"

"Stockbridge!" Ogden whispered. "Stockbridge!"

Jennie looked at him defiantly. When he said nothing more, she spoke to the Indian. He set off at once toward the fort. Jennie huddled her bundle under her left arm, picked up her kettle, and ran after him, sagging a little from the weight of her baggage.

Ogden felt his belt, his hatchet, his cap, as if uncertain whether he had them on. Then all at once he laughed loudly and emptily. "What do you think of that? She's white outside; but inside she's an Indian!" Then he looked at me furtively, and seemed to be ashamed of what he'd said. "She was—she was very kind to me, though," he said in a low voice. "Guess I wouldn't be alive——"

There swept over me the feeling that has, at one time or another, almost suffocated most men who have ever been a part of any army. Such home-sickness came upon me that my spirit was ill of it. I wanted no more of imbecile war. I wanted nothing but my own home, my own endeavors, my own friends, my own people—the only things on earth in which I could put faith. To my dying day, I knew, I would refuse to be a part of any other war, even though I shall be drawn and quartered for my refusal.

When, following Rogers' instructions, I picked up Billy, the Indian boy, at Number Four, he seemed in no way put out at having to leave his new-found friends at the fort but followed me cheerfully.

Billy and I made rapid progress eastward through the leafless forest of Billsboro and Dunbarton. I stopped at Flintlock Tavern at Dunbarton cross-roads, to see whether Sergeant McNott had returned to his home; but he hadn't.

Please turn to Page 41

OVER A PLAIN evening frock Betty Grable, Paramount player, wears a gaily-colored figured satin coat. It is smartly tailored, with short leg-of-mutton sleeves, and almost knee-length.

Loses 29 lbs. of FAT in 6 weeks

Reduces Hips 9 inches

New Safe, Pleasant Reducing Treatment

"My Doctor Was Amazed at Results"

"I had been under a doctor's care for bad heart and liver. He advised me to reduce. I tried all sorts of remedies without results. Then a friend said she had taken BonKora and lost 20 pounds in 5 weeks. I decided to try it.

"I lost 29 pounds in 6 weeks. Reduced bust 6 inches; waist 7 inches; hips 9 inches. Now wear a dress 3 sizes smaller.

"My doctor was amazed. I don't go to him any more since I lost the fat that was crowding my heart. My liver troubles, headaches and tired feeling have gone too. I feel full of pep."—Mrs. M. A. Prateau.

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BEFORE — Mrs. Prateau, before taking BonKora, the new quick, safe Reducing Treatment.

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North-West Passage

Continued from Page 40

FLINT seemed to regard Albany and its Dutch inhabitants as a danger almost as great as the French and Indians. When I said I had heard poor McNair had lost his leg, he nodded gravely. "I don't doubt it! Them heavy Dutchmen, they'd take anything off a New Englander!"

Proudly he added, "There's one New Englander the Dutchmen better not try to get around, by God, and that's Major Rogers! He'd skin their eye-teeth for 'em! If they tried to out-trade him, they find their pockets full of bad bills of credit."

Unstudied Flint. There was nothing of admiration in his voice or face. "Why should they get bad bills of credit from the Major?"

"Because he'd print 'em!" Flint spat and guffawed.

"Look here," I said. "The Major's a friend of mine. He saved my life. His counterfeiting to print bad bills of credit—but perhaps you don't understand that you're stating the Major would do such a thing."

Flint made an apologetic sound. "Shaw! I don't mean nothing! Why, there's any quantity of folks in this section who've printed bills of credit! The fact is, the Major was up before the Superior Court in Portsmouth for it, four-five years ago."

"Major Rogers?" I cried. "Major Rogers was up for counterfeiting?"

"It didn't amount to nothing!" Flint assured me. "Why, he got a commission from old Benning Wentworth hisself before the case ever came to trial; and when he started fighting Indians, nobody ever gave a mother thought! My land, the Major's too smart to be caught that way!"

"You must be mistaken!" I said tartly. "You've got the Major mixed up with someone else!"

At that Flint gave me a peculiar look, whereupon I walked out of his room, indignant, and went on my way with Billy.

My anger grew cooler as we tramped on through the bleak settlements toward Epping and Newmarket, but I felt a strong contempt for Flint and all those like him who love to repeat little giggling slyness of a hero. And yet—and yet, underneath this contempt for slanderers I felt a sneaking uneasiness. After all, I'd known only the magnificent side of the hero, and heroes are men; and there's only one perfect man.

HUNK MARRINER and I had left our canoe with Farmer on Oyster River in Durham, a part of Great Bay. Billy and I found the farmer and the canoe, too, in the barn, and the man shook his head when I asked for news of my friend.

With Billy in the stern doing most of the work, we slid rapidly down the bay, and swung around the point into the Piscataqua. In spite of the November bleakness of the meadows, the sight of the river stirred me; for it is different from other rivers, and has an influence upon those who live beside it. It is so deep and so swift that the two harbors of Portsmouth never freeze, and along its shores are peculiarly precious bays and coves, bordered by fertile meadow lands.

Its color, too, is unusual—a steely grayish-purple, like the color of mid-ocean seen from a small boat; and there is something of the sea about it—but the sea's restlessness and richness, but its fresh fragrance. Women born within sight of it are dark haired, as was Elizabeth, and fair-haired girls are as rare in Portsmouth as in Havana.

When the canoe passed the mouth of Great Cove, the small grey houses were thick along both banks, the spire of Elizabeth's father's church rose above the swelling top of Heron Island, and before me lay all that familiar flotilla of islets that protects Portsmouth from the open ocean.

I swung the canoe to the eastward, into Mendum's cove, where Hunk's house stood. It wasn't much of a house; and it looked forlorn and lonely. Billy laid the canoe along the ramshackle wharf, and remained in it to keep guard. There was no one in sight, so I walked to the house and pounded on the door, and Hunk's sister told me, "Hunk's in yonder."

I went into the little room which was more a closet than a room, and in a sort of bunk against the wall Hunk lay looking up at the ceiling. The bed-clothes were raised above him by a contraption of slats, like a lobster pot. "Hey," he said in a thin, flat voice, "when'd you get back?" His eyes never moved from the ceiling.

"I JUST got back," I said. "I got the canoe with me. I thought you might want it."

"No," he said. "I don't want it." He closed his eyes. "You keep it."

"Does it hurt you to talk?"

"Not so long as I don't move." His lips scarcely stirred. "They shipped me home," he said, "mainly lying in waggons. It seemed a long ways. Guess it was."

His apathy gripped at my heart like an icy hand.

I brought a chair from the kitchen and told him the whole story of the trip. He lay there under his lobster pot, his eyes closed, and, to me, he seemed to be scarcely breathing.

The rest of the Marriners came home from their day's fishing and fish-selling, and stood by the doorway listening silently.

It was night when I finished. "Probably I've forgotten a lot of things," I said, "but I'll remember 'em later."

"Yes," Hunk agreed. "I'll learn about 'em later. You had a tough time—a tough time. I'm glad you got back all right. I was getting to be kind of afraid I wouldn't—well, I'm glad you're back."

When I shouted to Billy, he ran the canoe inshore, out of the gloom. We paddled around the point to our landing, where there was a fire burning; and when we slid toward it, I saw my father and brothers between the fire and the shore.

"It's a tame Indian!" I heard my brother Odiorne shouting. "He's got me a tame Indian!"

My father caught the bow of the canoe, and held her from rubbing. "Welcome home, son," he said. "It ain't Thanksgiving till next Thursday, but we killed the turkey when we heard you'd been sighted."

Hunk Marriner died just before dawn the next morning, and I was glad of it. Nobody who loves the woods ought to be cooped up in a little room, doing nothing but suffer and just barely keep alive.

Billy followed me up and down the streets of Portsmouth, where I fear I strutted somewhat swaggeringly in my new and dashing uniform, and wasn't loath to be stared at, or to be stopped and congratulated, and called deferentially "Ensign Towne."

In the dining-room of the Brownes' house—where I was invited to supper—we'd no sooner sat down than Mr. and Mrs. Browne began to volley questions. They were almost like ghouls in their eagerness to be told of the cruellest details of the attack on St. Francis, and it was a relief to me that their daughters were curious to hear everything I would tell them about Major Rogers.

Upon that subject, even I could be eloquent; I told them of the Major, and I spoke with an emotion that had its effect, as I could see. As I talked on, I knew I was holding an almost entranced attention from all of the little party at the table; and Elizabeth's brilliant soft gaze and her quickened breathing were lovely to see.

"Perhaps I could make a pastel sketch of him for you," I told her.

"Oh, do!" she cried.

I think I must have made a hundred attempted sketches of Rogers in pastel before I got something that partly satisfied me.

"It's splendid," Elizabeth said. "It shows real talent, Langdon, because it tells what the very spirit of him must be. Now make me a larger one, so that I can see what he really looks like."

Billy and I built a shack on the high land of our farm, looking north toward Mount Agamenticus and the Dover hills. There I was not disturbed by visitors, which is always something for an artist to be thankful for; and in the quiet of this rude haven I did my first finished portrait in red chalk and pastels.

I confess that the thing took me months to do, and that I sometimes put it aside in despair for other months. Before it was finished we'd had the news of the taking of Montreal; and, of course, my hero-worshipping thought of that was that the surrender must have been made entirely to Major Rogers, with General Amherst figuring insignificantly in the background.

It was my portrait of Rogers that brought John Singleton Copley, my artist friend, to Kittery, on a Sunday in March. He went to my father's house first, found where I was, came on to the shack, and knocked at the door.

"Dear me," he said, when he'd come in. "How long has this been going on?" The place was littered with my sketches.

"I saw that portrait you did of Major Rogers. Miss Browne was kind enough to show it to me."

I got out some others that I'd thought well of, and placed them on the easel, one after the other.

"Langdon," he said, "you'll have to get out of here! You'll have to go to London!"

Early in May Odiorne and I took rods, guns, fish baskets, and blankets, loaded Billy with salt, sugar, pork, corn meal, coffee-pail, and fry-pan, and set off in Hunk's canoe for the upper reaches of the Salmon Falls River.

At the end of the week, when we came back down the Piscataqua, with sunburned faces, tangled hair, and stomachs full of fish, our canoe was loaded with a doe's hindquarters, a young racoon, five pounds of spruce gum, and a bark box filled to the brim with fourteen-inch trout. As we neared Mendum's Point, my mother came down to the wharf and waved to us to hurry.

"My land!" she cried, when we shot alongside, "I thought you'd never be home in time! You can't dream who's been here—Major Rogers.

"He came to see you," my mother said. "It was five days ago. I told him you'd be back Saturday, probably, and he said to tell you that he'd be at Stoodley's Saturday, expecting you to supper. On Sunday he's going to Concord."

I sprang ashore. "I'll get dressed and hurry over. Think if I'd missed him!"

I made myself presentable with all possible speed, and paddled across the river in the twilight. The moment I went into Stoodley's I heard that heavy, thick voice I had learned to know so well in the swamps of Canada, and on our terrible raft. I pushed open the door of the taproom. There he sat at the centre table, a score of men about him, some seated and some standing, but all staring at him with slack lips and dilated eyes, as were the black waiters.

"Another little jaunt you'll probably never hear about," he was saying, speaking in a loud and husky voice, "was my taking of St. d'Estrese last spring. There wasn't so much as a twig in the plain around that fort, and we'd heard there wasn't any way for us to get into the stockade. I knew there had to be a way in. Amherst wanted it taken, and it had to be taken; so we waited, and we waited, in the forest till they started to cart hay through the big gate. When the horses were half way in we came out of the forest, running as if all hell was after us. When they tried to back the horses out of the gate we shot one of 'em; and before they could do anything about it we were through the gate and into the stockade, and the place was mine."

He cast a quick glance at the intent faces around him, laughed abruptly, and drained a glass. Then, seeming to see me out of the back of his head, he jumped up, took both my hands, and shook them violently. "Langdon, my boy!" he cried, "I thought I might miss you!" He circled my shoulders with a massive arm, and turned to those who stared so admiringly at him. "I guess you know this gentleman. He helped me get the raft to Number Four! Yes, sir! If it hadn't been for Langdon Towne, I don't believe I'd be here today. When we were so starved we couldn't even get on our feet, Langdon Towne shot a partridge, and kept us alive just long enough—just long enough!

Please turn to Page 42

YOUR EYES

Soft, deep,
Than stars they are more bright!
They shame sleep
For robbing earth of light;
Always full of gladness,
Yet hinting sadness,
And grey as autumn skies,
Your eyes . . .

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More than 3 million men and women in all parts of the world have used **Cystex**. Many of them cannot praise it highly enough. For instance, Mr. George Lowe, 11 Plant St., Balgowlah, Sydney, recently wrote: "My joints were stiff, I was dizzy, had no appetite and couldn't sleep. Tried many medicines and no relief. I got **Cystex** and soon my friends said I looked 10 years younger. I eat well and sleep the clock around. **Cystex** is worth its weight in gold." And Mr. Arthur Bridge, 141 Butler-field St., Hereton, Brisbane, wrote: "I was a great sufferer from Burning and smarting urination, with frequent getting up at night, aching joints and nervousness. I took two bottles of **Cystex** with wonderful results." And Mrs. May Butler, 165 Esplanade West, Port Melbourne, Vic., wrote: "I had a bad attack of Kidney Trouble, my hands and arms were covered with itching rash, and I could not get any rest at night. I tried no end of medicine and got no ease. After 3 doses of **Cystex** I got relief and since using two bottles I am as well as ever again."

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North-West Passage

Continued from Page 41

"BRING a bowl of flip," Rogers called to Stoodley. "There's no flip in the world to equal New England flip! I could drink a gallon of it—I mean, another gallon!" He exploded his sudden laugh, and the others laughed with him.

It was plain that all of the company looked upon him as the greatest man they'd ever seen.

I sat exalted by his friendship; and he addressed me principally, as if I were the most important person present. "Langdon, you didn't know that now, since we've got Quebec, Montreal, and all Canada, I've become quite a figure of state, did you?" He laughed. "Oh, yes, quite a figure!"

I laughed, too. "That isn't precisely news to us, Major."

"Ah, my boy," he cried, "you should have been with me. General Amherst sent me West, out to the Great Lakes, to take over our magnificent new territory, and accept the surrender of the French posts. Fifteen whaleboats, flying the English colors—two hundred Rangers—Toronto, Niagara Falls, Presque Isle, Pittsburgh, Detroit—Indians by the hundreds; Indians by the thousands! Hurons, Ottawas, Mississaugas, Mingos, Chippeways—deer in droves, and lakes full of the finest fish in the world; white-fish.

"No, sir!" Rogers went on, and we all hung on his words. "No, sir; you don't know what this country is till you go to the westward. You live here on a little strip of sea coast that's like—that's like"—he looked around for a simile—"that's like the braid on my weskit. You don't know what's beyond the braid!"

He rubbed his lips with a huge hand, grinned at me, and rose to his feet.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "Mr. Towne's having supper with me, and it's time for our lobsters. We've got things to talk over. Old campaigners, together." He rapped out his abrupt laugh.

The others pressed around him, shaking his hand, proud of the privilege, and telling him so. If he loved flattery—and he was human—he had his fill of it that night, and, of course, had been having his fill of it many other nights and all day, too.

Rogers took up the conversation where he had dropped it. "If you told the truth when you said you wanted to paint Indians, you'll have to see that Western country, Langdon! This is nothing, here in the East! It's what a child might use to build a doll's house on. Most New Englanders are like ants crawling on the stem of a fruit basket, and thinking the stem is the whole world.

"It would take me an hour," Rogers, resumed, "to tell you the names of half the Indian nations! Make you die laughing, some of their names do! Names like the Stinkers and the Big Bellies and the Pierced Noses." He shot a quick glance over his shoulder as if to make sure no one was near. "Why, some come from as far west as the Shining Mountains!" He lowered his voice to a whisper. "Some of 'em have seen the Western Ocean!"

"THEY'VE seen the Western Ocean," I exclaimed. "Why, that means they've——"

"Doesn't mean a thing," Rogers interrupted carelessly. "That's just between us. Don't mention it to anyone. I tell you because you say you want to paint Indians; and because, to tell you the honest truth, I might need some of 'em painted sometime." He gave me a warning look from protuberant eyes. Stoodley, Duke, King, and Prince bustled to us, as busy as four hound dogs on a scent. They put down platters of lobsters, quart mugs of ale, loaves of bread, and a dish of fresh butter.

We fell on the lobsters like wolves.

When each of us had demolished one, I asked Rogers what he was doing in Portsmouth.

He looked disgusted. "I'll tell you what I'm trying to do, Langdon—and it's more of a chore than leading an expedition against St. Francis! I'm trying to get the pay I ought to have had five years ago! If you want to get into trouble, do something useful for your country. The better you do, the worse they treat you!

"They were glad enough to have me do their fighting for 'em; but now the danger's over they leave me with a debt for over eight hundred pounds, and 36 lawsuits on my hands from officers, men, and the families of dead men—suits for back pay. Being their commanding officer, I'm responsible. Over eight hundred pounds.

"I'm to appear in person before the New Hampshire Assembly in June; late in June. I've got my muster rolls, and a strong letter of recommendation from General Amherst; but I won't get the money. Starting around the end of June, I'll be mixed up in so many lawsuits that I can light fires with the processes all the rest of my life. Anyway, I won't find out till June."

The word "June" seemed to remind him of something. "You've got Billy all safe and sound, haven't you?"

I said yes; that he was a fine boy, and had been a great help; that we had taught him to read and write, and hoped to make a useful citizen out of him.

"Well," Rogers said, "I'm ready to take him off your hands. Let's see; I've got to go to Concord to-morrow, but I'll be back in a week. Suppose you send him over to me then."

THIS was a blow. Billy had come to be a member of my family, and I'd really put out of my mind the possibility of parting with him.

"Yes," I said slowly, "I'll do as you say. I don't know how I'll get along without him. I use him a lot for posing and color-work. My young brother'll feel terribly if we have to give him up. He's teaching Billy to think like a white boy. If Billy could go on the way he's started, I think he might do great things."

"That's too bad," he said regretfully. "It never occurred to me you'd get attached to him. The truth is, I've promised him to Miss Elizabeth Browne. She wants him."

The blood went out of my heart. "You—you've given him to Elizabeth?" I said.

My voice rang loud in my ears. The room seemed to have become an echoing vacuum, in which the two of us hung suspended, with that broad face of Rogers, chewing vastly upon lobster meat, revolving slowly about me. I was physically dizzy with apprehension.

"Why; yes; to Elizabeth," Rogers said. "I'll tell you a secret," he went on, and laughed, drank hugely, so that the laughter ran into a gurgling chuckle. "Billy's my wedding present to her."

"Your wedding present to Elizabeth?"

For a moment, then, I thought Elizabeth must have told him she and I were going to be married, though it's true that had never been definitely settled between us in spoken words—I thought she must have told him, and this was his kind way of announcing he was giving Billy to me as well as to her. I learned better quickly.

"I call it a secret," Rogers said, "but all the Browne family's neighbors and relatives know it, and God knows how many they've told!" He laughed uproariously. "We'll have in that bowl of flip we didn't finish, Langdon; and you can drink my sweet Betsy's health and mine. You know she's sweet, almost as well as I do, my boy! She tells me that of all the young fellows about here, you're the best friend she's got. Yes, sir; she talks a lot about you, Langdon!" He slapped my shoulder. "She says that picture of me you gave her is really what made her fall in love with me."

"In love—with you," I somehow found voice to say. "Then you—and Elizabeth——"

"Yes, sir," he shouted jovially. "I'm a gone man, Langdon! I took just one look into those stars of eyes of hers, and it was all over! We're to be married on the last day of June." He pounded the table. "Here, Stoodley! Fill up this bowl of flip, and don't spare the rum! You'll stand up with me at my wedding, won't you, Langdon?"

I filled a glass, rose, and drank to him and Elizabeth. "No, I can't do that, Major," I said. "I can't stand up at your wedding. I can only say, God bless you—and her—now. Before the end of June I'm crossing the seas to learn my trade."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

July 9, 1938. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers Page One

EAT YOUR WAY to BEAUTY!

Experts say that every meal you consume affects both health and loveliness . . . . so choose your food wisely and well.

By Evelyn

SCIENTIFIC DIETETIC authorities advise every girl and woman to have one meal a day on fruits and vegetables alone. Above you see two radiantly healthy girls enjoying a fruit and vegetable luncheon in the Zurich Room of Mme. Rubinstein's "Palace of Beauty," New York.

FOLLOW the hints given in this article and Nature will give you, free, rosy cheeks and cherry lips.

THE modern woman sometimes forgets, especially a person determined upon a reduction programme, that a properly balanced daily diet is necessary to ensure health and beauty.

The average girl of to-day, of course, realises that she cannot eat all manner of foods and still retain her natural loveliness.

Yet what many seem to forget is that the daily diet not only affects the contours of the figure, but also influences the hair, skin, nails, eyes and other features.

All physical beauty is basically dependent upon good health. And to build up good health one must know how to eat properly.

That's why beauty culturists stress the value of a well-balanced daily diet. They know just how important proper eating is to health and beauty.

Every meal a woman consumes definitely affects her health and loveliness, and therefore every meal should be a properly balanced one.

Essential Minerals

WHILE most women consume sufficient of the animal and vegetable foods to maintain good health, they are likely to neglect the mineral requirements of their bodies. And people, like plants, cannot thrive without adequate mineral salts in their daily diet.

The mineral salts are essential in the diet because they help to keep the body running smoothly.

Calcium and phosphorus are the elements that give strength and solidity to the bones and teeth.

Milk is the chief source of calcium.

Every individual, regardless of age or sex, should consume at least a pint of milk a day for the protective mineral elements that it contains.

Most adults have the idea that milk is only a baby's food, but dietitians insist that it is every bit as important for adults as it is for children.

If you drink milk, eat plenty of raw and cooked vegetables, fruit, cooked and dried fruits, you'll be adding not only to your health and beauty, you may actually prolong life itself.

Iron, another important mineral salt, is supplied chiefly by eggs, spinach, raisins, milk, cabbage, celery, and like vegetables.

Iron is the element that helps the blood to distribute oxygen all over the body.

It is iron that gives color to your red blood corpuscles and, indirectly, gives a becoming pinkness to your cheeks and lips.

So any girl who wants to keep her pretty red cheeks, her lustrous hair and her trim silhouette should include these foods in her daily diet to keep her blood pure and her body strong and healthy.

Walking is Excellent for Health

PATIENT: Can you recommend a good exercise for general health that would not be too strenuous?

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

— BY A DOCTOR —

IT is fairly well established that what we are physically and mentally is greatly influenced by the health of internal organs. These structures are always strengthened and toned up by the regular practice of taking a moderate amount of exercise.

The problem is to determine the exact form of exercise best suited for the given individual.

For the normal person, it is probable that regular "setting up" exercises are very desirable. But, unless this means of taking exercise is supervised, harm may result.

This is surely the case in those who have had bad hearts or blood vessels.

Too often overfed individuals resort to strenuous exercises in the hope of reducing.

They do not realise, and perhaps have not been told, that serious effects may result from strenuous and fatiguing muscular activities. Over exertion is always dangerous and especially so for the overweight person.

But you can be assured that walking is a beneficial form of exercise available to everyone. It is even advised for the crippled and disabled individual, as well as for the elderly or weakened person.

Of course, strenuous walking is like strenuous undertakings generally—it is to be avoided.

In former years walking was a recognised sport.

"Walking for health" is a slogan that should be revived. To follow it would benefit many a person who suffers from faulty circulation, irritability, nervousness, indigestion and other distressing disorders.

Bear in mind that when you walk you should keep the body erect, the head up and the abdomen in. The shoulders should be thrown back and the chest held high.

To obtain the greatest possible benefits from walking, it is essential to maintain proper body carriage.

As you do this, relax, avoiding a rigid posture. Swing your arms freely from the shoulders as you stride along.

Keep your toes pointed straight forward and place the weight of your body on the balls of your feet.

It is well to start with short walks and gradually increase the distance covered. You will be amazed to find that within a short time walking several miles a day will be accomplished without any tiring efforts.

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By A Truby King Expert

FOR YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

Premature babies need very special care . . . .

PREMATURITY ranks as the most common cause of death in the first few weeks of life, and accounts for a big percentage of the total infantile mortality rate.

The prevention of prematurity is largely a matter of improving pre-natal hygiene.

The unfortunate state of affairs now is that many an expectant mother seems unaware that free skilled advice is obtainable for her at pre-natal clinics, and very often she does not even arrange to see her doctor until quite late in pregnancy.

Any baby born before the full nine calendar months is premature, and is usually under 5lb. in weight, and less than 19 inches long.

Quite often a very tiny premature baby between 2lb. and 3lb. has a better chance of surviving than the bigger premature baby, or even the weak full-time baby, as it gets special treatment from the moment it is born.

Warmth is the first essential in dealing with a premature baby. It should be kept warm from **the moment it is born**, for it is born with **a very small store of heat.**

Being so tiny, it loses its body heat so much **more rapidly** than a normal baby. The nervous system is not sufficiently developed to allow that part of it which normally controls the circulation and regulates body heat to function properly.

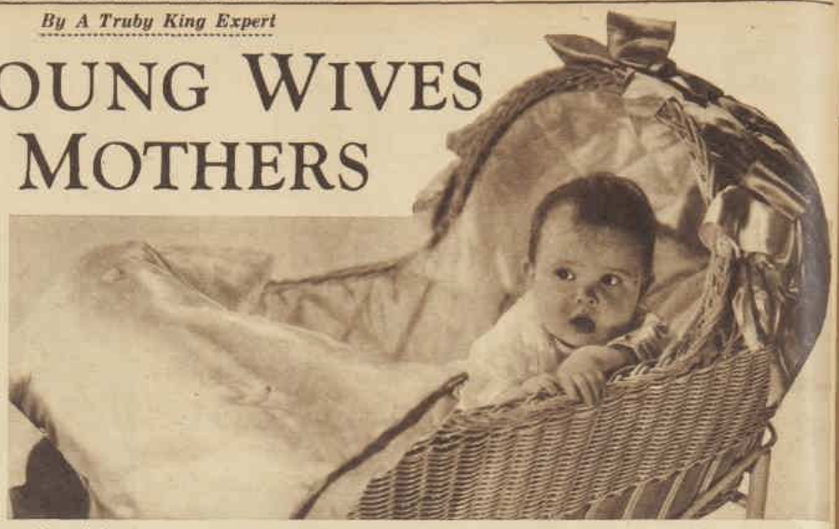
If, therefore, warmth is not supplied by artificial means, there is small chance of the babe surviving.

A warm bed should be prepared for the tiny arrival. It can be a wicker bassinet or cradle (or dress basket lid), and should be lined with thick brown paper, which is a non-conductor of heat and will not allow the warmth of the hot water bags (which must be used) to escape quickly.

For details concerning placing of hot water bags and room temperature, fill in coupon on this page and address as directed.

Food: After warmth, the next vital need for a premature baby is a **sufficient supply of fluid and food.**

Owing to the undeveloped state of the digestive system, it is often a difficult problem to give the baby a supply of sufficient nourishment and yet prevent digestive disturbances. Its mother's milk is, of course, the ideal food, and one that will give it the biggest chance of surviving, and this often needs to be diluted at first.



WHO WOULDN'T adore the babe pictured above in her luxurious cosy-bye? Radiating health and happiness to all who come in contact with her, she is a perfect example of careful training from birth. Plenty of sunshine is included in her daily routine.

If the baby has to be fed on a wholly artificial food, great care must be taken to give a properly modified milk-mixture. Expert advice regarding artificial feeding should be sought.

The sucking and swallowing powers of a premature baby are also undeveloped and this makes it very difficult to give the necessary amount of fluid and food, and a great deal of patience and perseverance is needed.

How the Foods Should be Given: A tiny premature baby should never be put to the breast and made to suck. **This is an error that has cost many little lives.**

Breast-feeding means vigorous exercise and hard work for the normal baby, but the sleepy premature baby, with its weak suction, cannot, as a rule, suck vigorously enough to make the milk flow, and it soon becomes exhausted

At first the mother's milk should be expressed either by hand or a breast pump, and given to the baby in its cot by bottle and teat.

Tiny babies who have no suction at first have to be fed very carefully by a pipette, and a small bottle and teat only used when it is felt that baby is making attempts to suck.

As the babe's condition improves it can be put to the breast for one feed in the day, then two, and so on until it is completely on the breast.

A strong, vigorous premature baby weighing 5lb. (or even sometimes a little less) may be put to the mother's breasts in the ordinary way, provided every care is taken to keep him snugly and warmly wrapped up while he is being nursed.

A premature baby will usually sleep the whole time, and be very difficult to wake. Often a mother will not realise the importance of waking the babe at regular intervals and getting it to take the required amount of fluid.

Bathing: A premature baby must not be lifted out of its cot and bathed like a normal baby, as too much body-heat would be lost.

A few hours after birth it should be carefully oiled all over with warm olive oil, and this should be done with as little exposure and as quickly as possible.

Instead of its daily bath, it should be oiled in its cot each day in the same careful way, and a very tiny baby should only be done every two or three days.

Mothercraft Advice Coupon

IF you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

Baby's Age . . . . . .

Birth Weight . . . . . .

Present Weight (without clothing) . . . . . .

Have you written before? (Yes or no) . . . . . .

Hard Water Spoils the Skin

Soften it this way!

IF you live in a hard water district, the thing to do is to soften the water you use for cleansing your skin. There are several ways of doing this that are both cheap and simple.

For softening bath water, bran bags are the least trouble. Make small cheesecloth bags and fill each of them with a small amount of ordinary bran.

If you add a spoonful of lavender flowers or powdered orris root to each of the bags, it will also perfume your bath delightfully. Just drop one of these bags in your tub of water whenever you bathe, and the water will be softened most effectively, and perfumed, too.

You may also use bran to soften the water that you use in cleansing your face and hands.

Boil a pound of bran in a gallon of water for half an hour, and then strain the mixture, reserving the solution.

To this solution add just a few drops of perfume, in order to give it fragrance. Then add enough of the perfumed bran water to your basin of water to turn the solution milky.

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Notice what a strong, bright light does to your face!

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FREE OFFER: *Please send me a free sample of each of the six shades of Pond's new Powder. I enclose two 1d. stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage and packing. Pond's Dept. X48, Box 1131 J, G.P.O., Melbourne.*

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DRIED *Fruit* SURPRISES...

Varied and delicious are the recipes given on this page. Try them — they're rich in food value!

BY MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

PEACHES, raisins, apricots, prunes, the dried fruits shown here, are packed full of health-giving goodness . . . Prunes are so soft and meaty that they can be eaten without soaking or cooking.

ABOVE you see pictured the most tempting and luscious-looking sweet — prune fruit shortcake. See recipe on this page.

DRIED fruits are rich in vitamins, fruit-sugar, iron, and laxative juices.

Actually, one pound of dried fruit is equal to four pounds of fresh, sun-ripened fruit, with only the moisture removed by the process of evaporation in the warm rays of the sun.

The drying takes from four to twelve days. So it is obvious that to return the moisture to the fruit it must be soaked in **cold** water from 24 to 36 hours. Boiling water removes color and flavor and has a tendency to break up the fruit.

After soaking the fruit, it is best to pour over the boiling syrup and serve hot or cold.

Below are given some varied and very delicious recipes using dried fruits.

FRUIT SHORTCAKE

Two ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk, 8oz. self-raising flour, essence, whipped cream, stewed dried fruit.

Cream butter and sugar well, add beaten eggs, gradually, then milk, lastly, well-sifted flour and essence. Pour into 2 well-greased square or round sandwich tins.

Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn onto sieve to cool. Whip cream, add sugar and essence to taste, and some chopped but well-drained apricots or peaches. Join cakes together with cream. Spread remainder on top and garnish with whole fruits. Serve on paper d'oyley on large fancy cake plate.

N.B.—Mock cream can be used in place of fresh cream.

PRUNE AND LEMON TART

Four ounces shortcrust, 1lb. prunes, 4 tablespoons lemon cheese, whites of 2 eggs, 4oz. sugar.

Make the shortcrust and line a large pie-plate with it. Stone the prunes and chop very finely. Add the lemon cheese to them and mix well. Place in pastry and spread over evenly. Place in a fairly hot oven till centre mixture is cooked and pastry brown, taking about 20 minutes. Remove from oven and spread a meringue (made from the whites of eggs and sugar) over it. Place back in oven and bake very slowly until meringue is set and a golden brown.

APRICOT BUTTER

Four ounces dried apricots, 2 eggs, 8oz. sugar, rind and juice 1 lemon, 2oz. butter.

Stew apricots in little water till tender, rub through a sieve with ½ cup of liquid. Beat the eggs and sugar, add lemon juice and rind, mix with apricot pulp and butter, and stir over boiling water till thick. Bottle and use as a filling.

PEACH FRITTERS

Half pound dried peaches, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1½ gills milk, 1 teaspoon custard powder, icing sugar.

Soak the peaches at least 24 hours. Then remove the skins and allow to drain. Sift the flour, mix the custard and milk well together, then add the flour, mixing it into a smooth batter. Dip the peaches into the batter, then into boiling fat, and fry till a golden brown. Drain well on paper. Sprinkle with icing sugar and serve at once on a paper d'oyley.

APRICOT EGGS

One dozen pieces of dried apricots, 1 sponge cake, whipped cream.

Soak the apricots for 12 hours. Make a syrup of ½ cup water and 2 tablespoons sugar. When boiling add the apricots and cook for a few minutes. Drain the apricots well, cut the sponge cake in slices 1in. thick, stamp into rounds with plain cutter. Place an apricot on each round of cake, the rounded side up, then surround with whipped cream to give the appearance of poached eggs. Serve on a paper d'oyley.

PRUNE CAKE

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 5 tablespoons milk, 6oz. plain flour, 2oz. self-raising flour, ½lb. finely-chopped prunes.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, then milk, lastly well-sifted flour and the prepared fruit. Bake in round cake-tin from 1¼ to 1½ hours. Turn on to cake-cooler; when cold, ice and decorate with prunes cut in four.

DRIED APRICOT JAM

One pound dried apricots, 2½ pints water, 2½lb. sugar, almond essence.

Wash the apricots well. Soak in the water at least thirty-six hours. Place in preserving pan or large saucepan and boil slowly till tender. Add the sugar and blanched almonds or essence and boil quickly.

TROPICAL DELIGHT

One pint milk, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons sugar, yolks of 2 eggs, ½lb. dried figs, ½ cup water, 2 tablespoons sugar, lemon juice, whites 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Cut figs in four. Make syrup of ½ cup water, 2 tablespoons sugar and lemon juice. Add figs and cook till soft. Boil milk, add the blended cornflour, and cook for 2 minutes. Add yolks and sugar, cook 1 minute longer. Add the figs and mix well. Pour into greased fireproof dish. Beat whites, add the last-mentioned amount of sugar. Heap over the custard mixture. Bake in moderate oven till meringue is set. Serve either hot or cold.

DRIED APRICOT PUDDING

Four ounces stewed dried apricots, 3 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 1 pint milk, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½lb. shortcrust.

Boil the milk and pour onto the crumbs, allow to stand ½ hour. Make the pastry and line round the edge of the piedish with the pastry, ornament with leaves. Place the apricots in the piedish. Add the yolks to the crumb mixture and pour onto the apricots. Bake in moderate oven till set and a pale brown. Beat the white stiffly, add 5 tablespoons sugar. Place in spoonfuls on the top. Return to oven for few minutes to set white of egg. Serve hot or cold.

DRIED PEACH CHUTNEY

Two pounds dried peaches, ½lb. raisins, ¼lb. green ginger, 2 red chillies, 3lb. brown sugar, 2 tablespoons salt, 1 cup vinegar, 6 cloves of garlic.

Soak the peaches overnight in plenty of water; after washing them well next day drain, cut peaches into strips. Add the other ingredients (the garlic tied in a piece of cheesecloth), simmer for 2 hours stirring often. Remove garlic. Bottle, cork tightly and store in cool place.

THE *Quickest* SOUP TO SERVE

HEINZ makes another great contribution to kitchen comfort and convenience, with eleven perfect soups, ready to serve straight from the tin. Think what this means when the family comes home famished or when unexpected guests arrive. Into each Heinz Soup is simmered all the natural richness and nutriment of choicest ingredients. Plump young chickens—the choicest cuts of meat—dairy-fresh cream—the tenderest vegetables—all hurried to Heinz kitchens to produce soups perfected by nearly 70 years of soup-making experience.

Here's how we guarantee their goodness! If any variety fails to give entire satisfaction, your storekeeper is authorised to refund you the full purchase price.

Eleven Luscious Varieties. CREAM SOUPS.—Chicken, Tomato, Asparagus, Green Pea, Spinach, Celery, Onion. MEAT SOUPS.—Ox Tail, Kidney, Vegetable, Mulligatawny.

HEINZ PERFECT SOUPS

READY TO SERVE

MORE Winners in Recipe CONTEST

First prize this week is awarded a splendid collection of savory sauces

HOUSEWIVES everywhere will applaud our selection of prize-winning recipes in this week's cookery competition.

The collection of savory sauces, we know, will take pride of place in many a book, or folder, kept for very special recipes.

Why not send in one of your own kitchen-tested recipes? Cash prizes every week are awarded—first prize of £1 and consolation prizes at 2/6 each.

Here are the winners:

SAVORY SAUCES

To serve with vegetables, meat, and fish.

White Sauce, the foundation for the following recipes: ¼ cup butter, ¼ cup plain flour, 1 cup hot milk, pepper and salt.

Melt butter, remove from fire and mix in flour smoothly, return to the fire, cook until it bubbles, then add the milk gradually, stirring constantly until thickened.

Dutch Sauce: White sauce with 1 egg and a tablespoon of lemon juice or white vinegar added. Serve with asparagus, cauliflower, celery or fish. A pinch of cayenne pepper may be added to this sauce.

Mustard Sauce: White sauce with a large teaspoon of made French or English mustard, with a tablespoon of white vinegar stirred in just before serving. Serve with boiled or grilled fish.

Parsley Sauce: White sauce with a tablespoon of chopped parsley added. Serve with boiled chicken, fish or rabbit.

Nut Sauce: White sauce with a tablespoon of finely-grated nuts heated in it for 3 or 4 minutes. Serve with cauliflower, celery or chicken.

Caper Sauce: White sauce with 1 tablespoon bottled chopped capers, and a little of the liquid added. Serve with boiled mutton.

Celery Sauce: White sauce in which a couple of sticks of celery finely shredded are stewed for twenty minutes. Serve with boiled or roast fowl, or duck.

Anchovy Sauce: White sauce in which there is little salt, with 1 teaspoon of anchovy essence and a few drops of cochineal added. Serve with grilled fish.

Cheese Sauce: White sauce poured over a tablespoon of grated cheese. Serve with cauliflower, steamed cucumbers or celery.

Egg Sauce: White sauce with a finely-chopped hard-boiled egg stirred in before serving. Serve with salt ling, or boiled cod, fresh or salt.

Onion Sauce: White sauce with the addition of a small onion, cooked separately and finely chopped. Serve with boiled mutton.

Madeira Sauce: White sauce, 1 wineglassful Madeira, 1 wineglassful of vegetable or meat stock, salt and pepper. Stir the stock into the white sauce, and bring to the boil; allow to simmer, stirring until quite smooth, then add the Madeira gradually. Stir over the fire for a few minutes, then season. Serve with hot ham or bacon.

Oyster Sauce: 6 oysters, white sauce, ¼ pint fish stock, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Beard oysters, scald beards in their liquor and strain. Add fish stock to white sauce, and boil three minutes. Add oysters and lemon juice.

Bechamel Sauce: White sauce, 1 cup chicken or white stock, 1 bay leaf, a little nutmeg. Boil the bay leaf and grated nutmeg in stock for ten minutes; add it to the white sauce gradually. A spoonful of cream and a little chopped parsley may be added if desired. Serve with vegetables or made dishes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. A. Davis, 20 Milton Avenue, Fullarton Estate, S.A.

HOME FROM SCHOOL and hungry . . . what nicer than bread and good, home-made jam! Mothers will welcome the recipes given below for jams that can be made now.

CHESSBOARD CAKE

Four eggs, pinch salt, ¼lb. flour, ¼lb. butter, ¼lb. castor sugar, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, apricot jam, essence lemon, 4oz. icing sugar, ¼lb. almond paste, 3 level tablespoons cocoa.

Grease 2 long, narrow cake tins of even size. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs gradually, then flour with salt and baking powder sifted. Divide into 2 equal portions. Add cocoa to one and essence to the other. Put into tins and bake 30 or 40 minutes, having a fairly hot oven for first 10 minutes, then cook in moderate heat. Turn out. Next day trim tops level, cut each cake in halves lengthwise horizontally, then into 4 equal strips lengthwise, making 8 strips in each cake. Then join the strips together with jam, using brown and white strips alternately, making the cake 4 strips wide and 4 strips high. Roll almond paste to about 4 times the width of the cake and 3 inches longer. Brush with egg-whites and wrap the paste tightly around the cake. Pack and seal well. Make soft icing and pour on top.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Valma Stingel, Nile, Tas.

COCKTAIL CHICKEN

One small chicken, 1 bottle oysters, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 small onion, black pepper, and salt.

Cut onion up very finely, mix with breadcrumbs, add salt and pepper to taste. Drain all liquid from oysters, and mix in with breadcrumbs. Stuff chicken with this mixture and steam for 1 hour or longer. Serve with white sauce made from milk and oyster liquor.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss Judith Henderson, 195 Cowper Street, Waverley, N.S.W.

Pamela Picked at Her Food

When making Horlicks, be sure you use the patent mixer. Horlicks mixed this way tastes twice as nice. If you have not already got a mixer, ask your chemist or grocer for a Horlicks Special Pack containing a ½-lb. tin Horlicks, Mixer and Measuring Spoon, all for 2/-. Horlicks is also obtainable in ½-lb. tins at 1/6 and 1-lb. tins (economy size) at 2/9.

HORLICKS { at bedtime strengthens nerves, builds appetite, guards children against Night Starvation

THIS WEEK:

Jams You Can Make Now

BANANA JAM

One dozen good bananas, 3 lemons, 2½lb. sugar, 1 teaspoon brandy.

Peel and slice bananas, pour over the strained lemon juice and sugar, and leave for two hours. Simmer gently, then bring to boil and boil rapidly, stirring all the time, until a little will set when tested. Stir in the brandy. Pot, and seal.

DRIED APRICOT AND PINEAPPLE MARMALADE

Wash carefully 1lb. dried apricots and soak all night in 4 pints of cold water. Next day cut apricots in quarters and put in pan with same water and the juice from 1lb. tin of pineapple. Let all cook gently for one hour after reaching boiling point. Cut pineapple in very small pieces, and for every pint of apricot pulp add the same amount of sugar. Boil all together quickly for 20-30 minutes. After removing from fire add strained juice of 1 lemon. Put in dry jars and seal.

LEMON AND CARROT JAM

One pound carrots, 4 lemons, 2 quarts water, 4lb. sugar.

Grate carrots and cut lemons very finely and stand both in the two quarts of water overnight. Boil for one hour next day. Allow to go cold. Add sugar and boil until it jells.

PRUNE JAM

One pound dried prunes, 1½lb. sugar, 3 pints water, juice and rind of 1 lemon.

Soak prunes overnight. Next day boil till tender, then add sugar, juice and rind of lemon. Boil for one hour. Bottle and seal.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Kath Dudfield, 195 Cowper St., Waverley, N.S.W.

BUSH LEMON JELLY

Wash lemons well, wipe carefully, slice and put into large saucepan. Add 2 cups water to each lemon. Boil till contents of saucepan are reduced to half. Strain, measure, and return to pan. Add 1 cup sugar to each cup of juice. Boil for one hour or until a small quantity jellies on a cool plate. Bottle and seal.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gale Nelson, Herbert St. B17, Brisbane.

APPLE MARMALADE

Four large green apples, 3lb. sugar, ¼lb preserved ginger.

Peel and core fruit and put with trimmings in about 1 quart of water, or enough to cover. Boil ½ hour. Strain. Have apples and ginger already sliced, put on to boil with liquid from cores, and boil for about 10 minutes. Add sugar, and boil ½ hour or till it jellies.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Cotton, Fingal, Tas.

RHUBARB MARMALADE

Cut 6lb. rhubarb into small pieces and allow to stand 9 hours, mixed with 5lb. sugar. Put into preserving-pan, add 7 cloves, 3oz. whole ginger, small piece cinnamon (the spices to be tied in a clean muslin bag) and the strained juice and grated rind of 1 large, juicy lemon. Boil all together until it sets when tested—about 3 hours. Remove bag of spices, squeezing the juice from it into jam. Bottle and seal while hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Wiseman, Morven P.O., N.S.W.

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ONE of our attractive homes set in a well-planned garden. In the foreground we glimpse standard roses, their flower-laden beauty supplemented by a mass of smaller blooms. This summery scene should inspire garden lovers.

THOUGH our rose bushes are stagnant and bare of flowers now, remember that later glory relies to an extent on winter treatment.

LOOK to Your ROSES

Prune carefully, spray, dig and mulch, and you will be rewarded with lovely blooms for nine months of the year . . . says The Old Gardener

FROM now until the end of the month gardeners will be busy pruning their roses.

In very cold districts, however, the work will be carried out during early August.

Speaking generally, late pruning gives better results; the growth is more vigorous, the stems longer and, of course, the quality of the flowers improved.

Take into consideration the climatic conditions of your district. Early pruning may have a tendency to force the bush into active growth, especially if warm days follow. New shoots appear with the result that if the district does suffer a cold snap the blooms will be of inferior quality on very short stems.

So the beautiful spring display that is expected will be missed, and the whole of the energy of the plant and the work entailed has gone for naught.

Throughout the winter months the rose is dormant, being bare of flowers and foliage, resting after its prolific blooming period through spring, summer and autumn. With the sap down in the roots, this is the time to prune.

No slip-shod work should be tolerated with rose pruning.

A systematic study should be made and the characteristics of the different varieties taken into consideration.

First see that your secateurs are in perfect condition. Then study the different types of roses.

We prune to maintain life and strength; to preserve their shape and to mould them into beautiful plants, to give quality of bloom, vigor and color.

The stronger plants need not be pruned so harshly as the weaker, more spindly ones. Also be sure to see that, after pruning, the bush is shapely and well-balanced. Always cut just above the eye or bud, making the cut in a slanting direction about an eighth of an inch away from it.

Remember only to cut above a bud pointing in an outward direction.

Keep the centre well clear so that air and light can reach the centre of the bush.

Cut out all the weak and spindly growth and keep in mind that roses always appear on the new wood.

When the whole of the pruning has been completed, and all the old prunings gathered up, the bed should be thoroughly dug over, and the ground left in a rough state until the spring.

Do not dig deeply enough to injure the roots. Then the beds should be mulched to about three inches with well-rotted manure. But before doing so give each plant a good double handful of blood and bone and superphosphate mixed in equal parts with one half part of sulphate of potash mixed with it.

Roses Love Potash

THIS mixture encourages good sturdy growth, and the addition of potash hardens the young stems and helps to throw off and prevent mildew.

Fork this mixture in lightly around the roots of the plants, but do this before mulching with the old manure.

When this is completed, give each rose bush a good spraying with a lime-sulphur mixture, allowing twenty parts of water to one of the lime sulphur. Then in the spring, when the bushes are covered with foliage, give another spraying with the same mixture. Be sure to do this second spraying in the cool of the evening. This general attention will keep down the various diseases which attack the new foliage.

The pruning of climbing roses is usually carried out after their flowering season has finished.

Start by selecting the various canes as leaders, and cut them back to the required length. Then cut out all spindly and useless growth.

Cut the laterals or side branches back to thumb-length on each side of the leaders. Space these leaders which you have selected about six to eight inches apart, and tie them in fanlike fashion.

Spray these as already mentioned for bush roses.

If trained on wire netting, never allow them to be threaded in and out of the wire, but have them tied on the outside. This threading in and out which I have seen in many gardens has a detrimental effect on the rose bush. It stops the sap and prevents the vigorous growth that is needed.

The care and attention given to roses during the growing season is really the responsibility of those who cut the blooms.

If care is taken in the gathering and cutting of the flowers, the bush can be kept shapely and constantly blooming for at least nine months of the year.

They should be cut on a long stem to a bud pointing outwards.

This bud will then produce another rose, and so with this careful attention very little pruning will be required during the following season.

SAVED★

THIS HALF A CUP OF EXTRA NOURISHMENT

THAT is the reason why you eat vegetables, is it not? . . . their nourishing juices, their valuable mineral salts so rich in vitamins . . and that is the very thing you throw away when you pour the cooking water down the sink. Not so when you use "Patapar"—the modern cooking parchment. Foods cooked in "Patapar" retain all their natural goodness, flavour, and nourishment. The vitamin-filled juices are retained with the vegetables making them richer in food value, more nourishing and definitely more flavoursome. You will notice the difference the first time you use "Patapar." And imagine what a help those vegetable juices will prove for giving flavour and wholesomeness to soups, stews, gravies, etc.

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You can get "Patapar" at most of the big stores in packets of 4 sheets for 10½d. or 10 for 2/-. Remember each sheet of "Patapar" has a useful life of from 4 to 6 weeks. If you have difficulty in obtaining "Patapar" mail the coupon below.

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BUTTER

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A comprehensive and valuable booklet containing interesting facts about butter and a special cooking section with tested recipes by a well-known dietitian. Send 2d. stamp for your free copy to the Australian Dairy Board, 528 Collins Street, Melbourne.

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Butter

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Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Give Zest to Your Midwinter Wardrobe with these unusual Designs

PATTERNS NOW AVAILABLE

CHIC STEPINS

WW2314. — A remnant will suffice to make these charming stepins. Form-fitting, with slenderising hipline. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

Please Note

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d stamp.

SHIRT & TROUSERS

WW2310.—Smart style shirt and trousers for little boys 1-8 years. Material required: 3 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

FOR MATRONS

WW2311.—Smart matrons will appreciate this charming style for daytime wear. Sizes, 38in. to 46in. bust. Material required: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BOLERO FROCK

WW2312.—Bolero frock, smart for afternoon wear. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

EVENING MODEL

WW2313.—So simple, and yet so charming for the debutante. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DRESSY STYLE

WW2316.—You will feel well dressed in this charming afternoon frock. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR SPORTS WEAR

WW2317.—Double-breasted frock with short, puff sleeves, and buttoned side are smart features of this tennis or sports frock. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

TRIM MODE

WW2315. — Buttoned - front bodice, and double inverted pleat skirt add smartness to this model. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN TAILORED SKIRT WITH THREE BLOUSE CHANGES

Patterns for All Cost 3d.

THREE charmingly feminine blouses have been provided with a slim-fitting skirt for this week's three-in-one concession pattern. Blouses are cut in sizes 38, 40, and 42-inch bust. Patterns are available now by filling in coupon below, and sending to our pattern department, with 3d in stamps enclosed. Blouse No. 1 requires 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Blouse No. 2 requires 3¾ yards. Blouse No. 3 requires 3 yards. No. 4, skirt, 2½ yards.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 402F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 183, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH—Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 4599YY, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street.
TASMANIA—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney Office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on Page 3.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

STATE .....

Size ..... Pattern Coupon 9/7/'38

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

EMBROIDER THESE *Linens* NOW!

Stitch joyous color into an enchantingly-designed tea or supper set—or striking cushion cover

EXOTIC ANEMONES decorate this generously-sized cushion cover which, traced ready for simple cross-stitch embroidery, may be had from our Needlework Department for 3/9.

TEA IN THE GARDEN—when summer comes! Work a tea-table set now and have it all ready for the warm, sunny days ahead.

CHARM *for your* TABLES

THIS picturesque convolvulus design (note illustration above) is traced on white, cream, green, blue or pink high grade Irish linen.

You may purchase a 54 x 54-inch cloth for 11/6, 45 x 45-inch cloth for 8/9, or a 36 x 36-inch cloth for 7/6. A 13 x 10-inch tea-cosy costs 3/6; 14 x 25-inch traymobile cover, 4/6; while 11 x 11-inch serviettes, 8 x 8-inch d'oyleys and 5 x 11-inch sandwich d'oyleys cost 1/- each.

Postage is free.

To work a cloth you require 3 skeins Anchor stranded cotton No. F.700 (red), 2 skeins each F.468 (light geranium), and F.721 (white), 6 skeins F.48 (very light nigger-brown) and 8 skeins No. F.498 (Chinese-green).

The embroidery is completely worked in chain-stitch, and cottons for working may also be obtained from our Needlework Department for 1½d. per skein.

THE INTERESTING little diagram (shown left), with its squares and numerical figures is the color key to the anemone diagram. Numericals correspond with cotton numbers; each square indicates the color to use.

The Anemone Cushion Cover

YOU who love to make things for your home will rejoice in this striking cross-stitch cushion cover. The artistic design, simulating the exotic beauty of anemones, is traced upon a high-grade linen.

If you use the cottons as suggested and follow the diagram (illustrated together with the key) your needle will capture for you easily the gorgeous colorings and tonings of these garden favorites.

The cushion cover measures 16 x 22 inches, the design is traced in one side in readiness for working.

You may purchase the cushion cover in white, cream, blue, green, yellow or pink linen from our Needlework Department.

To work it you require:

2 skeins each Anchor stranded cotton F.498 (grass-green), F.574 (laurel-green), F.576 (dark laurel-green), F.700 (turkey-red).

1 skein each Anchor stranded cotton F.450 (dark heliotrope), F.454 (very dark madder-brown), F.469 (dark geranium), F.520 (dark wine-red), F.553 (mid-puce), F.580 (nigger-brown), F.587 (dark cyclamen), F.590 (dark drab), F.599 (cardinal), F.600 (dark cardinal), F.605 (periwinkle-blue), F.606 (dark periwinkle-blue), F.669 (goldfish), F.699 (black).

The flowers and leaves are worked in cross-stitch, and the arrangement of colors is given in the diagram. The centre is in cross-stitch and back-stitch, the block of four crosses being in dark laurel-green and the others and back-stitch in grass-green.

The 22 skeins of cotton required for working the cushion may also be had from our Needlework Department for 2/9. The cushion cover costs 3/9. Postage is free.

NEW PLASMIC
America's Most Talked Of Skin Rejuvenator

Actual Photo. Mrs. Margery Westburn, Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill. Age, 56. Taken on Jan. 8th, 1938.

Actual Photo. Mrs. Margery Westburn, Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill. Age, 56. Taken on Jan. 21st, 1938, after using one tube of New Plasmic.

New Plasmic is the greatest boon ever discovered for ladies, who suffer from LINES, WRINKLES, OPEN PORES, BLACKHEADS, and other Facial Blemishes.

This wonderful preparation has proved its value to thousands of women all over the world.

The very first application leaves your skin clear, smooth, lovely and attractive. IT ACTS LIKE MAGIC

REJUVENATES THE SKIN TISSUES. RESTORES PERMANENTLY THE COMPLEXION OF YOUTH. ABSOLUTELY NO INJURIOUS AFTER EFFECTS.

CONTAINS NO ASTRINGENT. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

CALL FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION. LARGE TUBE SUFFICIENT FOR 12 APPLICATIONS POSTED FREE FOR 5/-. Ladies unable to call can have a trial treatment posted free for one shilling and one penny stamp. J. AFRIAT

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KOLYNOS is known throughout the world as a tooth paste that cleans and brightens teeth without harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. Important ingredients exceptional to KOLYNOS protect your teeth against harmful germs that cause stain, tartar and decay. Other essential ingredients penetrate every tiny crevice, washing away all particles of food debris, keeping teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy.

Regular use of KOLYNOS will quickly show you how sparkling your teeth can be when they are completely and perfectly cleaned. Cultivate the twice-a-day use of KOLYNOS—the proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing tooth paste. Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is remarkably economical. Use only half-an-inch, preferably on a DRY brush. Results will delight you. Get a tube today. Of all Chemists and Stores.

DENTISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD RECOMMEND KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

REDUCED PRICES 1/9 NOW 1/3

NEW DOUBLE SIZE 2/- PER TUBE

Bring your crochet TO LIFE with— COATS' MERCER-CROCHET

IN WHITE AND OVER 30 FAST COLORS.

Your local needlework shop will show you instruction leaflets with many easy-to-make designs.

MC5

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WHEN FLU GETS YOU

Influenza must always be taken seriously, because it definitely affects the heart and leaves its victims much lowered in vitality and prone to other serious illnesses. When 'flu gets you—go right to bed, take a saline purge, put a hot water bottle to the feet, and to the chest and back apply WAWN'S WONDER WOOL, pinned or stitched to the under-garments.

The diet should be light and nourishing, remain in bed till the temperature is down to normal and the danger is over. WAWN'S WONDER WOOL brings speedy relief; eliminates the danger of dread after-affects, and shortens the period of inactivity. Be wise, be prepared—never be without

WAWN'S WONDER-WOOL

Obtainable everywhere at 2/6 per packet

YOUR LITTLE GIRL *will* ADORE *this* HAND-KNIT !

She'll feel smartly grown-up in a prettily-designed jumper and skirt, and will revel in the warmth and cosiness they'll give her.

ABOVE YOU see a close-up of the attractive cable-stitch and moss-stitch of the jumper. Below, the stitches used in the making of the skirt.

THIS IS certainly a cosy little jumper suit for children 6 to 7 years of age. Decide upon the color scheme which best suits your little girl, buy the wool, and knit it for her.

THIS suit is exactly right for walking or playing, visiting little friends—and for those important occasions when mother takes her little 6 or 7-year-old out.

A quaint touch is given the jumper by the decorative cable-stitching on front and sleeves.

We suggest contrasting colors, although worked all in one color it should look most attractive.

A warm red was used for the original jumper, and a deep blue for the skirt. Here follow knitting directions:

Skirt Materials: 14oz. 4-ply fingering wool, blue, 1 pair needles, No. 10, 1 crochet hook, medium.

Measurements: Length from waist, 12¾ inches. Waist (when pleated), 27½ inches.

Abbreviations: K. knit; p., purl; tog., together; st., stitch.

Tension: 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 inch.

Note: The skirt is worked in two parts, the back and the front.

Front: Using No. 10 needles cast on 180 sts. (k. into back of cast on sts.), purl 1 row. Then work as follows:

1st Row (right side): * p. 3 (k. 1, p. 1) 3 times, k. 3, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: Purl the sts. that were knitted in the previous row, and knit the sts. that were purled.

Repeat these 2 rows until front measures 12¾ inches, cast off.

Back: Cast on 180 sts. and work exactly the same.

To Make Up: Sew up the side seams, fold the pleats into position and stitch tog. at the cast off edge, so that the waist measures 27½ inches. On the top of the skirt work a band 1¼ inches wide in double crochet.

Work shoulder straps on the skirt in double crochet; each strap should be 1¼ inches wide and the required length to fit the child.

THE JUMPER

Materials: 6 2oz. skeins sports wool, red, 1 pair No. 7 needles, 1 pair No. 9 needles, 1 spare needle, No. 7, 6 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 15 inches; chest, 27½ inches; length of sleeve seam, 9 inches.

Tension: 5 sts. and 5 rows to 1 inch.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles cast on 70 sts. (k. into back of cast on sts.) and work in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 3 inches, increase 1 st. at end of last row of ribbing. Change to No. 7 needles and work as follows:

1st Row: * K. 1, p. 1, repeat from * to last st., k. 1.

2nd Row: K. the sts. that were knitted in the preceding row and p. those that were purled.

These two rows form the moss-st. pattern and are repeated throughout the back. In the 38th row the back measures 9½ inches.

Shape armholes by casting off 2 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows, work even in pattern, and when armhole measures 5½ inches cast off 7 sts. at beginning of each row until 21 sts. remain on needle. Leave these sts. on stitch-holder.

THE FRONT

There are 2 cable stripes on the front as may be seen from the illustration.

Using No. 9 needles cast on 70 sts. and work in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1 for 2 inches, increase 1 st. at end of last row. Change to No. 7 needles and work in pattern as follows:—

1st Row (right side): Work 43 sts. in moss-st. (cable stripe), p. 4, k. 12, p. 4, work 8 sts. in moss-st.

2nd Row: Moss-st. 8, k. 4, p. 12, k. 4, moss-st. 43.

3rd Row: Moss-st. 43, p. 4, slip next 4 sts. on to spare needle and hold to back of work, k. 4; place the spare needle to front of work, k. 4, k. the 4 sts. from spare needle, p. 4, moss-st. 8.

4th Row: Repeat 2nd row. **5th Row:** Repeat 1st row. **6th Row:** Repeat 2nd row. **7th Row:** Repeat 1st row. **8th Row:** Repeat 2nd row. **9th Row:** Repeat 1st row. **10th Row:** Repeat 2nd row.

11th Row: Repeat 1st row. **12th Row:** Repeat 2nd row. **13th Row:** Repeat 1st row. **14th Row:** Repeat 2nd row.

Repeat from 3rd to 14th rows (inclusive) twice, so that 39 rows have been knitted in all.

Shape armholes by casting off 2 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows; in the 40th, 41st, and 42nd rows p. the sts. over the cable stripe; in the 43rd row (right side of work) the order of the cable section is reversed as follows:—

43rd Row: Moss-st. 4 (cable section), p. 4, k. 12, p. 4, moss-st. to end of row.

44th Row: Moss-st. to last 24 sts., k. 4, p. 12, k. 4, moss-st. 4. Continue to work cable from the 3rd to the 14th rows 3 times, working remaining sts. in moss-st.

Shape shoulders as for back. Leave remaining 21 sts. on needle.

COLLAR

Join right shoulder. Leave 42 sts. for collar on one needle, and working from left shoulder work in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ inches, cast off loosely.

SLEEVES

Both alike. A cable stripe runs through the centre of each sleeve. Using No. 9 needles commence at lower edge by casting on 36 sts. Work the cuff in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1 for 2 inches, change to No. 7 needles and work in pattern.

1st Row: Moss-st. 8, p. 4, k. 12, p. 4, moss-st. 8.

2nd Row: Moss-st. 8, k. 4, p. 12, k. 4, moss-st. 8.

Work from 3rd to 14th row of cable pattern. Increase 1 st. each end of the 3rd row and every 3rd row following 10 times.

Continue in pattern and when sleeve measures 9 inches shape top by casting off 2 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. each end of every row until 12 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth, sew up seams, allowing an opening on the left shoulder. The left side of collar is not sewn together.

The side opening at left shoulder and collar are fastened with 6 small buttons and loops. Turn down collar to form polo neck.

Anne's secret is PERSIL—it keeps her coloured things so lovely

No more trouble with faded or "running" colours once you start using Persil. Its oxygen-charged suds remove all the dirt gently, thoroughly, yet ever so *quickly!* The fabric is in the water the shortest possible time—very little handling and no hard rubbing are necessary. And if the shades are very delicate, Persil can be used in quite cool water. Those are the simple reasons why Persil-washing keeps your colours as gay and lively as the day you bought them.

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BOOKS As a DECORATION

Don't hide or neglect them. Use them instead to bring more color and beauty into your rooms

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

THESE sketches illustrate five simple, inexpensive ways of keeping your books and adding to the attractiveness of your rooms. See article for descriptions.

If you're a book-lover follow the idea shown left for the effective housing of books.

BOOKSHELVES, standing against the wall on either side of the beautifully-decked windows, add to the charm and liveability of the room above. The outside of the shelves is painted a soft cream to match the walls, while the interior portions are jade colored which harmonises with the carpet and upholstery of two chairs in the room. Note, too, the artistry displayed in the decoration of shelves—flowers, candles, pottery, even to the placing of the circular mirror.

NO longer are books just put on shelves, left lying around or thrust away in drawers or cupboards.

They are now looked upon as little treasures in the furnishing scheme; in fact, no room to-day looks complete without books.

There are, of course, many new and interesting ways of keeping them. Seven distinctly different types of fitments are illustrated on this page.

Take, first of all, the suggestions pictured in the strip at the left.

You Can Copy Them

TOPPING this strip are shown shelves flanking a lounge to carry small, as well as big, books. Any handyman could make shelves like this at a cost of a few shillings if he selects suitable inexpensive woods.

Below this sketch are to be seen small wall shelves above a school lad's desk.

Shelves like these may be picked up in a second-hand shop very cheaply and painted or stained to match the furnishing of the room.

Simple, yet very attractive, are the shelves shown in the young sportsman's room—the central sketch in this series.

It would cost very little to have these constructed above his bed. The inner portion of the shelves could be painted the same color as the walls and edges picked out in his favorite color.

If you have a fireplace set centrally along one wall you may fill in one or both sides with shelves after the style of that illustrated in the second lower sketch. Bring the shelves out flush with the mantelpiece.

Fill the shelves with your red, purple, blue, yellow, green and brown bound books and place gay pieces of pottery, copper and brass and a bowl of flowers on the top.

Such a fitment could be made by the man of the house (if he can wield saw and hammer) or by any nearby carpenter.

They can be stained and varnished or painted to fit in with the general color scheme at little cost.

Cupboards to hold newspapers and magazines could be introduced (note sketch) without much extra labor or expense.

Then again in this kind of recess you can build yourself what is known as an expanding bookcase.

I tried out this idea once with successful results.

The Way to Do It

THE first shelf was laid on two bricks, varnished and placed at either end, lengthwise. Inch-thick wood, cut to the required length, was used for the shelves.

Uprights, each measuring 9 x 9 inches, were then placed directly against the walls of the recess, and were held in place by the books.

When one shelf was filled with books, another length of wood was placed on the uprights and so on until my shelves came up flush with the mantelpiece.

Incidentally, I varnished the wood before placing in position.

There are advantages attached to this type of bookcase, quite apart from simplicity and small cost of construction.

It will not injure your walls because no nails are used. It can be moved at any time, and you'll find wallpaper or paint perfectly clean and free from marks.

Another decorative idea is to run a couple of shelves below the windows of your living-room, as shown in the bottom sketch.

The interior of the shelves would look delightful if painted a gay color in keeping with the highlights of the room's color scheme.

Books around a doorway, as glimpsed in the picture on this page, would also add to the beauty and charm of a room.

Above is shown a most charmingly furnished room with bookshelves decorating either side of a window.

TAUBMANS SILVAFROS gives a gleaming silvery finish to taps, pipes, bath-heaters, stoves, fences or any other metal work inside or outside your home—wherever there's metal there's a use for Silvafros. It is heat-resisting, weatherproof, and lasting—the greatest protection against rust and corrosion.

Taubmans Silvafros is available at paint and country stores everywhere — easy to use. Dries quickly.

WRITE TO ANNE STEWART ABOUT YOUR DECORATING PROBLEMS.

Anne Stewart, author of "The Colorful Home"—40,000 copies of the first edition already snapped up by Australian housewives—is in charge of Taubmans FREE HOME DECORATING SERVICE. Write to her in full detail about any home decorating problem you have and Anne Stewart will reply personally by letter giving you the full benefit of her wide experience in home decorating. Address your letters to Miss Anne Stewart, Taubmans Home Decorating Service, Dept. A38, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.

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KRAFT adds zest to everyday dishes

ANY course of any meal is the right and happy place for a Kraft Cheese dish. Indeed, and it's easy to vary your menus the Kraft way. It's easy, and it's not a bit expensive to prepare palate-teasing, nutritious Kraft meals. Just see here what a world of difference Kraft makes to an ordinary bread and butter custard . . . how macaroni becomes a succulent delight combined with Kraft!

CLIP OUT THESE KRAFT RECIPES AND SERVE THEM OFTEN FOR GOOD HEALTH!

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NEW KRAFT RECIPE BOOK . . . every recipe illustrated in full colour! To obtain your copy, simply write in to Kraft Cheese Co. (Dept. A16), Riverside Avenue, Melbourne; 58 Clarence Street, Sydney; or 74 Eagle Street, Brisbane . . . and enclose 3d. in stamps to part pay cost of postage and handling.

CHEESE STRATA PUDDING

12 slices day old bread, ½lb. packet Kraft Old English cheese, 4 eggs, 2½ cups milk, salt, pepper.

Arrange six thinly cut slices of bread at the bottom of a baking dish, fitting them in so the entire surface is covered. Add sliced cheese to the bread. Then cover with remaining six slices of bread. Beat the eggs, add milk and seasoning, and pour over the bread and cheese. Let stand for an hour. Bake in a moderate oven, about 40 minutes, or until puffed up and brown. Serves six.

MACARONI KRAFT

1 cup macaroni, ½lb. Kraft Cheddar, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, dash of cayenne pepper, buttered crumbs.

Break macaroni and cook in boiling salted water. Drain. Melt cheese in top of double boiler. Gradually add milk, stirring. Add seasonings. Put macaroni in a casserole and pour over sauce, carefully mixing all with a fork. Cover with crumbs or with additional shredded cheese. Bake slowly in moderate oven 15 minutes. Enough for six servings.

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Old English, the packet cheese that's really *tasty*. **Cheddar.** It's mellow, creamy and smooth. **Pimento,** cheddar flavoured with Pimento. **Celery.** Cheddar with a crisp celery flavour. **Welsh Rarebit.** It's all ready to melt on toast. **Gruyere.** Little more than HALF the price of imported brands.

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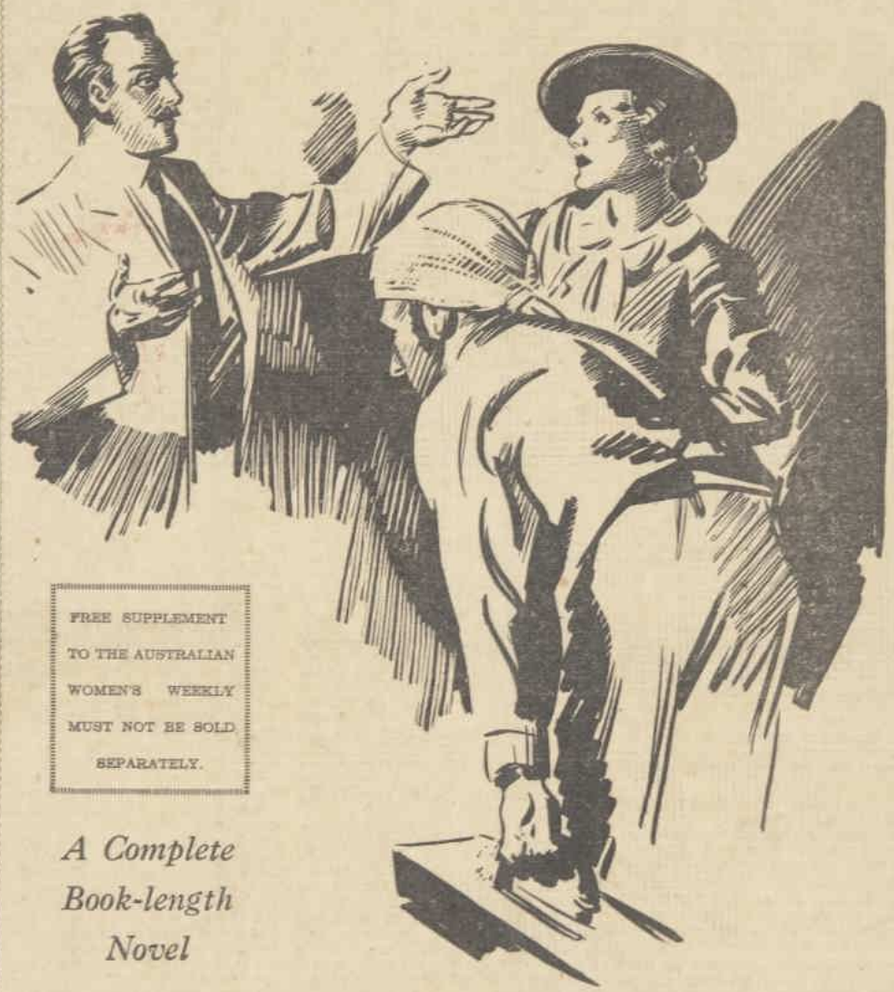
Green Afternoon

By MARGARET FERGUSON



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A Complete Book-length Novel

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GREEN AFTERNOON

By MARGARET FERGUSON

ON a bright, late September morning, Janne Mortimer swung across the comparative emptiness of Hyde Park Corner and through the open gates into the Park, with her face lifted to feel the touch of the clear, cold air.

This would probably be the only empty moment of the day ahead of her, for she had a hundred and one things to see to in these last two weeks before her sailing for India with the Gardners. There were clothes to be got in large quantities, for the Gardners were taking Janne to Delhi, where she would be plunged with Kathleen into the giddy whirl of social life. There were friends to be seen, other visits to be discussed, letters to be written, and in between everything, as much time as possible must be spent with her father so that this visit of hers to India might not make him think her unaffectionate and selfish. Was he really depressed about her going? Was he going to miss her so much?

She had been so very much more of a child two years ago at seventeen, when he left her in Paris for the last educational polish. Now she was suddenly conscious of her own intelligence and woman's quickness of wit, and besides that, she had always been a little older than her age, a little more given to intuition and understanding than he thought. And not all Bruce Mortimer's elaborate heartiness and geniality, both of them so unnatural to him, had blinded her to the unsmiling tiredness of his eyes, and those lines cut deeper every day down his thin, colorless cheeks. If only this new sense of responsibility could have told her how to get nearer to him.

Not that he had ever let her be a conscious companion to him. Since Phyllis Mortimer's death six years before, he had deliberately barricaded himself into a mental solitude, a fierce, stiff-backed reserve that daunted even Janne's courageous spirit. To her, he was infinitely more of a stranger than any of the fathers of her Paris girl friends. She had taken it all rather for granted, but now the position irritated her.

Turning off the tidy, so terribly straight path, she felt her shoes splashing into dew, and a spider, alarmed at the thunderous echo of annihilation descending upon it, scrambled and twirled feverishly in his web.

"Good-morning, Janne. You look as though you'd really be happier in bed after last night, in spite of your spartan self-discipline."

Her eyes sparkled away from the spider and she swung round, the climbing, ruddy sunshine striking a spark of fire from the curls under her beret.

"Morning, Alison. Why say that? Do I look—sleepy?"

"Very, or perhaps just pensive, gentle and pensive and sentimental."

Alison Peters, home on leave from his regiment in India, had in all his thirty years been casual in the study of women, inexpert in their ways, indifferent to them. It just hadn't happened that any woman had become vitally necessary to him. He wasn't in any sense a woman-hater, or a selfish or self-centred man. But no woman had touched that inner man of his. Until one golden August morning, riding in the Row with Noel Rawdon, an old school friend of his, he had seen Janne cantering down towards them, under the gay and starry patterning through the massed leaves. It had caught him suddenly in the breath, as other lovely, never-to-be-forgotten things had.

Noel Rawdon had given him the entre into the family circle. He had dined, danced, ridden, motored and supped with them until in the public mind he became a fixture at Janne's side.

"She's very young, of course, to marry, but Alison Peters is a dear and she's lucky to get him when really presentable men are so scarce nowadays. I foresee her Indian visit being cancelled, or perhaps, a more permanent one being proposed."

Her aunt, Mrs. Rawdon, voiced the general opinion which couldn't fail to reach Alison's ears and make them hot. That people should be gossiping that way about Janne—but it was his fault for prolonging the rumors by not making them fact, and so not worth further discussion.

He fell into step by her side, she had an easy stride, almost as long as a man's.

"Looking forward to India, Janne?"

"Of course, frightfully."

"You'll have a wildly good time at Delhi and get horribly spoiled."

"Well, one deserves it," she said frankly. "After living in England that's fifty deep everywhere with other girls! But I'm not looking forward to it only for that. I was thinking that it's going to be rather thrilling to get into a new world, to climb up out of one's own rut and see a new landscape!

She gave him a quick, shy smile and then began throwing the much-gnawed rubber ball over the grass for Macky's frenzied chasings.

"You don't live in a rut, at any rate, Alison."

They had dropped very soon into the casual and easy use of Christian names; one soon did in the Rawdon household. He poked the end of his stick through the holes in a deserted, shining spider's web woven between two iron rails.

"I don't know. I think we all get into ruts even out in India. Pretty big ones there. We all get so full of our own little jobs and affairs. Now and then we need something big to come along and give us a jolly good kick."

"Such as—?" Janne threw the ball and Macky shot like a sturdy, black arrow after it. "What sort of thing would jolt you out of your rut?"

"Oh!—something big and important, some emotion or crisis, I suppose. Something that would run away with one." He broke off awkwardly, fumbling with his half-filled pipe.

The peace and silence of the park this early morning was complete; only birds sang amongst the glittering leaves and far away, a park attendant moved lethargically, stacking chairs.

"Come home and have breakfast with us," Janne said. "Noel told me to ask you."

"I can't imagine he knew what he was saying! After last night I can scarcely see Noel welcoming a guest to breakfast at nine o'clock!"

Janne laughed and ducked under the railings.

"Well, never mind him! Nobody will be down at all, as a matter of fact, so we can have a peaceful breakfast before the heat and burden of the day begin. And what a day! Dressmakers and shops, shops and dressmakers and poor me, supposed to be living in a whirl of excitement about it all. As a matter of fact, in between times when I have a moment to think about it, I rather hate going. I'm being kicked out of such a safe, cosy little rut! Besides—I hate leaving Father."

She was quite serious again and Alison nodded.

"I know, that's the worst of India, even for a visit, it always means breaking up a family."

THEY were cutting across towards Hyde Park Corner now, and the distant bellow of London's traffic spate drifted through the trees and the countrified, green and golden widths of grass.

A man's figure, mounted on a handsome, massive grey, came trotting down the Row, and Janne waved over the rails.

"There's Father! He's up early, too."

Bruce Mortimer pulled up by them and even in this clear, serene light that put a sheen of freshness and youth upon London's grimy face, his look drawn and bleached with the eyes of a tired man and skin faintly tinges, with yellow.

Mortimer gave a vague smile and ran his crop down the grey's quivering neck.

"Nice morning. You're out early, Janne. Don't overdo things. A strenuous day ahead of you. It's going to be a good day."

"Autumn," Janne said rubbing the grey's pearly-white velvet nose. "Blue wood smoke and red apples and the first fires and dahlias and frost. Oh! I love it. And I want to be at Stacy Holm. Can't I come down just for a few days? It's just right now, and I shan't see it like that again for a whole year."

Alison, watching in silence, saw a shadow pass over Mortimer's face, a fine, grey

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film of distress and pain, and his eyes hardened.

"I don't think so," he said curtly. "I am going back to-day, but I know your aunt has a great deal to do for you yet and must have 'you with her. Besides that, Mrs. Curtis is still away at the farm and the house is half-shut up. You will be better in London."

His eyes strolled away from her disappointed, hurt face to Alison, and then away again from him with a jerk. Under the trees, a little white mist curled by itself like the lost tail of a fluffy kitten.

"Stacy Holm will be lovely," he said suddenly. "I will give it your love if you like."

Janne was so astonished for a moment at his remark that she made no answer. It was the most surprising thing that her frigid, unimaginative father had ever said to her in his life, and she stammered a little over answering.

"Yes . . . do . . . I can imagine it. I wish I could go with you."

She stopped short, realising that this suggestion had been snubbed already, and she gave her father a stiff little smile.

"Alison and I are rather starving, aren't we? I suppose you've had your breakfast ages ago?"

"Yes, an early one." Yet Mortimer edged the impatient grey nearer to the railings and still sat there staring at his daughter, and making no attempt to ride on and leave them to get home. And keeping them waiting awkwardly there, he still had nothing to say. The greyness of his mental weariness had clouded his eyes, and Alison saw that his gloved hands trembled on the bridle reins. And suddenly Bruce Mortimer jerked the grey round and, bending stiffly, brushed Janne's cheek with his gloved hand.

"I'll give everything your love. Have a happy day."

The grey, released from irksome inactivity, sprang into a canter, and the fine, rising dust and the slanting shafts of dull, morning gold, speckled here and there with the first falling leaves, swallowed up the last rider in the Row. As they crossed the track, Janne said in a low voice:

"I'm so worried about father, Alison. There's something in him that's hurting him, making him miserable. I wish I knew what to do."

So she was old enough to have seen and grasped so much. She, too, had glimpsed what lay under the rigid self-control, the iron reserve that for a moment had almost relaxed. Pathetic, Alison thought pityingly, when a self-controlled man allows any emotion to slip through; it seems almost like the blood from some hidden wound, soaking painfully into sight. Mortimer's gauche, unnatural little moment of feeling had made him seem tragic. A man indeed in some mental pain.

JANNE couldn't help being relieved when a tactful Alison ate a quick breakfast alone with her and then took his leave, thus allowing her a good three-quarters of an hour to herself before Aunt Iris could descend to take charge of the rest of the day. He had seen that the odd encounter with her father had troubled and perplexed her and that a little time to herself would be a grateful relief. Iris Rawdon never appeared until half-past ten. She was one of those pink and cream, richly-curved little women who spend their time moaning about their excess weight and compressing themselves into air-tight, skin-tight rubber corsets, while at the same time they lie in bed every morning until ten o'clock and eat four meals a day that would satisfy a healthy ploughboy.

Janne's room this morning was in a turmoil of boxes and tissue-paper from last night's batch of parcels. Aunt Iris had managed to take very complete command of this business of getting together an outfit that in her mind she placidly thought of as a trousseau. Whether she went to India on this visit or not, Janne's future was pretty well settled and Iris Rawdon hoped that her brother was duly grateful to her for having brought about the affair.

There was a smart rap on the door and a prim voice said:

"Your aunt, Miss Janne, says that she will be dressed to go out in the car in half an hour and will you please come down to her boudoir as soon as you're ready?"

Janne flung her cigarette stub away and began to dress hurriedly.

. . . . . .

That night the four of them—Alison, Janne, Noel and his sister Dixie—went out to dine and dance at a little Thames-side fashionable hotel. Janne wondered with an ironic little smile as she pinned a spray of pale pink camellias to her brown lace frock, how much stage managing this little excursion had needed. Noel's tea-time suggestion that had been so unspontaneously spontaneous, Aunt Iris' dropping out of it because of a touch of indigestion so elaborately last minute, and when they reached the hotel, Noel's grabbing of Dixie to dance so obviously ordered that once or twice Janne felt quite hot and embarrassed. At any rate, Aunt Iris, if it were her idea, had used her romantic technique worthily.

Noel dragged Dixie away when the band started, with a kind of sulky violence, for he was a blase young lordling who didn't find much amusement in dancing all the evening with an unappreciative and disrespectful sister. There was a flicker of mischief in Dixie's dark eyes as she pushed past Janne's chair, depositing a gentle pat on her red-brown hair as she went.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever! A jolly sound and safe maxim that. Noel, I detest this tune."

Janne bent her head to hide the flush of color that had flooded into her face at Dixie's subtle frankness. And yet she wished to-night that she had a little of Dixie's worldly self-assurance and controlled grip of things.

"Shall we stroll down to the river, Janne?"

She slipped her arms into the little bronze velvet coat and went with him down the steps onto the soft grass.

"It must be lovely at Stacy Holm to-night," she said softly as they stood on the little landing stage, hearing the lap-lap of dark water under their feet.

"Father will love it," she said. "He can't stay indoors on nights like this. He has to go out and walk and feel and get right inside the skin of the night and the country. That's why he seems rather—far away from us. Since Mother's death he's made his own friends, friends that practical people might think rather queer. I believe he's really happier with places and things than with people."

And in that flashing moment, she seemed to break through the barrier of her father's reserve and touch and understand him.

Alison's voice startled her reverie.

"Janne, I've wanted to tell you for days that I love you. I know I'm dull, what Dixie calls 'stodgy.' I haven't much to offer you, a soldier's life and pay out in India. But if you could ever care enough . . ."

And like the brightest star in the heavens, red, green and gold with a tail of fire, a word shot across the sky of her thought . . . Love . . I love him . . .

A band was playing inside, a slow waltz that always brought a silly lump of emotion into her throat. The potency of easy, cheap music! She would never forget that sentimental waltz tune now. With a little smile as she turned to him, she said:

"Alison, I do love you . . ."

An owl, the last owl of summer, reluctant to go, gave a wistful hoot from one of the trees that sheltered him—they were gentle, unrebellious trees, serenely robing themselves in gold and orange, blazoned with crimson, younger perhaps in hope than they were when they were a-flutter with spring greenery.

ALISON drove Janne home alone. A tactful Noel had hustled Dixie off to become attached to another party and so left them to arrive home in their own good time. They drove by devious ways, the little car almost guiding itself at a gentle pace as though it understood its master's preoccupation. There was a serious talk going on under its low hood.

"I wish people would give up thinking of me as a child, Alison. In the last two years, no, really in the last few weeks, I suppose, I've left that silly part of me behind, the terribly young and silly and unfeeling part. But you're still thinking of me like that, as a child that's so ignorant and inexperienced that it must always be sheltered and protected and humored."

In the darkness of the car Alison felt a slight stiffness in her, a sense of anger.

"Janne," he said, "it's not that. It's—it's pure fairness. I'm not thinking of you as a child who may change her mind for any silly reason—if I did I'd—I'd make a grab at you. But I want you to go to India with the Gardners, engaged to me, because I'm thinking of you as a woman that I can trust. And you need time to get things into—into bigger perspective. I mean here at home, things seem different to you, to your aunt, even to me. I want you to measure me up against other men—and still prefer me. And besides, Janne, we couldn't be married before I sail. I've only got another three weeks. I'll come to Delhi, and perhaps, if your father wouldn't mind—we could be married there."

Janne was silent as the car slid out of the emptiness of the inner circle into the throb and glare of the main traffic.

"You won't believe," she said slowly, "that I know my own mind, that I know perfectly well what I'm doing and offering?"

Alison gave her a little smile and shook his head.

"It's not that at all. I want you to judge for yourself."

Janne slipped her hand through his arm with a sigh.

"You hide-bound soldiers!" she said. "Everything must be done, mustn't it, with the strictest fairness, reasonableness and justice, even the business of getting engaged and married! All right, my dear, I'll obey orders—for the time being."

They parted under the solemn portico of the massive Rawdon house, and Alison drove home to his club bedroom to lie awake half the night thinking incoherently about Janne, while Janne went to bed to

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sleep and dream, not of Alison at all, but of her father, walking restlessly over the Kentish fields with the lights of the stars and the house twinkling all about him in the windy darkness. He seemed to walk and walk for ever . . . towards lights that never came any nearer . . .

JANNE slept all that night with extraordinary soundness. She did that very often, sleeping so deeply, so dreamlessly that waking was quite a thrill, the day-time world for a moment quite a new and exciting experience. She emerged that morning out of deeps of sleep and was conscious of sunlight on her pillow and of the outward fluttering of frilled chintz curtains.

She wakened to feel Macky's heavy weight on her feet, and to be aware of a shadow in her room, a dark figure standing by the window. She lifted a sleepy head and was astonished to find that it was her Aunt Iris wearing a loose satin wrapper and standing motionless staring into the street with her back to the room. It was as startling, as incredible as finding a ghost standing by the window. Aunt Iris hardly knew that this time of day existed. Janne raised herself abruptly.

"Aunt Iris! Why didn't you wake me up?"—and then with a faint stirring of alarm round her heart at that plump figure's stillness. "Is anything wrong?"

Then suddenly she thought she understood. Noel and Dixie would have reported last night's developments, their tactful vanishing, her solitary drive home with Alison.

"Alison and I are engaged," Janne said simply and hoped that her aunt wouldn't be too materialistically jubilant. Too much show of eagerness, of triumph, might somehow spoil it.

Iris Rawdon turned round at last.

"Thank Heaven for that!" she said in a queer voice, and Janne, staring at her face, dark against the intense morning light, saw that it was all blotched and stained with tears.

She slipped out of bed, her knees trembling suddenly.

"Aunt Iris, something's happened. Is someone ill? Dixie—Noel?"

She realised then that it was her room that her aunt had come to, and it was before her that she was silent, with this look of stricken grief.

"It's something to do with me," she said slowly. "Not Alison." And in a flash she knew. "Something's happened to father." She came nearer to Iris Rawdon's plump, sagging figure, and her hands were tightly clenched. "What is it?"

Mrs. Rawdon sat down limply on the edge of the tumbled bed, and the hard, clear light showed her unpowdered cheeks and reddened eyes.

"Janne—my dear—he's dead." Janne holding herself stiffly upright, nodded, almost impatiently as though she had known that.

"How——?"

There was a silence in the room, disturbed only by Macky's snufflings in the boot-cupboard and the piercing racket of a hydraulic drill round the corner of the street. Mrs. Rawdon's voice came, choked and muffled, behind a useless wisp of lace handkerchief.

"He—Janne, we've got to be brave— It's terrible for all of us, you, me, Leslie. Your father shot himself last night. It's—the papers have got it already! If only he'd told some of us, we might have stopped this at least!"

Janne saw that she was holding out a crushed newspaper, dirty with smudged type. Black, rampant headlines tramped across the sheet, above the announcements of a dozen different happenings to other people, all herded together from the four corners of the earth with their sorrows, tragedies, bitterness and furies, to make a page of interesting reading for Mr. Everyman.

"Great Financial Fraud in City Exposed. Directors arrested. Suicide of President. Mr. Bruce Mortimer, late last night at his country house, Stacy Holm. Well-known in the City . . . hundreds of thousands of investors' money lost . . ."

Like black devils in some fiendish evil dance, the letters whirled in front of her aching eyes. So that was it.

She went slowly to the window and drew back the curtain. The ruddy air smelled of London, and yet of some strong, smoky nature smell. And yesterday he had ridden in the Park and pulled up to talk to her, and she had found him and his speechlessness just a little bit boring and had wanted him to move on. She swung round fiercely, her eyes dry and hard.

"Why didn't you know? He must have given some hint, you're his only relation—you must have seen——"

"No one could," Mrs. Rawdon said quietly. "How could they? He kept such a terrible control over himself. His first instinct was to hide things, to hold up his head and show no sign. How could I or anyone else tell what was happening?"

Mrs. Rawdon was mopping at her disordered face in a dazed sort of way. To her this blow was stunning, unbelievable. Her own brother mixed up in a city scandal and then dead by his own doing; her shallow little life that was like a fine glass bowl which might hold a few flower heads floating gracefully on an inch of calm water, had no room to hold such tragedy and calamity.

It was like being hurled bodily off her own comfortable planet into the shrieking outer darkness of space, the darkness of scandal and Press publicity and public venom.

"Thank heavens," she said getting up unsteadily, "that you and Alison Peters fixed everything up before this happened; at any rate, you're safely provided for—your father might almost have known that."

Perhaps he had known it. Perhaps during that curious, awkward meeting in the Park he had been thinking: "Dare I do it yet? Is Janne safe, is she provided for?" Janne shivered at the cold porridge-and-charity-institution ring of that word.

"Alison isn't bound in any way," she said quickly. "After all, our engagement isn't public yet, is it?"

Mrs. Rawdon stood at the door and gave her a frightened stare.

"I'll send off an announcement to "The Times" this morning, Janne. For heaven's sake don't be quick-tempered and proud, you can't afford it—now."

The door shut with a soft and cruel little click behind her.

ALISON arrived half an hour after breakfast, or such breakfast as the Rawdon household contrived to eat. Janne, still sitting on her window-seat, saw his little car pull up at the door, and her heart gave a queer, frightened lurch. These men, making bigger and harder complications in her confused life—and she was so desperately lonely. And yet there was something in this affair that she wanted fiercely to keep private to herself.

Janne, sitting in a kind of cold trance of nerves, heard the front door open, the butler's solemnly-lowered and hushed voice, another door closing, a slow and stately step on the stairs. She clutched at Macky's collar.

"Captain Peters to see you, Miss Janne—I showed him into the morning-room."

"All right, Giles. I am just coming down."

She ran a comb over her russet-leaf hair and looked closely at her face. It was ivory pale with faint stains of lavender shadow under the eyes. Did she look older already, more sure of herself, more full of character? She went downstairs quietly, Macky trotting at her heels, and the first thing that Alison thought when she came into the room was that she looked different, more womanly, older and gentler. She had lost that faint suggestion of young hardness, of intolerant impatience that had flashed out once or twice in that morning meeting with her father. She had developed even in such a little time. She came across the room to him with that simple gravity and he took her outstretched hands.

"JANNE—I wish I'd known earlier in the day, so that I could have come round. My dear, I'm so sorry for you——"

He drew her to the wide sofa and she sat down, feeling suddenly desperately tired.

"I'm so tired, Alison."

"You must be, darling. It's all been such a shock, you can't have realised it yet. You want to be taken right away from it all."

She lowered her eyes and twisted a hand through Macky's scrubby hair. Yes, that was just the manner that she expected and resented, the manner of patronage, of protection.

"I don't want to do that yet," she said quietly. "I can't run away from this thing, Alison, it wouldn't be fair to father."

Alison gave her a quick look.

"You can't do much for him now, Janne. I mean, staying in town in the thick of the gossip and beastly Press publicity and everyone's curiosity can't do him any good."

"Except," Janne said quietly, her eyes looking deep into Macky's liquid-brown ones, "by way of showing that I at least don't believe a word of that vile thing they're saying. That I'm not going to be driven into a corner to hide from anyone."

The efficient servants had lighted a fire, the first fire of the autumn, in the morning-room and it held a scent of burning logs and the smoky smell of chrysanthemums. A splinter of wood burst away from the blaze and lay smouldering redly in the fender. Alison gave a nervous jerk of the head and spoke doubtfully.

"My dear—that's brave of you. But honestly, it won't do any good; you see, the whole thing's too clear, too positive."

"What's so clear?"

Her voice was smooth and hard as flint and Alison uncrossed his legs again unhappily.

"That he—that it's quite true about the fraud. I've read every word they say, Janne, and there's nothing that can't be proved, I swear it. Your—your loyalty would only make things worse for you."

The red splinter burst out and gave out a thin white feather of smoke; Macky investigated it cautiously.

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"I see," Janne said in that dead, level voice. "You believe father was in this beastly thing. You're trying to persuade me, for my own comfort and convenience, to believe the same and to admit it." She jumped up and went feverishly to the window, her cheeks bright with an angry flush. "No one knows that, in spite of everything, the surface coldness, the shyness, father and I understood each other. Last night I understood him more than he did himself. But it was too late. And besides he thinks of me as everyone does, as an insipid, senseless child." She beat her hands suddenly against a chair-back. "Just as you're thinking of me now! As a helpless, ignorant little fool who must be taken charge of and saved from the folly of being loyal. But I'm glad," she said in a steadier voice, "that you told me honestly what you think about father. We can talk things over frankly, anyway."

Alison dived into his pocket for his pipe and then left it neglected on the sofa by his side.

"That's not fair, Janne," he said slowly. "I can't help my first thoughts being for you in this mess. I want to get you out of it. I don't honestly care whether your father was guilty of this affair or not. Whatever he did, he left you to suffer for it and I can't help being down on any man who does that." He got up quickly, came to Janne, twisting her round to face him. "Janne, marry me at once, as soon as I can get things fixed. I'll take you right away where this beastly business can't touch you."

Leaning back against the wall she looked up steadily into his face.

"Last night," she said, "when I promised to marry you, I wanted to at once, but you wouldn't have it. I was too young, too inexperienced, it wouldn't be fair to bind me until I'd seen more of the world. You wouldn't believe that I knew my own mind, that I wasn't a changeable, silly girl. This morning you want me to marry you. How have I changed? Don't you think I'm still too young and silly and raw for marriage? That it's too big a risk for a man to take?"

Alison stood for a moment silenced and bewildered by her tone, her calmness.

"It's not you that's changed," he said sharply. "But circumstances. Yesterday you had a father, friends, luxury, everything any girl could want. What I said was right—for yesterday. But to-day—it's a bit different——"

"Very different! Janne's brown eyes were alight with anger. "To-day my father is a dead criminal to be judged and convicted! And I have no friends and no money and no position, I am as outcast as he is! To-day you will marry me because I suppose it's the decent, manly thing to do! Because you're so sorry for me that you'll risk my making a mess of things by being appallingly young and silly as a wife!"

Her breath caught suddenly, sharply, but her eyes were brilliantly hard. Alison could do no more than stare at her.

"You didn't love or want me enough to marry me yesterday," she said. "But to-day you will—out of pity. You tell me you believe my father's the worst kind of cheat and beast, and you expect me to agree so that I can justify my running off and hiding. All because you pity me so! But I'm not ashamed of anything, Alison, and I want anything in the world but pity and that sort of patronage."

And suddenly Alison was angry, too. He had listened in silence to her astonishing outburst, but in a flash he felt the lash of her injustice in that last word. He offered her love, loyalty, everything he had in the world and she called it patronage! He held her arm suddenly, feeling its rounded slightness between his fingers.

"Janne, if anyone is being young and silly and raw now, it's you. You don't believe a word of all this rigmarole and you're going to marry me and let me take you away out of this scandal and publicity."

He thought that that was the wisest way to handle this queer mood of hers, firmly and a trifle contemptuously. But he didn't know very much about this Janne of to-day who was not just a tired, nerve-wracked child in an hysterical tantrum, but a new, older Janne, torn by some very real and bitter emotions. He felt her draw herself strongly away from him, her face turned whiter.

"I couldn't marry you," she said in a strained voice. "I've lost faith in you, in myself, in everything—in everything but Father. I thought you would understand that—but I don't think you ever will now."

His hand fell away from her arm and he stood back, looking down into her curiously changed and hardened face.

"I'm sure now that you were quite right," she said. "I am far too young and raw to get married. I've got too much to learn yet. Between us, we should spoil things."

"I know you're upset, Janne," he said slowly. "You can't help being that. But some things you're saying are unfair and extraordinarily stupid. I want you to write to me this evening when you've got things a bit clearer in your mind. Then I'll come and see you again. I don't feel it much use staying now."

She let him go without another word, out of the room and downstairs, and so heard the noise of his car going down the street. Then she straightened her shoulders and lifted her head defiantly, with a rush of color brightening her paleness.

"I'm not ashamed," she said aloud, "not ashamed of him and not even Alison can make me that. I can do without him, without anyone. I can stand on my own feet without needing pity and patronage."

Macky, hearing her voice, jumped down from the sofa and came pawing hopefully at her skirt.

IN the cool of the evening, Janne slipped quietly and secretly out by the back door and went for a walk in the Park. Not for another moment could she stand the atmosphere of that hushed, shame-smitten house.

She slipped quietly into the house by the side door upon her return, and went unseen upstairs to her room. From Mrs. Rawdon's over-heated, over-trimmed and frilled boudoir, she heard the subdued murmur of voices. The Rawdon Council of Two were sitting in conclave, and she had no doubt that she was one of the first subjects they would discuss. But they, of course, were comforting themselves with the thought that she was safely provided for and would be soon taken off their hands.

With tightening lips she sat down and wrote to Alison. She did not hesitate much over the writing, though once or twice she stopped to scratch Macky's black head, resting on her knee, with the end of her fountain-pen.

"You asked me to write to you to-night," she wrote, "and I think you expect me to say something quite different. But I still mean what I said this morning. Father's death has changed everything and stripped me of a great many things. I feel I want to stand up and defy everyone about him—and it wouldn't be very happy, defying you. Thank you for wanting to help and for being sorry for me, but I don't want my life and my marriage to be dependent on pity. Perhaps I'm queer about these things, as father was.

"JANNE."

She didn't write any more than that. He wanted a final word from her and she gave it in her own way. She had a craving for freedom, just as she had for space.

She was just slipping into the house again from posting her letter when Dixie met her on the stairs and fixed her with hard, black eyes. All Dixie's cheerful intimacy had melted away during the day, as so many of the old familiar things that Janne had imagined to be immovable had melted away.

"Hullo, Janne! Mother would like to see you for a moment."

Janne motioned Macky back into the room, and nodded.

"All right, Dixie, I'll go up now."

Iris Rawdon was stretched out on the sofa, wrapped in peach satin and cobweb lace, with her plump, smooth face powdered to a seemly pallor. She gave her niece a wan smile and motioned her to a chair.

"Come in, darling. I feel I ought to have talked to you long before this, but I've felt so upset, so sick. The shock of all this awful business made me feel quite ill. And, of course, it's much worse for you."

Janne sat carefully down on the edge of her chair and twisted her slim brown fingers tightly together. Iris Rawdon looked at her sharply, expecting her to say something, but Janne stared into the fire and made no answer.

"You see, darling," Mrs. Rawdon said hurriedly, "it seems sordid to start discussing these things so soon, but I suppose one must. I mean, things like money and provision for you. Of course, you realise there won't be anything left out of this crash? I mean all your father's money's gone—that seems certain."

Janne drew her heavy and tired eyes away from the comfortable flames.

"I hadn't thought about it yet," she said slowly. "I suppose I do realise it."

"It's got to be realised, I'm afraid," Mrs. Rawdon said crisply. "But luckily for you, darling, it doesn't matter, not vitally, anyway. The question of money hasn't ever come into darling Alison's head, I know that. He's such a fine sort of man in every way." She dabbed her face gently with a trail of chiffon. "And that's what I most wanted to talk over with you. Of course, your Indian visit is off and you and Alison will be getting married at once. Naturally the sooner he can take this trouble off your shoulders, the better pleased he'll be. You must have discussed it with him this morning. And, of course, you'll want the very quietest of weddings. Naturally, your Uncle Leslie and I will see to all that for you."

Janne got up abruptly and went to the window. It was open half an inch at the top and she could feel a tiny current of fresh air stealing into the soft, damp atmosphere of the room. Her courage was no less than it had been, but she was beginning to feel desperately tired and desolate. The whole day she had spent struggling in spirit against oppressive antagonistic forces, Alison, Dixie, the Rawdon house, Iris Rawdon.

"That's kind of you, Aunt Iris," she said quietly, resting her forehead against the cool glass. "But—that's not going to be my solution of things. Not yet, anyway,

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You see, I'm not engaged now to Alison Peters. This morning I—I told him that."

Mrs. Rawdon pulled herself up on the sofa, her eyes growing round.

"Janne! Are you crazy? What on earth are you talking about?"

Janne swung round with a fierce, strong gesture. The last afterglow caught her hair and made a spark of copper in the smooth dusk of the room.

"Aunt Iris," she said, "It's quite true and simple. Alison wanted me to marry him at once—but I couldn't. There were things he didn't understand. And suddenly I felt I must—fight this out alone. For my own sake as much as father's."

She came quietly back to the sofa where the speechless Mrs. Rawdon sat staring, her eyes narrowed now to mean little slits.

"May I ask, Janne," she said, "what alternative plans you've made for the future? I hope you realise, my dear, that we—we have our family life, and we didn't—we didn't undertake to take charge of you permanently. I think you had better ring up Alison or write to him. This trouble has upset you, I know, and he'll understand that."

She switched on the light on the table by her side and a dull rose glow fell over her face, showing up the hard lines under the pink and white mask of cream and powder. Janne saw it as a cruel and mean face for all its rosy curves.

"Alison does understand," she said quietly. "As for my future, of course, I'm not going to hang myself on to you. I'm young and strong, and fairly intelligent. I can work, and I want to work. I feel it would help me get straight again. I'm not ashamed of father, but Alison is one of these who thinks I should be. He offers me a way of escape, but it's not the way I want to take. I've nothing to escape from in that sense."

She was aware of Mrs. Rawdon putting her feet down on the ground, and of the malignant, cold stare of her little eyes. The room for a moment held a fierce defiance and hostility.

"If you do this," Mrs. Rawdon said, "you must understand that we wash our hands of you. If you're such a complete, stubborn fool as to do this thing, throw a man like Alison Peters away because of some fantastic idea in your head of facing life and defying everyone—you can't do that nowadays, you've got to make sure of what's offered you, of your chances. There is a limit to the allowances we and everyone can make for you. I'm afraid, Janne, I must say this frankly to you."

Janne's lips tightened, but she controlled herself. This was only the prelude, the unpleasant prelude to freedom, to mastery of herself.

"I'm being quite frank, too," she said. "I shall go down to-morrow to Stacy Holm. There must be some means for me to stay there a little. You won't have to worry about me any more—I think I'm old enough to take charge of my own life. Good night."

She shut the door softly on the blank, furious silence in the room, the silence of a suddenly defeated and astonished tyrant.

JANNE arrived down at Stacy Holm in the hour when primrose light brimmed in the west and dusk came rising out of the east.

She walked across the fields from the station and saw the first star shining over the massed black chimneys of the house. That was her only welcome, but she was grateful for it. Mrs. Curtis, the flaxen-haired housekeeper, wept into her apron when she opened the front door.

"You shouldn't have come, Miss Janne, dear. This is no house for a girl to live in alone."

"I want to be alone a bit, Curty," Janne said, sniffing in the healthy smell of log fires and warming timbers. "London isn't a place for anyone who is sad."

She sat all the evening curled in a deep chair in her father's little study, with Macky cramped uncomfortably but adoringly in her lap. She must get the future cut and dry to have it ready to present to Aunt Iris when the time came.

She was not left for very long in her solitude at Stacy Holm. Her Uncle Leslie arrived down the following morning, with Mr. Robbs, the Mortimer family lawyer. As Bruce Mortimer's brother-in-law and only male connection, Leslie Rawdon had felt bound to take charge of his last sad affairs. These were settled with tragic ease. Janne, sitting gravely in the library with the two men facing her with due solemnity, heard what she knew already, that the wreck had been so complete that nothing could be salvaged.

"We are very anxious about your future, Janne, and your aunt feels rather hurt, naturally so, at the way you left us yesterday after her little talk with you. You mustn't resent the advice of older people in such circumstances as these."

He cleared his throat magisterially and Janne's face seemed to shut up, but she said nothing.

"I understand from your aunt," he went on, "that you are no longer engaged to Alison Peters. Have you—well, have you quite made up your mind about that?"

Janne pushed back her chair and stood up, tall and slim in the plain black frock that she had hastily bought.

"Uncle Leslie," she said, "I know it's very kind of you and Aunt Iris to feel responsible for me. But I don't think father really expected that, and I don't, either. I don't expect to be taken care of by anyone by Alison or by you. I'm young and strong and I can learn to work."

"Work?"

The echo of that unfamiliar word uttered in Leslie Rawdon's astonished voice rang in the room.

Janne smiled and spread out her crumpled sheet of notepaper on the table.

"I sent this up to the newspaper last night. I don't know if it will bring any results, but it's the best thing I could think of as a start."

She pushed the paper across the table, and Leslie Rawdon fumbled for his glasses and read it with his bald, pink head critically bent. He folded the sheet up neatly when he had finished, and Janne could tell by his blank look that he was shocked and bewildered.

"A nursery governess, eh? Do you think you are fitted for a post of that sort?"

"I can't tell till I've tried it," Janne said cheerfully. "And it's the only thing I could dare to suggest being paid for doing."

She was very sure of herself now and very practical, with an air of calm efficiency and determination that had its effect on a man used to being ruled by efficient determined women. He shrugged his shoulders protestingly and rose.

"I'm afraid, my dear," he said, "that you are not in a mood to listen to advice—well, as you say, it's your future and your life, and we must stand aside and let you make what you can of it. If you should chance to—to get into difficulties, you can at least rely on us to help you."

Janne's eyes softened as the two men went out together.

. . . . .

Janne moved next day, after Bruce Mortimer's quiet funeral, from Stacy Holm to Updyke Farm, a few miles outside Canterbury. The shutters were up over the windows of the rosy, mellow old house when she left, and she walked with bright-eyed, hard tearlessness through the gardens, gay with the first rich-colored blossoming of dahlias, to the waiting car. Her heart felt empty of everything except an aching loneliness. Everything was slipping away, she had only Macky, trotting puzzled but trustful at her heels to wherever their new home might be.

MRS. TROTTER had been housekeeper and nurse at Stacy Holm before "Curty," who was her sister. A year after Mrs. Mortimer's death, she had married a well-to-do, go-ahead gentleman farmer of middle age, and when Janne came to the low, weather-beaten house with its warm smells of baking and of creamy milk and butter, and of the rich farmyard, coming in through the open windows, she felt that here was a kindly house and simple, uninquisitive people, who made her welcome. She had refused the Rawdon's invitation to go back to London to them.

Her advertisement lingered in the newspaper for three weeks before there was even the most unpromising result. No one seemed impressed by her qualifications, no one rushed to engage her.

And then one morning, at the beginning of the fourth week of impatient idleness, she got a letter written in a faint, slanting writing, asking for an early interview. The letter was signed "Norma Fiore," and was headed with a London address. Janne answered it in trembling excitement, though her letter was business-like and efficient. She would call on Mrs. Fiore on Friday afternoon at half-past two. She went up to London, very neat and severe in her simple black coat and skirt, with her heart thudding in her mouth with nervousness. This meeting of a complete stranger was more terrifying than she had imagined. Though she looked supremely cool and calm as she went into the lounge of the hotel, she was feeling for the first time the discomfort and embarrassment of putting herself in a shop window.

Mrs. Fiore would see her in the lounge, which was full of afternoon sunshine and the heat of a roaring log fire, and was quite deserted. Fluttering over the pages of an ancient magazine, Janne waited grimly until a gentle voice sounded behind her.

"Miss Mortimer?"

She turned round, and at the sight of Mrs. Fiore all her nervousness left her; she felt herself to be mistress of the whole interview instead of a humble applicant. Norma Fiore was a small, incredibly slight woman with ankles and wrists so thin that they looked as though any sudden pressure applied would snap them like matchwood. She was, Janne thought, the most colourless woman she had ever seen, not faded, but born with that bleached skin, those silvery-grey eyes, that lustreless, dusty-brown hair. There were lavender smears of shadow under her eyes, and when Janne shook hands, she could feel every frail bone in her firm grip and relaxed it hurriedly. Could this wraith of a woman have had children, to need a nursery governess?

"Do sit down!"

And when they were both seated, there

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was an uneasy silence, while Mrs. Fiore stared at the fire and twisted a handkerchief in her transparent fingers. And Janne realised that she must indeed be mistress of the situation, that this little woman was infinitely more nervous than she was. She plunged into business; she understood Mrs. Fiore wanted a nursery governess; she hadn't had any experience, but she loved children; was it her own children that needed a governess? Mrs. Fiore's pale eyes, like circles of silvery-grey mist, brightened faintly. Yes, she needed someone for her two children, Nevill and Barbara, aged six and three.

"They don't need much teaching," she said apologetically, as though afraid that Janne might consider them dull, "but they're bright little souls."

And both my husband and I hate them to be handed over to an ayah—we decided we must have an English girl to be nursery governess, a nice girl, fond of small things and not too—severe. It's expensive, of course, but necessary in India."

Janne's eyes grew a little frightened "India?"

"Yes." Mrs. Fiore threw her an uneasy look. "Didn't I mention it to you? I'm so sorry. Yes, my husband is a big business man in Bombay, and I and the children are sailing on the tenth of November to join him." Janne sat silent, pressing her gloved hands together, and the shadowy eyes looked at her wistfully. "You know—we could give you a very good time in Bombay, you would be—quite one of us."

"India," Janne said slowly. "I'm afraid I hadn't understood that, Mrs. Fiore. It—it makes it a little different for me. You see, I've never been out of England, except to Paris. Honestly, I know very little about being a governess—you see, I'm Bruce Mortimer's daughter—and I have to work. I may be a dead failure from your point of view, and taking me out to India—isn't it rather a risk?" She couldn't tell if Bruce Mortimer's name conveyed anything to Mrs. Fiore, her face showed no sign at any rate of any change of expression. But she leaned forward eagerly.

"Please don't worry about that, Miss Mortimer. I feel sure—quite sure—that you won't be—I mean—I felt the moment I saw you standing here in the lounge that you are exactly the—the sort of girl I would like, young and gentle and friendly." She hesitated a moment and then said shyly: "I feel that you would become my friend, as well as the babies! I hope you don't mind my saying that." She looked so frightened that Janne smiled reassuringly. "As for salary, that would be as generous as we can afford, about three hundred and fifty a year, and of course all expenses. We—we should want you to be very happy with us—and India—I feel you would like India so much."

Her words came more easily, more naturally now, and Janne was conscious of a desperate eagerness in her to settle the matter. She seemed unbusinesslike, unpractical, and a creature of childish and rather charming impulse. And yet—India. Janne drew on her gloves slowly.

"I think you're extraordinarily kind," she said. "But would you mind very much if I thought it over just for a day or two? It's all rather big and startling to me yet. I would let you know on Monday definitely." She paused for a moment, and then said casually: "I suppose you've never come across a Captain Peters, Alison Peters, out in India?" She gave a nervous little laugh. "But, of course, that's a typically stay-at-home, provincial thing to ask, only he is the only person I've ever met from India—and I believe he's just gone out again." She held out her hand quickly, for Mrs. Fiore seemed to have no idea of bringing the interview to an end. "Good-bye, and thank you so much. I'll write to you on Monday."

She again shook the limp, cold little hand and went out of the hotel.

That evening she sent a wire to Mrs. Fiore, accepting the post of nursery governess. She would go to Bombay, to India, to wherever adventure and work might take her. For the first time for a good many nights she slept dreamlessly, unbrokenly, and awoke with a feeling of fresh energy, of fierce readiness to face anything. The interview she went through next day with Mrs. Rawdon might have damped her if she hadn't been strung up to such a pitch of determination. She even felt amused at Aunt Iris's horror-stricken protests. She seemed so far away already from this house and its attitude to life.

BOMBAY on a mildly steamy November day, and behind the white city the early morning sky was a dull pink, shining through a faint haze. The water sliding past under the sides of the Ranpura was a strange grape-green color, streaked with oily silver, and a fishing-boat shaking out a broad red-brown sail was reflected down to the last strain on the weather-worn timber, on the polished surface. Janne, up on the top deck, with Nevill and Barbara Fiore hanging on each side of her, fuzzy black heads bobbing excitedly, received her first information about Bombay from their small, shrill voices.

Mrs. Fiore came wandering up and stood beside Janne, staring with big, dark-ringed eyes at the growing detail of the city.

"Well, here we are again," she said in a lack-lustre tone, and she wiped her upper lip fretfully with a handkerchief. "I do feel this heat after England. I wish my husband had been here to meet us, but he had to be in Calcutta just now."

Standing there together, Janne might have been the young wife, eager, enthusiastic, and Mrs. Fiore the coldly indifferent stranger. She watched the deepening pink mists of the sky flame into the reflection of sunrise, and her eyes were heavy. She took the two children by the hand and said flatly:

"It is time we were getting our things together. Don't you come down to the cabin, stay up a little—you will like to see us getting into Bombay. Come, children."

They went below, and left Janne standing by the rail. Already her skin felt faintly clammy with the steamy heat, but she loved the thick pastel colors of the harbor, the platinum and pale jade water flushing gradually with dull rose, the cream and strawberry buildings of the city, the dark green thickets of wooded islands. She turned round and found Mrs McDonald by her side. Mrs. McDonald was a big, rosy Scotchwoman, Calcutta bound, and between her and Janne there had started a staunch friendship. Mrs. McDonald, a wise and experienced woman, had confessed herself worried about Mrs. Fiore's governess, to her husband.

"I'm nervous about that queer little creature, and the girl, bless her, hasn't a notion what she might be let in for. I'll drop John Milligan a word to keep an eye on her while he's in Bombay."

To Janne, as they stood together now, she said:

"You must write and let me know how you get on and how you like things. We've a great friend staying in Bombay for a bit, John Milligan from Calcutta, and I'll tell him to look you up. I wish I knew more people in Bombay."

"I shall be all right," Janne said, with a smile at Mrs. McDonald's anxious tone. "The Fiores must know crowds of people."

Mrs. McDonald's fair eyebrows drew together in a frown.

"I suppose Fiore will be here to meet his family?"

"No, he's in Calcutta on business, apparently."

"That's a pity," Mrs. McDonald said, lighting her first cigarette of the day. "I'd have liked to have had just one peek at him, Janne."

"You're very suspicious of the whole family," Janne laughed. "Doesn't Mrs. Fiore convince you of their harmlessness?"

"I'd like a look at him," Mrs. McDonald said obstinately. "Whenever I see a too harmless and meek wife or husband, I'm always especially keen to see the other half of the bargain. But I dare say you're right, and Mrs. Fiore's a nice-souled little thing under that grey mist that covers her. Let's go and get some breakfast, we shan't be in for hours."

But by the time Janne had finished her own breakfast and the forcing of food down the throats of the two little Fiores, already listless and tallow pale with the sticky heat, the boat had edged herself into Victoria Dock, and from the high deck Janne looked down on a sea of brown and honey and white faces. Humanity, clustered as thick as flies and apparently as apathetic, stood and stared upwards.

"I suppose Gonzales is here," Mrs. Fiore said. "Freddie always sends him to meet us and see to everything."

The sluggish crowd was beginning to move, to be sucked into the ship up the lowered gangways.

Janne was on her way down to the cabin on some last-minute errand when she met Mrs. McDonald coming out from the dining-saloon with a man. She stopped Janne with a hand on her arm.

"Here you are, Janne! I've been looking out for you. I wanted you to meet Mr. Milligan before you went on shore. He's staying in Bombay, too. John, this is Janne Mortimer."

Janne held out her hand and met a pair of searching, intelligent hazel eyes, surrounded by fine lines. John Milligan was tall, built with broad shoulders and a narrow waist, in the early forties, she judged by his finely-cut, rather tired face and the patches of silver-grey on his temples in his thick brown hair. He had, she thought swiftly, a look of Ireland about him, of homespun tweed and juicy tobacco, of heather and rich brown earth. It was a queer impression to get, standing there in the moist heat of a Bombay dock with a man who wore pale tussore and a topee, but it was very vivid.

"I'm fixed in Bombay for a month or so," Milligan said. "You must come along to the club and play tennis one day. May I ring you up?"

"It's very kind of you." Janne put the topee she had been carrying in her hand on her head and tucked the russet hair in neatly. Mrs. McDonald looked at her almost wistfully.

"Don't forget to write, and if anything goes wrong, for goodness' sake get over to Calcutta to us."

Janne laughed with a twinkle of defiance in her eyes.

"Don't worry about me. I'm not really such a nincompoop as I look—and I think

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Bombay's rather thrilling. I'll write all my dramatic news soon. Good-bye."

Janne ran up the steep steps, and Isabel McDonald looked at John Milligan with a quaint expression of trouble and amusement.

"Plucky little devil. She's making the very best of a tragic business. She's Bruce Mortimer's daughter, you know, and proud enough to take on the whole universe rather than be patronised or offered charity."

The man nodded, his clean-shaven face serious.

"So I guessed. Bruce Mortimer's daughter, is she? That explains that unconscious defiance in the way she looks at one. Well, it's a pity she didn't hit on other employers."

"I was afraid of that," Isabel McDonald said as they went up on deck. "Mrs. Fiore is the queerest little woman. What about him? Are they really—all wrong?"

"I haven't met him yet," Milligan said. "I believe he's away in Calcutta. I've heard—well, that he's rather an outsider. What's the wife like?"

"Like the tired ghost of some woman who lived about a thousand years ago and wasn't even very happy then," Isabel McDonald said. "Only I think she loves Janne as something alive and strong and beautiful that she might once have been herself." She hesitated and then said slowly: "Janne would just suit Lynn and Jock, John. If she does happe not to care for the Fiore menage, couldn't you grab her?"

They were following the stream of people down the gangway to the hot, sun-drenched quay.

"I don't know," Milligan said vaguely. "I don't know what Claire wants for them. I suppose they are getting too big for an ayah, and I'm not keen on country-bred girls, but Claire will have some plan I suppose."

Isabel McDonald, out of friendship and her affection for John, controlled a sceptical sniff.

"Keep an eye on her, anyway," she said as he saw her into a taxi. "She's as innocent as a new-born babe about Indian ways, and yet a stubborn bit of a thing. And get back to Calcutta soon, John. We'll miss you."

"I'll be back," he said, "as soon as Claire and the infants arrive. They're sailing in a fortnight. Good-bye."

He watched the taxi drive off and then went back to his own office.

FOR that first week in Bombay, Janne was at first awed and impressed by the Fiore house and mode of living—and then puzzled. The glamor of Bombay stayed with her even after the process of settling down to the sticky heat and the unaccustomed habits. All her life, Janne had been a worshipper of sunshine and strong, even crude colors, and to her that grey stone Malabar Hill bungalow, bowered in vivid green palms and scarlet and white blossom, overlooking the turquoise and peacock-blue of the bay, was a kind of exotic paradise.

Mrs. Fiore sent Janne down to the Gymkhana Club five days after their arrival.

"You must go and play tennis and dance and have a good time. The ayah can take the children out in the afternoons."

Janne protested that she knew no one and hadn't the courage to go alone, and Mrs. Fiore, after a moment of blank silence, said wistfully:

"I know so few people myself, you see, I don't play games or bridge, and really live a very quiet life. But you must get to know people."

The difficulty was solved that afternoon by the startling tinkling of the telephone in its glittering stand. It was John Milligan asking for Miss Mortimer. Could she come and play tennis at the club next afternoon? He would fetch her at four o'clock. How did Bombay feel now? Still exciting?

She hadn't realised quite how empty the days had been until she was driving down to the Gymkhana Club with John Milligan. It seemed odd to talk to anyone naturally and gaily again, to play tennis and to feel friendliness reaching out to her. They were all very easy and warm-hearted in the way they received her into their little circle. Janne got only a hazy impression of names, but she found these pleasant strangers asking her to this and that, to tennis and picnics and dances. They seemed quite unaware of the fact that she was a governess and the daughter of a notorious swindler; they accepted her on John Milligan's introduction.

She left the club early, and he left with her and ran her up to Malabar Hill, climbing slowly upwards through the cooling air, until the city and harbor lights made a milky way of yellow stars far below them.

"Mr. Fiore is coming back the day after to-morrow," Janne said. "I hope he won't mind my going out so much. I mean—Mrs. Fiore couldn't be sweeter about it—of course, if he notices it. I shall stop it."

"Then I hope he won't," Milligan said, swinging the car closer to the parapet so that they could see more of the view that was like the sapphire night sky turned upside down. "I want you to promise, Miss Mortimer," he said seriously, "to come to me if—if any little thing goes wrong, if you ever need advice on anything. You don't mind, my saying this, do you, but you're new to India."

"I know I am," Janne said frankly. Thank you, I will.

On Tuesday, Janne felt all day in the house a sense of uneasiness and nervous restlessness. The servants were in an agitated bustle of activity; Nevill and Barbara, funny little creatures with their dark frizzes of hair and unchildish, heavy eyes were more languid and paler than usual, and all the morning Norma Fiore moved about like a wind-blown wisp of white paper, without purpose or motive.

Janne was standing out on the verandah in the hot afternoon sun, just after "tiffin," when Mrs. Fiore came out and spoke with unusual briskness and coherence.

"Are you doing anything this afternoon, Miss Mortimer? I told ayah to come back early. If you want to go to the club, Pedro can run you down in the little car."

Janne shook her head.

"No, Mrs. Fiore, I'm not going to the club to-day. I thought I had better not as Mr. Fiore is coming."

"But I asked you not to make any difference for that."

"I know you did," Janne said gently, but I would really rather be here with the children. After all, every afternoon off is rather too generous an allowance for a nursery governess. I'd like to be sure that Mr. Fiore doesn't mind."

"It is not his business." A queer look of obstinacy came over Norma Fiore's face. "Miss Mortimer, you mustn't let my husband's opinions interfere with your routine and anything that I have arranged with you. You have nothing to do with him—I have fixed everything up as I want it to be—and I do want you to have a good time in Bombay and be happy."

This was about the longest and most definite sentence that she had ever addressed to Janne, and for a moment they were both frankly astonished by it until Janne recovered herself hastily and said:

"Of course, I realise that you are the person to arrange things with, and you're very kind. But all the same I do feel that I'm not out here with you just to have a good time. I want to feel that I'm worthy of my pay to you."

SHE gave Mrs. Fiore a quick smile and went back to the children, but she had been puzzled by that queer, almost passionate, outburst of independence.

She was up in her cool, airy bedroom just before tea when she heard the squeak of brakes, and, looking out of the window, saw the salmon limousine slide lusciously in through the gates. Downstairs there was a flutter of hurrying servants, summoned by the oily voice of the Goanese butler. Turning round, she found Nevill and Barbara standing in her doorway, holding each other's hands tightly. They were very clean in white starched linen, and their eyes were like the eyes of a little old man and woman, heavy-lidded, anxious, empty.

"I think Father has come," Barbara said, and Janne put down her comb and buckled a white suede belt hastily round her dull rose-colored linen frock.

"Yes, I think he has, Barbara. Why don't you and Nevill run down and meet him? He hasn't seen you since you went to England."

Instantly she saw the way they shrank together, their air of reluctance. She was going to speak to the children again when Mrs. Fiore's voice called up from below.

"Nevill, Barbara! Your father has come home. Come downstairs." And then, after a pause: "Ask Miss Mortimer to come, too."

"We're ready, Mrs. Fiore. Come along."

Instantly the two children were one on each side of her, thrusting small, moist hands tightly into hers. It seemed to Janne that she had become the principal protection and guardian of the Fiore family against their mysterious father. She had a feeling that Norma Fiore would have liked to hold her hand, too. She went down the wide wooden stairs, the two children pressing against her, and found Mrs. Fiore standing at the bottom, talking to a man. He turned round as Janne paused on the stair and stared at her, in her rosy linen and standing there with a kind of protective dignity as though nothing could make her really afraid. Yet looking down at Mr. Fiore's upturned face, Janne did feel a spasm of fear, of cold distaste.

He was a short little man, scarcely taller than his wife, but with a stocky strength and breadth of shoulder. His wide face was swarthy, with a flattened nose, thick lips, and little brown eyes like buttons under rough eyebrows. A mat of thick, stiff black curls covered his head, and Janne realised in a flash how the little Fiores came by their soft black fluff of hair and their pale fawn-tinted skin and those dusky, shadowed eyes. The man was ugly, repulsive, and compelling.

He held out his rather long arms with a stiff gesture and the children came to him timidly, and each received a hasty kiss, but all the time his little metallic eyes were fixed on Janne.

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"And this is Miss Mortimer, Freddie," Mrs. Flore said, and Janne felt her hand enveloped in his, cold and cushiony, and yet having a surprising strength of grip under its fleshiness.

"I am so pleased you are with us, Miss Mortimer. The children and we are lucky."

Janne withdrew her hand and, with complete unconsciousness, rubbed it gently with her handkerchief. She felt Mrs. Flore's pale eyes, as hard suddenly as grey agates, fixed on her.

"Thank you," she said quietly. "I think the children and I get on very well together."

They came clustering back to her, their eyes widely anxious.

"Shall I take them out now, Mrs. Flore?" she said. "It seems cool enough for a walk."

She didn't wait for permission but drew them up the stairs, feeling those nail-head eyes fastened on her back.

JOHN MILLIGAN came to take her out to tennis three afternoons later and found her waiting on the verandah, swinging her racquet idly at some flies that buzzed sluggishly. He noticed with a quick and anxious eye that she was pale and that there was something strained in her smile of greeting. He had got already into the habit of watching and reading her expressions very shrewdly. She had a face that expressed everything with complete frankness. Climbing in beside him, she was silent for a moment until they had turned out of Mount Crest's glittering gates. Then she gave a little sigh and said:

"I know it's abominably ungrateful of me, but I do feel I'm breathing a different air when I get out of that house. There's something sultry and brooding in the Flore atmosphere. What is it?"

"What do you think of Flore?" Milligan asked her, as though it were an answer to her question.

She linked her nervous hands round her knees.

"I—he was rather unexpected—of course—I know so little about Indian things. What is he?"

Milligan had had Mr. Flore pointed out to him in the club bar the evening before, and had felt a shiver of distaste go down his spine at the thought of that leering, drunken beast being the employer of a girl like Janne. Purposely he chose a more roundabout way to the club to give him time to say what was in his mind about it.

"I should imagine," he said slowly, "that he is more than half-Goanese. He's clever, a good business man, and sharp as the devil, and he's made himself rich and important in Bombay. But ——" he hesitated, and then rushed at his purpose—"but I think you ought to leave them as soon as you can, now that I've seen him. I hadn't realised, either."

Janne leaned back listlessly, her high green coat collar framing her troubled face.

"Why do you think that?"

"I've got no business to interfere with your affairs," Milligan said. "I'm going simply by my own feelings and judgment, now that I've seen Flore. And frankly, I hate to think of you or any girl like you—being in that man's service, in his house, receiving his money." He gave her a sideways look to see how she was taking that, and found her puzzled and worried, but not resentful.

"And yet," she said, "I like Mrs. Flore and the children. Oh, of course, she's queer, unreal, but underneath she's so sweet and pathetic. And I feel somehow that they—she and the children—are fond of me and rely on me for something. I don't quite know what."

Milligan nodded as the car turned in at the club.

"I'm desperately sorry for them," he said. "I can imagine, too, what a godsend you are to them. But I still hope—that you'll leave them." He met her steady look as the car came to a standstill. "You see," he said, "I'm afraid I know rather more about the Flore type of man than you ever will, and I'm thinking of your security."

He left Janne to change her shoes in the ladies' room, and strolled outside to the courts.

It was after their tennis as they passed through the lounge towards the entrance that they met Flore. He came blustering out of the bar, a faint flush on his sallow face, his stiff curls untidy, and almost bumped into Janne. Perhaps her gesture of drawing back from him was, as all her actions were, too frank. At any rate, he stopped, the color deepening a little in his face, and spoke to her loudly.

"Hullo, Miss Mortimer! Norma told me this was one of your days off. Glad you're having a good time. I can introduce you to a jolly crowd here."

His eyes ran contemptuously over John Milligan, his greying temples, his quiet, unsmiling face, and the smile that curled his thick lips was insulting.

"Come along now, eh! and have a cocktail! It's early to clear off, and the youngsters are just waking up."

Again a flicker of contempt at Milligan, who was holding his racquet tightly as though he would like to smash at a soft ball with it. Janne drew her coat closer to her.

"Thank you very much," she said, "but I am going back now. I won't stay any longer, as I've been out all the afternoon."

Flore's face grew thick and blurred for a moment with temper, and he thrust out a stumpy, detaining hand.

"Oh! that's bosh!" he said. "They don't want you. Besides——" he gave a leer. "If I give you special permission to stay, Miss Mortimer, my wife can't say a word, can she? After all, you're one of my—er—staff, aren't you? Come along."

He made a movement to take hold of Janne's arm, while she went first vividly red and then white. But John Milligan was quicker than the half-tipsy little man. He came between them quietly, casually, his racquet pressing against Flore's leg.

"You rather want to get home, don't you, Miss Mortimer?" he said. "As a matter of fact, I have to get back, too, so I can give you a lift. Are you quite ready, got your shoes and everything?"

He met Janne's grateful eyes with a reassuring smile, and she nodded.

"Yes, I'm quite ready."

Milligan's still casually carried racquet dug again sharply into Flore's leg, and he was forced to move back, to give way with a look of sudden loathing to them. Janne turned her calm eyes on him.

"Good-night, Mr. Flore," she said, but he made no reply.

She walked out of the club in silence, and got in beside Milligan and said nothing for a minute. He did not say anything either, respecting her pride, that fine, strong freshness that must have shuddered at that tawdry encounter. She must readjust things in her own mind at this point. He felt, though he did not look at her, that she was leaning back in her seat, lifting her face to the faint sea wind that came to cool the last flames and golden smoke of the sunset. She spoke abruptly.

"You see, I'm not free to come and go as I like—not free—financially. I've got to think and scheme and make ends meet. Oh! it's quite true that I can't afford to be finicky, only now I feel—I can't help it."

Milligan nodded and slowed the car down.

"Of course, I understand," he said, and then shyly: "As far as that goes, you needn't worry. My wife is sailing next week with my family, two small things. And we very badly need someone to look after them and teach them a little discipline—we'd be—awfully grateful."

Janne gave him a quick look and a little color came into her pale face.

"It's kind of you," she said slowly. "But are you sure? I mean is it genuine—or just being terribly kind?"

Milligan swerved sharply out behind a lumbering water sprinkler and shot into a gap in the evening procession of cars, "gharis," and sleek victorias along the Queens Road.

"Kind-hearted as a lot of us are, my dear," he said quickly, "very few of us can afford to pay an English governess, just for that reason, that we like her. I mean—you offer some sort of service, don't you?"

"I'm so desperately sorry for the Flore children," Janne said. "But what can I do? I feel sometimes that Mrs. Flore keeps me as a sort of buffer between them and Pibi, as though he wouldn't dare—let go, with me in the house. But I don't think I make any difference to him."

"The sooner you're out of the house, the better," Milligan said. "Tell her to-night that you want to leave and take up another post—with friends, if you want to make your going sound less crude. Good Lord! she must understand that she can't make use of you against a man like that. And to-morrow we go for a sail. Be punctual, we mustn't miss the tide."

JANNE slipped out of the car and stood on the gravel path for a moment, her face suddenly serious.

"Are you sure," she said slowly, "that it's all right—taking me to-morrow?" He said nothing and she went on desperately. "I mean if I'm going to be your children's governess—oh! you understand."

He did and he gave the horn an exasperated honk.

"In fact," he said, "you feel I should in future not know you as being one of my servants. That you should call me 'Sir' and only answer when I address you. You know," he said with another rush of impatience, "you have a perfect genius for making it impossible for your friends to be your friends. Why is it?"

Janne put her foot on the car step, and her face grew anxious.

"It's not that—please—only I know that I am a difficult person to help without people talking. My father—my position ——"

John Milligan smiled again, a smile that broke up his brown face into a dozen attractive lines.

"Of course I understand," he said. "Good-night."

On nights when Freddie Flore was out to dinner—and that was on an average of four times a week, Janne dined with Mrs. Flore; on the other nights, by a kind of unspoken law, she had a tray on the nursery verandah.

They dined together that night, Flore having telephoned that he wouldn't be in till late. The table was lit by red shaded

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candles and their small circles of light, like little red roses pinned on a black and silver fabric, hardly disturbed the calm and peaceful darkness of the night.

Janne was very silent as they dined. There were a lot of things she wanted to say, but she didn't quite know how to begin. It was difficult to talk business with Mrs. Fiore, who was so helpless, so yielding that it was rather like snubbing a trusting child.

And then suddenly she began to talk in a low, flat voice, not looking at Janne, but out to the blue arch of sky. She forgot to eat, but sat there, her bloodless fingers interlaced, her pale skin merging into the pale chiffon of her frock so that she looked insubstantial as a shaft of moonlight. She talked about herself and Fiore and her marriage; she talked as though she had suddenly forgotten Janne's presence, but was speaking to herself, an inquisitorial self that had suddenly asked her fierce questions.

"I married Fred," she said, "because I just hadn't anything else to do in life, no work, no money, no talent, no ambition to be anything, but safely married and settled —safety—yes, that's the only idea of safety some women ever have." She drank a little wine, heavy, red stuff that Janne wouldn't touch, but it never seemed to put any blood into Mrs. Fiore. "My husband, you know," she said calmly, "hates the sight of me, and I don't really wonder. He's a full-blooded sort of man and I—well, I must bore him dreadfully. I was afraid of him at the very beginning for no particular reason, and now he's angry and doesn't mind giving me real reason." She gave Janne a queer look. "You see, you don't know what it is to be afraid of a person. It's—it's unimaginable to you."

"But, Mrs. Fiore," Janne said. "If you're afraid—I suppose you mean of your husband—why did you come back to Bombay, to him?"

Norma Fiore shrugged her thin shoulders.

"You see, you've still got the independent point of view—you, unafraid, would refuse to do this or that—but you don't understand what fear is."

Janne shifted her glass and pushed a strand of hair off her faintly-damp forehead.

"But—what are you afraid of?" she asked in a low voice.

The Goanese butler had brought out coffee and dessert and they were alone on the balcony. It was very still and even for Bombay, abnormally sticky and sultry.

"What are you afraid of?" she said again, and saw Mrs. Fiore give a little shiver.

"Janne," she said, "you don't mind me calling you 'Janne' to-night, do you?—what do you think of my husband?"

Janne was silent, trying to marshal and choose the right words, and Mrs. Fiore bent over towards her.

"You rather want to leave us—because of him, don't you?" she said, and Janne flushed, as much with surprise as at being caught unawares.

"I did—I wanted to speak to you about that to-night if you wouldn't mind."

But Mrs. Fiore went on, ignoring her interruption.

"If you, after a few days, feel that, think how I feel, after several years. And can you imagine not being free—to go? I don't think you can."

Janne got up abruptly and went to the balcony edge. The dazzle of lights, curving round in a fine crescent to Colaba Point, filled her eyes.

"Mrs. Fiore," she said, "I think I do understand a little. I've felt always that you're not very happy. But frankly—I do want to talk to you about leaving." She swung round, her figure in a plain, white frock, rimmed with moonlight. "Wouldn't it be easier and happier for you in some ways if I went?"

Mrs. Fiore put down her cup and got up. One of the red-shaded candles guttered out and she moved it to catch the hot, dripping wax. Janne saw that her hands were trembling violently.

"Janne," she said, "I can't talk to you about it as though you were just a nursery governess. You're the first woman friend I've had in my life, you're the first person I've ever trusted or felt safe with. I feel—as though you stood between me and fear. The children feel that too." She came towards Janne, her high heels twisting over a little with the unsteadiness of her steps. "I've got no right to ask or expect you to do anything special for any of us. You've got yourself to think of. But if you go—" she made a little, helpless gesture, "the children and I will feel unprotected—— There's something in you, Janne, that makes us poor, miserable cowards feel safer."

Down in the harbor a steamer gave a hoarse, sad cry of farewell. A tiny clot of lights, red, green, and yellow, slid through the darkness. A safe and friendly thing, a steamer homeward bound, gravely responsible for its passengers. But up here, in the thickening, damp night-air, Janne gave a sudden shiver of cold.

"Of course I'll stay, Mrs. Fiore," she said, "if you and the children want me so much. I'm glad you feel like that. It was just a vague idea that—that you might like a change. I like being here. . . ."

She saw Mrs. Fiore relax as though wires that dragged her body taut had suddenly been cut. A flutter of moist air passed over the garden, grating harsh palm-leaves together and tugging at the lace tablecloth.

"Thank you, Janne," she said. "I want you to know just how I and the children feel about you. I'd like you to know that I have some sort of feeling down inside me, underneath everything." She came to the verandah rail and her voice altered suddenly, grew embarrassed and casual. "I think it is going to be quite a cool night. There's almost a wind getting up."

SIPPING her chota hazri tea and eating a sweet, soft little banana, Janne tried to get a clear impression of last night's extraordinary conversation. Had that queer, little woman hypnotic powers that she had so easily turned Janne from a passionate resolve?

Mrs. Fiore took the children to some dancing show at the theatre, so Janne had her afternoon honestly free. On any other occasion she would have longed for it, for the day was light and clear-aired, full of fresh wind and brilliance, and she felt a restless craving for movement and speed.

Milligan called for her early and she was ready on the verandah. He thought as he gave her one quick, rather shy look, that deep blue suited her russet hair and faintly golden-tanned skin as no other color did. She was a lovely thing to-day, all tawny and ruddy brown and as healthy and sweet as a dark marigold in its thick, hot-scented leaves.

Janne was glad that he didn't bring up the dreaded subject of her affairs during the short drive to the Yacht Club. Everyone was going sailing this strong-aired afternoon, and there was a great bustle going on among the little yachts clustered in front of the green lawn. Milligan had got the loan of a friend's yacht, the Dancing Sally, and she was living up to her name, frisking about on the blue wavelets like a young lamb longing to try its legs. Milligan handed Janne in and nodded to the blue-jerseyed crew of one man and a boy.

"All right, we're ready. Sit up here, will you, and don't be scared if she heels over a bit. The wind's fresh to-day."

A curve of white sail pressed against the rush of the breeze, the Dancing Sally shook herself, dipped one gunwale almost to the level of the water, and was off like an arrow, her slim ropes and canvas straining exultantly. Janne, perched high up at a steep and slippery angle, dug her toes into the bottom, and felt as excited as the little yacht. Coming round into the wind with a neat and dainty turn, the Dancing Sally settled down to a steady, swift cutting through turquoise water, golden bubbled where she left a straight ribbon of wake. Milligan shifted his well-bitten pipe and smiled at Janne.

"Enjoying it?"

"Every moment of it. It's rather like flying—the sea for the sky and us for birds."

"I wanted to talk to you about my family," he said abruptly. "You must want to know something about them if you're going to take charge of them."

He saw a look of unease pass over her face then and she looked away from him.

"I know," she said slowly. "I have to talk about that, too. You see," she hesitated and sat thoughtfully rubbing the damp patch on her cheek, "you see, I've had a long talk with Mrs. Fiore, and I can't—I feel I can't leave them suddenly like this for no real reason."

"Why?"

She felt at once his suspicion, his disapproval.

"I'm awfully sorry if I'm letting you down," she said. "But last night when we talked about it—well, I hadn't spoken to Mrs. Fiore, and things are rather different now."

"Why?"

She gave him a half-angry look, but she controlled herself. After all, she must seem stupid and unreasonable.

"It's rather difficult to explain to an outside person—second-hand," she said slowly. "Mrs. Fiore and I had a long talk, and I realised that she's a terribly pathetic and lonely person—so are the children—poor little devils. And they've sort of taken me into their confidence and made me something more than a nursery governess, and when people do that, one just can't hand in one's notice as though one were a servant."

"I see," Milligan said, shifting the tiller a little and a smile lightened the gravity of his face. "You're a terribly loyal person, aren't you?"

Janne nodded her blue-bereted head. She was thinking suddenly of another occasion when she had put loyalty in front of everything else. Why was it her fate that the men she liked, the nice men, should put her always to the test like this?

"I hope to be," she said. "I think loyalty counts for such a lot."

She checked her slightly unsteady voice suddenly, and John looked away from her to the nearing beach of Juhu. The Dancing Sally came neatly out of the wind, her sail flapping disconsolately, the waves running past her.

"I suppose you're right," he said slowly. "Only I, as an outsider, but a friend, can't help seeing all round the question. I'm

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thinking—that there's still Fred Fiore as a problem. Has Mrs. Fiore, as your friend, thought of that?"

They were gliding in towards the beach, busy already with the afternoon fleet of "bunder boat" and picnickers. Janne stood up, curling her damp hair round her fingers.

"I'm not afraid of him really," she said. "He's just repulsive. But she and the children are terrified of him. I don't quite understand how things are—but you understand, don't you, how I feel about it?"

John Milligan nodded and let the boatman take the tiller. He smiled ruefully as he helped Janne out on to the firm sand.

"I SUPPOSE I must understand," he said. "But I'm not happy about it—and my original suggestion still stands, if you ever need to make use of it. That clear?"

She nodded, and they walked along the immense beach together, frightening the slow-moving, suspicious crabs into a hasty sideways scuttle.

Janne enjoyed the sail home more than she had the sail out. The breeze had fallen a little and the evening air was crusted with orange-gold and violet. Dusk had fallen as they came quietly into harbor by the Yacht Club. The white sail of the yacht hung quiet like a tired wing, and the water was flowered on its pigeon-breast grey surface with stars. They came up on to the lawn and found a little table on the edge of the crowd.

John Milligan greeted one or two people and they joined a little circle. Janne didn't know them and heard only a vague murmur of names. She found herself sitting next a very thin, smart woman with a severe black shingle and a faint drawl. She was on her way up to Pindi to join a soldier husband, and she was full of her joy at being back in India.

"England is a sort of institute for soured spinsters," she said, siping vermouth. "As for the men—well, I went to a so-called fashionable ball and saw nothing but overgrown schoolboys and young shop-walkers." She gave an expressive sniff. "It will be a heavenly joy to get back to the regiment and see some creatures you can honestly call 'men'! Now, who was the man you came in with? I approve of him, quite a soldier type."

"He's a 'box-wallah,' too," Janne said, amused at these pearls of social wisdom. "Mr. Milligan from Calcutta."

"Well, I still approve." The talkative lady fitted a cigarette into a long amber holder. "I admire your taste, my child, it's distinctly good. He looks just the right kind of man for a girl to cultivate." And ignoring Janne's swift blushes, she went serenely on. "But all the same, I wish you could meet some of my husband's lads! Such dears they are, and all so sweet to me, though I'm an old hag of a colonel's wife. But they really mean it, bless them, and some of the older ones are the best type. Binkie Forbes, for instance, and Allson Peters——"

Janne jumped in her chair and split the straws in her lemon-squash.

"Allson—Peters?"

"Yes, dear old 'Platonic Peters,' we call him." The shrewd eyes suddenly looked interested. "Surely, you don't know him?"

Janne began sucking ineffectively at her squash again.

"I do know him," she murmured. "I've met him in London, he was a great friend of a cousin of mine——"

The colonel's wife gave her an acid little smile and re-lit her cigarette.

"I hope, my child, that you widened his outlook on women. He's the most primitively old-fashioned and ignorant creature I've ever met. But no one in India has ever been able to disturb his monkish and irritatingly blissful celibacy. I must tell him I met you——"

Janne stood up quickly. John was at her side, her coat over his arm.

"I wonder if you're ready to go yet? I'm dining out. I'm afraid——"

"Of course—I'm quite ready. Good-bye."

She gave the parchmenty little woman a level look and pushed her way out of the circle of chairs. John, under the light of one of the swinging globes on the lawn, caught the strained expression on her face; what had that slick, yellow little woman been saying to her to wipe the happiness suddenly off her face? He recognised the type the moment he set eyes on it, garrulous, naive, but with a taint of malice under her innocence. Janne was coming up against some stiff people in this Indian experience of hers.

He pulled up at the Fiores' gate without turning in, and she slid out, hatless, her hair untidy.

"Thank you ever so much. I loved it all—and—I'm sorry about changing my mind. I hope I haven't let you down badly."

"I shall have to find someone else to cope with my family," he said. "But remember, the thing isn't final yet. Any time you find it too much for you—just let me know."

The car moved on, and Janne came slowly up the path under the palms that trembled into their own harsh little song to the accompaniment of the wind. She went up the verandah steps to the brightly-lit drawing-room, and there gave a little startled jump as a plump white figure, generously "cummerbunded," blocked the doorway.

"Ah!—Miss Mortimer. I did hope I would catch you before you slid upstairs. You come and go like a mouse, eh!" She flattened herself against the wire door, keeping her face studiously blank. The little beast! he smelled of whisky—"Several times you have slipped away just as I thought I could catch you." He stretched his arm across the doorway, leaning towards her. "You will come and dine with us downstairs to-night, eh? I think it is nonsense that you should stay upstairs as though you were a servant. Come and be one of the family, eh?"

Janne, holding herself stiffly distant from him, shook her head. "It's very kind of you to ask me, Mr. Fiore, but I'd rather not; I don't mind in the least not coming down."

A little of the oily amiability faded from his face at her decisive tone.

"You are not very friendly, Miss Mortimer," he said thickly. "I thought from what Norma said that you were—I don't like you to dine upstairs alone—we dine at half-past eight."

For a moment there was a taut silence while they looked at each other. His little varnished eyes flickered away suddenly from her steady stare.

"I am sorry," she said deliberately, "but I don't think I can come down to-night; I have a bad headache and feel rather tired. Good-night."

She passed through the doorway without looking at him again, and felt his eyes fastened savagely on her back as she went up the stairs.

She had just slipped out of her frock into a loose wrapper and was tidying up the nursery, when she heard the click of high heels on the verandah and a gentle knock.

"Come in."

Mrs. Fiore stood in the doorway, a white shawl almost swamping her. Janne noticed idly that her thin fingers were weighted with heavy rings, diamonds, and rubies, whose glitter made her pale flesh look more shrivelled than ever.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," she said. "But my husband wanted me to come up and ask you if you would care to come down and dine with us to-night. He doesn't think it's right that you should stay up here all alone."

She spoke flatly, as though she were repeating a lesson. Janne tied the sash of her dressing-gown a little tighter.

"It's very kind of him," she answered in the same formal voice. "I saw him downstairs and he asked me, and I told him I had a bad headache and was thinking of going to bed."

She watched those glistening, claw-like hands with a kind of fascination, and saw them folded together with a sudden air of determination.

"I told him I thought you weren't feeling very well to-night," Mrs. Fiore said quietly. "Of course, you mustn't bother to come down to dinner, you can have it quietly up here."

She turned to the door, her shawl sliding off her shoulders. Janne hesitated a moment and then stopped her impulsively.

"Mrs. Fiore, would it make it any—pleasanter for you if I came down? Do—tell me honestly—I mean—I'm not frightened." She felt suddenly strong and fierce, quite capable not only of dealing with that vile little man on her own account, but of standing between him and his pitiful wife. She undid her sash quickly. "I will come. It won't take me a minute to change——"

But Mrs. Fiore blocked the door.

"Please don't, Janne," she said in a low voice. "I've never had any intention of using you in that way. I'm as little afraid as you are to-night. Your dinner will be up in a minute."

JANNE didn't see John Milligan until three days later when they sat in the club, waiting for their tennis four to turn up. They didn't speak at all of the Fiores, but he noticed that Janne had a very contented and sure look, as though she had seized life by the scruff of the neck and shaken it into orderliness. Well, these young things had strong wills and tremendous funds of personality nowadays, they didn't need so much protection and advice as the older people liked to imagine.

"Did you know that woman I was talking to at the Yacht Club the other evening?" Janne asked suddenly, and Milligan nodded.

"Mrs. Sexton, yes, I know her very slightly—and don't want to know her any better. India's biggest and most brainless gossip." He added quickly: "Was she annoying you?"

Janne gave a little jump.

"Oh!—not exactly. She knew someone I knew, and was going to make the most of it to both of us." She stopped short and gave her chin a little defiant jerk upwards. "Not that it—matters— Have your family sailed yet?"

"Yesterday afternoon," John lit his pipe slowly. "I must introduce you to Lynn and Jock when they arrive. I think you'd like each other all round."

"You must be thrilled at having them out again."

"By Jove! I am." His face lit up. "You know, this business of becoming a perfect stranger to one's own children is the most

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darnable thing about India. As it is, I shall have them for about three more years."

"How old are they now?"

"Lynn is just six and Jock is three." His eyes wrinkled at the corners. "I haven't seen him since he was a squalling, beet-root-faced little devil, two years ago!"

"Haven't you, really? Why, haven't they been out to you?"

The laughter faded out of his face abruptly.

"No. Claire, my wife, was rather ill when he was born, and it didn't seem advisable for her to come out to India for a bit. She's quite all right now, and Jock's a sturdy little beggar." He stared out across the hot courts and seemed for a moment to forget Janne. "These eternal family separations play the very devil with family life— There are the others at last."

. . . . . .

And up in the Pindi Club Mrs. Sexton was —or so she fondly imagined—holding court in the middle of a circle of dutifully devoted member of her husband's regiment. If she could have heard some of the comments uttered during the day by these same devoted "boys" concerning her she might have been a trifle less coquettish. As Alison Peters changed lazily into tennis flannels, he called through to Toby James:

"Hectic Hetty gets back to-day. Have you grasped that? Parade at six-thirty for boyish delight and motherly greetings!"

"Oh, Lor'!" Toby groaned. "That's torn it! I wish the old hag would make up her mind to run off with someone. I bet Bimbo does, too."

And now here they all were in the club doing their painful duty nobly, while Mrs. Sexton preened herself in the centre of the circle, very sure of the affection of the members of her husband's long-suffering regiment. She contrived now to make herself the mainspring of the conversation of the whole circle, and yet to carry on a lower-voiced monologue to Alison, whom she had manoeuvred into the chair next to hers. She admitted frankly that "Bimbo's" handsome adjutant "intrigued" her.

"By the way, Peter dear, I had quite a thrill down in Bombay. I met a girl—out of your mysterious past, a girl who went pink all over her pretty face at the sound of your name." She tilted a waggish cigarette at him. "Peter, it really did give me quite a feeling of triumph to get the tiniest peep into these terribly secret leaves of yours. Do you remember her? A Miss Mortimer?" Her sharp eyes stared jealously into Alison's face. "Peter, you're a wicked fraud, you know, pretending you're so calmly, coldly unaware of our poor females' existence, when all the time—there's a charming girl nursery governessing in Bombay, and going bright pink when she hears your name."

Alison hid his face swiftly in his glass in order to conceal his expression.

"Of course I know Janne Mortimer," he said steadily. "I knew her relations, the Rawdons. On my last leave, we spent a lot of time together. What's she doing in Bombay? I didn't know she was coming out here."

"She's a governess," Mrs. Sexton said with a smack of satisfaction. "Not a very hard-worked one as far as I could see. She seemed to have every afternoon free for gallivanting to Juhu and the Yacht Club." She gave Alison another shrewd look. "What's she doing as a governess, anyway, if she's a relation of the Rawdons? I thought they were colossally rich."

"They are pretty well off. But Janne's only Mrs. Rawdon's niece. I suppose she didn't like the idea of sponging on them, and I don't blame her."

"But why has she to sponge on anyone or to work?"

Alison studied the bottom of his glass and said reluctantly:

"Her father came a bit of a smash in the City and—and shot himself. Dirty thing to do—of course, every penny went."

"Is she Bruce Mortimer's daughter?" And as Alison nodded, she drew a triumphant breath. "Oh! I hadn't grasped that. Well, no wonder she's more of a society girl than a nursery governess. And no wonder she's keeping her eyes open for good opportunities. I don't blame her, any girl would want to get safely married in her position, and she seems to have chosen a decent sort of man, quite elderly, but obviously comfortably off and a 'sahib'!"

Alison put his glass down with a tinkle.

"You mean—do you mean that she's engaged to someone?"

"Not officially, I believe," Mrs. Sexton said calmly. "But she had him very much in tow.

Alison got up abruptly.

"There's the Major. Will you excuse me, Mrs. Sexton? We've got to discuss regimental sports——"

He walked unceremoniously away, and after one hard look, Mrs. Sexton turned glitteringly to the unfortunate junior—Toby, rooted in his chair for the rest of the evening as far as he could see.

JOHN MILLIGAN wrote a letter to meet Claire at Aden. Not that she would expect it, but he had a sudden desperate sense of the necessity for getting into touch with her again. After all, she would be arriving in Bombay very soon now, and they would have to get back into the lost habits of married and family life again. He wondered if Claire could be as nervous and embarrassed about it as he was. But nothing ever disturbed Claire's serene and stately procession through life. She would take everything for granted without word or sign, without even treating him as anything more than a trustworthy friend. All the trouble and uneasiness was going to be left to him, and it grew very much stronger as he tried to write.

"I don't know what arrangements you have in mind for a nurse for the children," he wrote. "I had hopes of getting an especially charming girl, who is here in rather an uncongenial job, to chuck it and come to us, but there seems some hitch now and she doesn't like to leave her present people. But if at the last moment she changes her mind, I shall definitely engage her because I think she would be ideal with Lynn and Jock, a lady, very young and simple and sweet with children, and with plenty of good, firm personality. From what you write of Jock, I imagine that he needs a strong will to match his!——"

Perhaps, he thought as he finished off the letter, he and Claire would draw together again, and get over the first nervous strangeness of things, through the children.

When Janne saw him down at the club that evening, she noticed the brightness of his face, and said:

"You look excited already!"

"I've suddenly realised that they're coming," he said. "You know, just for a few days I had the most panic-stricken moments of fear that I had, in these three years on my own, turned into a hard-set, fussy, bachelorish old Calcutta 'quai nai' without knowing it. After all, one can't realise one's own developments as time goes on. One doesn't know oneself when one has reached the crusty, peevish stage!"

Janne laughed and swung her racket.

"You needn't get in a panic about that! Why, you're years younger in every way ——" she hesitated with her color rising, and then went quickly on—"than crowds of men I know who are really younger in years than you, but ages older in —mind."

Her cheeks were bright at the end of her sentence, but John Milligan didn't laugh, and he had a feeling that she hadn't meant him to.

John drove home a whole party of young people that evening, and as she was the first to be dropped, they had no chance of talking about anything personal again.

"Thanks ever so much. Good-bye—good-night."

The low fawn car shot into the dark and she went wearily up to the house, feeling, for no reason at all, tired and listless.

An unexpected clamor of noise greeted her irritated ears when she returned to the house, and she realised in some surprise that the children had turned on the expensive gramophone in the drawing-room and were playing a particularly noisy Wagner record. She came in sharply and met their two scared, pallid little faces, with no look of particular enjoyment at their occupation.

"Mummy said we could stay down and play until half-past eight, Miss Janne," Barbara said breathlessly, and then dryly: "Father has come home. Mummy wants you to go upstairs now."

Janne glanced at her watch and wondered how Mr. Fiore had got home so early, they hadn't expected him until nearly eleven.

"All right. Come up in twenty minutes."

As she went out of the drawing-room, another military band blared out a brassy overture. Her head ached, but as Mrs. Fiore had given permission, she couldn't very well stop it. She went slowly upstairs, and as she reached the top, heard through the racket of the gramophone a hoarse, confused voice.

"Where is she, anyway? . . . My servant, isn't she? . . . Gads about and does nothing . . . stop it if I like. . . ."

Her lips tightened. So he had come back—in that state.

" . . . Tell you I'll put her in her place call her up here."

She flattened herself suddenly against the wall, her heart thudding. Mrs. Fiore's voice spoke behind the muslin curtain over the door.

"She's not here to-night, Fred. Mrs. Lee's nurse has fever and the baby, too, so I sent her over for the night to help. Now go to bed, I believe you've got fever."

She parted the curtains and looked out at Janne, standing motionless against the wall. She made a little gesture with her head, and then called out down the stairs:

"Barbara, put on that nice song called 'The Barber of Seville'! It's one of my favorites."

A moment later a robust voice burst into "Largo Factotum!" and Mrs. Fiore gave Janne a little nod.

"Now."

She slid past the open door to her own room, tiptoeing on the matting. From the bedroom there came stifled grunts and heavy breathing. Mrs. Fiore vanished again into

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the shadowy gloom. Ten minutes later she came to Janne's room, wan-faced, but perfectly unmoved at her husband's unfortunate home-coming.

"He's fallen asleep and that means he won't move for over twelve hours. I am so sorry, Janne, that I had to do that stupid gramophone business."

"It was very clever," Janne said, trying to sound and seem as indifferent to it all as Mrs. Fiore was. "A brain-wave."

She turned to her dressing-table and began brushing her crisp hair in silence. Mrs. Fiore watched her for a moment and then said slowly, with infinite sadness:

"I THINK to-morrow you had better leave us, Janne. I am afraid."

The brush dropped out of Janne's hand.

"I can't do that. I mean I can't leave you to manage him alone. There are the children. Why is he like this?"

"I don't know. He has never come home drunk at this time of day before." Norma Fiore pushed the hair off her forehead. "He is upset at something, and I am afraid."

"And that's just why I can't and won't leave," Janne said firmly. "I'm not afraid of him, and he knows it."

"If you will stay," Mrs. Fiore said simply, "it will make everything quite different for us. . . . Dinner will be ready in ten minutes. I must get ready."

As Janne had expected, the morning brought the usual calm and smooth flow of household routine. She and the children went for their early morning drive and walk, and came back to breakfast on the upper balcony and ate it undisturbed. Mr. Fiore had left the house early for his office, Norma Fiore told her, as the children ran off to begin their small lessons.

"Did he seem all right?"

"Very morose and wouldn't speak a word, but—all right. Probably he doesn't remember a word of what happened last night."

"I didn't think he would," Janne said cheerfully. "Truly, I don't think you need worry."

"No," Mrs. Fiore roused herself with a little jerk and tried to smile to cover up the fear in her dark-fringed eyes. "I always let my nerves run away with me. This morning I am going shopping, and this afternoon I am taking Barbara and Nevill to a special cinema matinee, so that will leave you quite free. Have you anything fixed up?"

"Mr. Milligan asked me to go to a dance at the Yacht Club with his party," Janne said slowly. "I said I'd let him know."

"Then ring him up at once," Mrs. Fiore spoke in a voice of eager relief. "We shall be out quite late, so you must stay as long as you like."

She hurried off, and Janne sat frowning over a tattered spelling book. What uncanny terror was at the back of that strange, secret mind of hers? Why had she been so pleased that Janne was going out with John Milligan? Should she go? But if Mrs. Fiore and the children were going out, she had better not be alone in the house in the evening in case of a repetition of last night's sordid scene. Not that she was in the slightest bit afraid of Mr. Fred Fiore, drunk or sober.

She wasn't much in a mood for dancing that evening, with all these little nagging unpleasantnesses worrying her brain but she always found the Yacht Club strangely soothing and frankly romantic.

At the end of her second dance with Milligan, they strolled out on to the lawn. The short evening was closing in, and if one imagined very hard, one could almost feel a tiny chill in the air, and achieve a faint shiver.

"It's terribly romantic," Janne murmured, watching a moon the color of a ripe cherry swell up into a lupin-blue sky that turned a clear jade at its bright approach. "If I lived here the rest of my life I should never get blase about it, or forget to look at it."

Bare-armed, in her sleek primrose silk, she stood very close to him, the ruddy copper of her hair turned to a mysterious color, almost violet, under the queer light. Milligan offered her a cigarette——

"Fiore is back!" he said abruptly. "Have you seen him?"

"No." Janne lit her cigarette at the match he held and wondered swiftly whether she should tell him or not. He wouldn't understand, and would only see one point of view, the disgusted, contemptuous one. But he was her friend and she owed him some confidence.

"He came back last night," she said. "He didn't see me—fortunately. He was absolutely drunk."

John Milligan gave a little movement of restlessness.

"Good Lord! the beast—and alone in the house with two women? How did his wife manage him?"

"Marvellously. That icy-cold, expressionless vacancy of hers seems to control him. He never knew I was in the house, but went off to sleep and was perfectly all right in the morning."

"But now it's evening again!" Milligan flung his cigarette away and turned to her. "Look here, Janne—you don't mind me calling you that, do you?—I want you to promise me—not to go back to the Fiores' to-night. Let me take you to the Atkinses. Mrs. Atkins says she will put you up as long as you care to stay——"

"But—how can I possibly do that?" Janne's eyes were angry. "Oh! We argued all this out before, and I know you'll never understand. But there it is. I'm Mrs. Fiore's only friend in the world, the only person she and those children have to help them. That's not conceit, it's a plain, sad fact."

One of the club waiters came up to him. "Milligan Sahib wanted on telephone."

With a murmur of excuse he went out through the trim, shining hall to the telephone-box. He expected to hear some business man, but it was a woman who spoke in a small, tired voice.

"Mr. Milligan? This is Mrs. Fiore speaking."

For a moment he was astonished and then very alert and intent as the tiny echo of a voice began again. Gradually his eyes grew softer, kinder, his voice gentler.

"Yes, I know all that," he said. "I'm terribly sorry—for you and the children. Yes, I had realised that, but of course Janne doesn't—— She thinks it would be unspeakably mean of her to be persuaded, and I have no power to convince her. But if it were to come from you, she couldn't argue—and if you could contrive it naturally—otherwise she might expect trouble." And then in a tone of gentle respect that no man had ever used to little Mrs. Fiore before, he said:

"I can't tell you how fine it is of you just now to think of her. So many people wouldn't have troubled. I'm no relation and I have no rights, but as her friend I do thank you with all my heart—— Is there anything I can do for you personally?"

The little voice came, very tired:

"Thank you, but there's nothing. If I know you are looking after Janne, We are quite all right. Good-bye."

Her thin voice faded away, and Milligan hung the receiver up and went back to his party with a serious, but softened, face. Janne had been right, for all her ignorance, in one intuition of hers, that that bleached, forlorn little ghost of a woman, Norma Fiore, was worth while. She was, tremendously so.

Twenty minutes later a "chit" was brought in and handed to Janne.

"Fiore mem-sahib's chauffeur brought it." Janne read it hastily.

"Dear Janne,

"I wonder if you could possibly find someone who could put you up for to-night? You see, I have just heard that old Nanny Briggs is much worse and I want to stay the night with her, and Mrs. Saunders has kindly asked Nevill and Barbara to spend the night with them as to-morrow is Tim's birthday. They are going a long picnic and starting early. And I don't like you to be alone in the house. If you can't fix it, will you ring up and I won't go to Nanny.

"Yours sincerely,

"NORMA FIORE."

Janne finished reading the note with a frown; of course, she knew old Nanny Briggs, a fat, asthmatic, poverty-stricken old Eurasian woman who had been Mrs. Fiore's nurse for both babies, and had now fallen on hard times.

She turned to Mrs. Atkins, a jolly, flaxen-haired little Irishwoman and wife of Milligan's Bombay partner in business.

"Mrs. Atkins, Mr. Milligan said you told him once you could put me up for a night if I left the Fiores—could you possibly have me to-night? I'd be awfully grateful——"

Rosa Atkins glanced at Milligan's expressionless face and then said quickly:

"Why, of course, my dear! To-night, or any night. John can run you down to get your things and then bring you on to us. He's dining with us, too."

Janne slid the letter back into the envelope and went off in silence with Milligan.

THE Atkinses always rode early in the morning and Janne, waking sleepily at seven o'clock, heard the clatter of horses' hoofs below and the yapping of an excited terrier. Then she rolled over and went to sleep again, and didn't wake until there was a sharp tap on the door and Rosa Atkins came in, in riding kit, her flaxen hair stuck hotly to her forehead. She put Janne's cup of tea and slice of buttered toast down on the little table and shut the door.

"Sorry to wake you, my dear," she said. "But I've just heard some rather awful news from John, and I thought I had better tell you myself." She stood twisting the ivory-headed crop in her hands. "It's about the Fiores. They're both—dead." She sat down quickly on the edge of the bed. "Fiore went home roaring drunk about one o'clock. The servants heard shouting and then—shots. He killed Mrs. Fiore and then shot himself." She put a strong arm round Janne's shoulders. "Thank goodness you weren't there—"

She felt Janne give a long, tense shiver.

"What about—the children?"

"They're all right, poor little mites. The Saunders had them. Mrs. Fiore arranged that——"

"Just as she arranged," Janne said with dry lips, "that I should come here." She beat her hands together. "Why on earth, if she felt, if she knew, it was she there last night?"

Mrs. Atkins poured out a cup of tea for her.

"Drink this, you need it. I suppose, poor

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little devil, she thought she was safe enough and that he wouldn't be any worse than he had been before."

JANNE went down on a steamy December morning with John Milligan to Victoria Docks to meet his family. He had laughed off her nervous suggestion that she shouldn't consider herself engaged as his children's governess until his wife had seen her and approved.

He now stared up at the crowded decks:

"We ought to see them in a minute. Lynn and Jock are sure to be hanging over the rails." And in a faintly ironic voice: "As a matter of fact, I doubt if we shall recognise each other straight away."

Janne said nothing, and, looking at her sharply, he realised she was as nervous as he was. He turned his eyes back to the ship. No sight of Claire, but then she wasn't a person to get excited over a ship's arrival in port, or over any meeting with a husband. Probably she had kept the children away in some quiet corner of the deck so that they should keep tidy. A small voice rang out suddenly on the tall ship:

"Hi! Daddy! See us?"

He looked, saw two small heads bobbing in agitation over the rail—neither of them could look over comfortably—and waved back.

"Hullo, Lynn and Jock! There they are, Janne!"

In the excitement of the moment neither of them noticed that he had called her "Janne!" She in her way was as thrilled as he was, catching the infection of his eagerness.

"The little blighters! Come on, let's get on board."

As they moved slowly towards the gangway, Janne looked up again and saw the two children still peering through the rails but there was no sign of anyone whom John recognised as his wife. Mrs John Milligan evidently didn't share her children's excitement at meeting their father. Janne followed him up the gangway very quietly.

"Hullo, Lynn! And Jock—well, you are a pair of elephants!"

The two children clung to John's arms, Lynn very voluble, Jock solemn-eyed and rather bashful.

"Jock's sky," Lynn proclaimed in a clear voice. "He's not used to having a Daddy, like me, but I told him you were nice, and he mustn't be silly 'cos you're a relation."

John laughed and rumpled up her straight, sleek, corn fair hair that fitted her small head like a helmet.

"Jock will soon get used to me. And I've a surprise for you two—a real proper nursery governess—no more ayahs or 'chokras' for you now. This is Miss Mortimer—Miss Janne Mortimer—who's going to have a shot at teaching you two."

The little procession moved down to the saloon, and there, sitting serenely on a revolving chair, smoking a cigarette, they found Claire Milligan, a cool, handsome picture in apple-green and white, with curves of Lynn's golden hair under her linen hat.

"Hullo, John! The children found you all right? I stayed here to keep clean."

She lifted her face a little, and John kissed a smooth, cool cheek that smelled of flowers and felt like slightly warmed alabaster. He thought, with a sudden sinking of the heart:

"I wish Claire wasn't so sincere! There are some pretences even the most frank wives should keep up, and she makes it so difficult by being so appallingly honest."

Standing quietly at the side with the children, Janne kept her eyes discreetly away from the two people and their strained meeting. She had a swift impression of blue and gold, of height and presence, of beauty that was curiously still and unalive.

She felt John turn round abruptly in the silence and look at her.

"And, Claire, I've got a very pleasant surprise for you, here on the spot! No need to puzzle our heads over the education of these two infants. Miss Mortimer has offered to—to have a go at them."

Janne felt the calm, turquoise-blue eyes turn upon her with a look of serene summing-up—all her feeling of comfortable security went suddenly, and she felt exactly as John had felt, like a small snubbed child.

"Oh! I didn't know, John, that we were going to have a governess! How do you do, Miss Mortimer——"

Janne's hand felt disgustingly moist and not in that cool grip. She saw a faint flush creep up into John's face.

"I thought—it had to be settled quickly Claire, and Miss Mortimer was on the spot, and—well, I thought she was rather a treasure——"

Their eyes met for a moment with a surreptitious flash of humor—but humor withered like a plant with a weak root in that chilly atmosphere. There was another uncomfortable silence, and then Janne said quickly:

"Of course, I quite understood that it was for you to settle finally. But if I can be of any use to you for a little while——"

She smiled down at Lynn and felt a faint, cautious pressure from Jock's sticky paw.

"Perhaps," Claire Milligan said, "we can discuss it a little later. John, I'd rather like to get on with things."

There was a faint note of plaintiveness in her smooth voice, and John picked up her sunshade almost roughly.

"Of course—come along."

In the hotel bedroom he stood by the open window smoking a cigarette uneasily and watching her unpack.

ALISON, coming out of the Pindi Club, ran full into Mrs. Sexton, and cursed his luck. The woman had a girl with her too, whom she would want taken off her hands, and entertained so that she might get on undisturbed with the business of fascinating the regiment's new and very innocent major. There was a dance in progress, too, and the club was warming up to New Year festivities. Every able-bodied and eligible man would be paraded for duty. Alison resigned himself patiently.

"Oh, Peter! what luck to meet you! I was just going to send out an S.O.S. to some nice young man—and I'm glad for your sake I found you first! This is Nancy Bryon; Nancy, this is my husband's dear, stodgy, solemn, but absurdly romantic-looking adjutant, Alison Peters! Take her in, Peter, I'm waiting for Bimbo."

"Waiting for the unfortunate Yately, you mean." Alison thought as he escorted the girl across the lawn towards the strains of the band. He wasn't curious enough to wonder who she was; Pindi in the winter was crowded with attractive damsels, all agog to captivate some sun-bitten, eagle-eyed "Frontier warrior." This particular girl was as attractive as any of them; one of the incredibly slim, almost bodiless type with conventional cherry-tinted lips, sleekly glossy black hair set in varnished waves, and a small, tip-tilted nose.

"Funny old devil, Auntie, isn't she? You romantic-looking heroes must have to be very stodgy and solemn to edge off her gushings!"

He looked down into a pair of vivid red-brown eyes, rather like a squirrel's, and laughed.

"Are you a niece? I didn't dare say anything, for fear of its being the wrong thing!"

"Oh! I'm a loving niece, but I know all Auntie's little faults and foibles, and I don't mind saying so!"

She laughed again, healthily, naturally, and said, as he put his arm round her in the ballroom:

"Glamor and all the rest of it apart, it's rather nice to see some lean soldier men again. I've been wallowing in the flesh-pots of Calcutta the past two months, and talking of flesh—well, the rich 'box-wallahs' rather indulged in it!"

After two dances they sat out on the lawn, munching crisp potatoes swimming in tomato sauce.

"Calcutta," she said, "is the place for a poor working girl, a poor, lonely, struggling orphan, fallen on hard times and working with her bare hands for a living. Now, my soul-stirrer, my silvery-haired Irish financier, had a heart of gold, oh! just oozing kindness to poor orphans. His children have a governess—lady, you know, obliged to work for a living, about as useful as I should be. And my—financier—well, it's going to work up into a regular 'Family Weekly' last instalment. Rich financier, poor governess, motherless children——"

"Isn't there a Mrs. Financier?"

"Oh! She's dead or divorced or something! The little wide-eyed governess pulls the strings. If there is a Mrs. Financier, she won't be for long. The lonely little orphan stunt has just worked to perfection."

Alison sat very quiet for a moment.

"What was this—governess' name? Do you remember?"

"Oh! I heard it. He introduced me to her, rather in a tone of voice that made me feel I ought to curtsy. Sort of 'compare these two women' voice. What was her name? Something silly and helpless. Jane—no, Janne, Janne Mortimer. 'Miss Janne' my Irish devil called her in a heathery sort of voice. Her father——"

Alison opened his cigarette-case with a click.

"Have a cigarette. So sorry. Chokra, more 'aloos. Yes, I heard about Mortimer." He steadied his jerking voice. "I heard—I heard Miss Mortimer had found a job as nursery governess. I thought it rather plucky of her."

"Plucky!" Nancy Bryon sniffed eloquently. "Oh! you men! A girl has to do a job of work to keep herself from starving, and you all sit around goggle-eyed with admiration over her pluck! And she's lonely, but keeps a stiff upper lip! But if she does that, how do you all know how miserable she is!" She dipped a potato thoughtfully into a pool of tomato sauce. "Don't you worry yourself about poor lonely little Janne Mortimer! She's doing very comfortably for herself, I can tell you! Let's dance."

JANNE, in a state of pleasant, half-dozing wakefulness, heard a faint sound downstairs, the light tread of heels, the opening of a door, a soft click. A thread of light appeared under her door, in the next bedroom, and raising her arm

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GREEN AFTERNOON

she looked at her watch. Half-past three—and Claire Milligan had just come home.

And then she heard other steps on the verandah and a low voice.

"Are you home, Claire?"

A tiny pause, and then:

"Yes, I've just come in."

It was like Claire to add that tiny, cold stab of indifference. Janne could hear her brushing her hair with steady strokes. Walls in India are so thin, and every door and window stands wide open and people are apt to forget it. She didn't dare to move, to get up and shut her door, through which the low voices came to her ears.

"But—I've been rather worried about you. It's half-past three."

The steady brushing halted for a second and then went steadily on.

"I hadn't realised it was so late. I'm pretty tired. Good-night."

In the next room Claire stood with her hand on the light switch and looked at her husband. Her hair falling down to the level of her shoulders should have made her look younger and softer, but it didn't. Her face was hard as marble as she waited for him to go.

"But where did you get to?"

She took her hand off the switch sharply.

"I was at the Corbetts'—you know that."

"I know you dined there. But—it's half-past three, and Jim Corbett is a busy man who gets up early. No one would stay at the Corbetts' later than half-past twelve."

He watched her face and saw its beautiful features grow tighter, firmer. She pushed one side of her golden hair behind her ear.

"I'm tired, John," she said quietly. "And the children sleep next door. Need we wake them?"

He came farther into the room, closing the door softly behind him. He suddenly felt that silly heart thudding again, but he kept his eyes fixed on her.

"I'd just like to know—where you were Claire. That's all."

There was irony and bitterness in those two last words, and Janne stiffened under the sheet and willed him not to go on, willed him to leave Claire alone. Couldn't he see that, as they were now, that was the only way they could be moderately happy together, by leaving each other alone?

"I went on for a bit to have some supper with Phil." Janne could hear the faint swish of a scent-spray being pressed.

"Phil Kelly?"

"The only Philip we know."

Again silence except for the tiny hiss of the spray. Janne knew Phil Kelly, big, blond, half-Swedish, rather like Claire Milligan, big and blonde herself. She clenched her hands tighter.

"Oh! John, for heaven's sake, leave her alone! She's like a big, yellow animal looking at you warningly. She'll hurt you."

In the bedroom John Milligan straightened his shoulders and came back from the door. His eyes looked suddenly tired and sad.

"I'm afraid, Claire," he said, "that I'm rather a dull person nowadays. I—I've lost touch a bit with you—we men get into confounded ruts out here, the way we live, if we haven't anyone to shake us up a bit." He hesitated, looking down at his long, fine hands. "I've been lonely these last three years, Claire—I—we're both of us getting so self-controlled and reserved with each other, my dear. It's making everything wrong. And the truth is that though I seem a calm, self-sufficient sort of devil, I have been very lonely, and I'm glad to have you back again."

A slow, soft voice answered at last.

"My dear John, I'm terribly sleepy really, and it doesn't seem to be quite an intelligent hour for an intense heart-to-heart talk about family matters. I didn't mean to wake you up and you must be tired as I am. Good-night."

It took Janne quite a long time to decide whether she liked Calcutta as much as Bombay, and in the end she decided that she didn't. There was a brilliance, a gaiety, a glamor about Bombay that she could never catch in Calcutta.

Apart from that, her life was very different to the Bombay experience in the Fiore household. She had less freedom, more responsibility, and a far bigger interest in life. Lynn and Jock filled up her time strenuously. She found them children with tremendous personality.

For the first few weeks, Janne had been horribly nervous about the children, and about their quick acceptance of her as part of the family. She had been afraid of Claire. Claire resented her altogether, Janne knew that very well, and instinct told her that a resentful woman might easily develop jealousy of her children's governess and make a grievance out of their affection for her. She walked very warily that first week, using no authority with the children, but sending them for everything to their mother, until Lynn got frankly tired of it and said calmly:

"What's the use of going and asking Mummy? She just says: 'Do what Miss Mortimer says.'"

Which was quite true. And gradually she dropped out, not only from supervising, but from her children's lives altogether.

John Milligan was the most simple and easily understood person in the world. Anyone with the smallest amount of sympathy could catch the humanness of him, the boyishness. And he had deliberately chosen to marry a woman who was as complex and secretive as the Sphinx. It was two days after that late home-coming of Claire's, and perhaps he was still keyed up to an emotional pitch about everything. He was up on the verandah with Lynn, when he suddenly said:

"Has Mummy been up here?"

Lynn shook her golden head, entirely uninterested.

"No, Daddy."

"Well, she's downstairs now," John said quickly. "She's going out early to-night, so you and Jock had better trot down and say good-night."

There was a tiny pause and Lynn said, doubtfully:

"Isn't she busy writing letters or reading or something?"

She and Jock seemed to exchange understanding looks, and John gave her an impatient little push towards the stairs.

"Don't be silly, Lynn. Run along down."

They went unwillingly, hand in hand, Jock's too-large dressing-gown trailing on the ground round him.

In a moment they were clambering up the stairs, Lynn lugging the ever-passive Jock by the hand. Their solemnity was intense. Lynn stood in front of her father, eyeing him coldly.

"She was awfully busy," she remarked in a voice of infinite detached dignity, "but we said good-night."

She gave Jock another haul, and he stumbled after her, his round face unsmiling. Janne saw John's hands tighten on the balustrade with a sudden fierceness and after some vaguely muttered remark which she didn't catch, he left her and went downstairs. Was there any moment of the day that Claire didn't spoil for him by her stony indifference to everything that he loved and wanted to share with her?

He found her sitting in classical grace and stillness in the cool drawing-room.

"Hullo!" he said stiffly. "I thought you were going out to dine early."

"In about a quarter of an hour. Phil's coming for me."

"Don't you ever like to see the kids going to bed?" he asked gently. "It's rather fun."

"My dear, I had enough of that on the voyage out. Besides—I'm afraid of getting into Miss Mortimer's way. I know governesses resent having mothers poking themselves in unnecessarily."

John felt the red color mount into his face, but he checked his movement of anger and laughed uneasily.

"That's absurd! Besides, Janne Mortimer isn't a professional governess, full of resentments and grievances."

"I know that." Claire's voice was sleepy, but her eyes held a queer, half-ironic expression, and John turned sharply away to help himself to a drink.

"Going to be out late to-night?"

"Oh, I suppose so!" She sounded utterly indifferent. "The Sinclairs are having bridge and dancing."

"Claire," he said softly, "why have you got this sudden craze for rushing about and doing things till all hours of the night? You usen't to be like this."

She sat still, her head bent, her eyes, watching the faint upward trail of smoke from her cigarette.

"Is it a craze to like to be amused?"

"But are you amused, Claire? What do you get out of it really, my dear? You seem to have let everything, me, the children, home life, slip away from you."

She got up abruptly.

"John — everything, people, feelings, change. Nobody can stand still, even emotionally. I've changed in two years. So have you. There are things and people in your life now that weren't there two years ago. We must allow for it."

She leant against the door, framed in pale light, her head resting wearily back. And suddenly a bitter and intense unhappiness broke through the mask-like face. Just for a moment she was tragically human and lonely. Not, John realised with a queer flash of revelation, as he was unhappy and lonely at having missed the best things, but unhappy as one whose whole life is filled with something which they are trying frantically to shut out, to forget. While he ached for something to remember, she was wearing her soul and body out in trying to—forget. He was shocked into silence for the moment by the bigness of his discovery. It threw everything out of perspective and proportion. And she stepped out on to the verandah, throwing away her cigarette.

"Here's Phil. Good-night, John, don't keep awake for me. Yes, you are late, Phil——"

On Janne's "afternoon off" two days later, John ran her out in the cool of the evening to watch polo. She hadn't felt like tennis and he, too, seemed uninclined for exercise.

They swung into the long line of cars parked outside the Tollygunge Club, and Janne got out slowly.

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They walked across the lawn dotted with tables, and found Claire sitting alone on the edge of the crowd, sipping a cocktail. She wore pale grey with a soft felt hat shading her face, and John noticed blue circles under her eyes.

"She's dog tired," he thought with an impulse of tenderness. "Spiritually as well as physically. But what can I do for her?"

Aloud he said casually:

"Hullo, Claire! Are you alone?"

"Phil's somewhere around." She finished her drink quickly and stood up. "John, can you run me round a bit and then home? I'm sick of this place. I want to go."

"But—aren't you with Phil? Where is he?"

"Oh! heaven knows!" she cried suddenly. "I'm not waiting for him anyway. I want some fresh air and quiet. If you can get a lift home, I'll take the car myself."

"Of course I'll come along, too, John said quickly. "Janne, you'll be all right?"

"Oh! of course I will. I'll join up with the McDonalds, they're here somewhere."

She stood back to let Claire get out from behind the little table and she and John went threading through the crowd, John acknowledging salutations cheerily. Claire completely ignoring them in that calm way of hers as though her mind and her body had suddenly got separated.

"Hullo, Janne! On your own? Come and join us."

Isabel McDonald slipped her hand through Janne's arm and drew her towards their big circle of chairs.

"I was just coming to take refuge with you."

"Where's John got to? I thought I saw him."

"Yes, he brought me out, but Mrs. Milligan wanted to go home, so they've gone."

Mrs. McDonald's shrewd eyes looked towards the distant road along which a grey car was moving.

"Wanted to go home, did she? I've never seen anyone so restless as Claire Milligan is these days. No matter where she is or what she's doing, she seems to detest every moment of it. I wonder—Come and sit down; move up, Nancy. Janne, this is Nancy Bryon, Miss Mortimer. Nancy, shift up, child."

Janne squeezed into a chair and found herself talking to a small, lively person who reminded her rather of Dixie, with her small bright eyes and close cropped, shiny hair. She seemed a friendly little person, eager enough to talk to any newcomer.

"How's Calcutta impressing you? I detest the place, and I wept buckets at being hauled away from Pindi just after the New Year, back to my stern parents. By the way, I've met you before. Mr. Milligan introduced us. Isn't he a fascinating object?" She gave Janne a sidelong look and picked up her glass. Janne noticed then that she wore a very expensive diamond and emerald engagement ring.

"He—he's awfully nice," she said with a touch of aloofness, and Nancy laughed.

"More interesting than just nice! He quite got me on an unprotected spot when I first met him. I bet Calcutta keeps an eye on him! Who was the handsome woman he strolled out with?"

A spark of mischief danced in Janne's brown eyes.

"That was Claire Milligan."

"Sister?"

"No, his wife."

Nancy's eyes opened wide.

"His wife! Gracious! Where has she sprung from? There wasn't a wife last time I was here."

"She'd gone up into Assam for a week to stay with a married cousin," Janne said demurely, and then flushed, feeling the girl's too inquisitive eyes bore into her.

"I see!" she said. "I knew there were children, but thought they were poor little motherless darlings put in your charge by a helpless father—" She flicked open a cigarette case airily. "By the way, there's someone in Pindi who seems to know quite a lot about you."

Janne's heart gave an uncomfortable lurch. Pindi— someone who knew her—— "He gave me quite a little moral lecture on your pluck, grit, and determination. Bless him! Alison's a funny old soul, full of chivalrous admiration for the sort of thing that's sheer necessity these hard times."

"Alison— You mean Alison Peters?"

"Yes." Nancy stretched out her neat feet and admired them dreamily. "He's my fiance, you know."

The glass in Janne's hand tilted a little, but she drank steadily before she answered.

"Is he really? Congratulations. I saw quite a lot of him at home, he was a great friend of my cousins, the Rawdons." She wiped her mouth and helped herself to an olive from a little saucer. "I knew he was in Pindi. Do give him my salaams when you see him again. It must have been rotten being hauled back to Calcutta, if he's up there. Isabel, come over and look at the ponies."

Somehow she stopped her feverish chatter and got out of the circle with Isabel.

As John Milligan swung the car out on to the main road, he was feeling awkward and shy of the woman by his side, and yet pityingly tender. He saw in this action of hers her first movement towards him, her first hint of breaking down the barriers of her icy reserve. She had never yet asked him to drive her like this away from crowds and friends.

"Like a run round?" he said, and she nodded silently.

He turned off the main road into a quiet lane that ran between fields and palm groves, only a well wheel creaked rhythmically and up in the trees two doves cooed to each other with a note as of running water. He drove very slowly, waiting for her to speak. He didn't care to rush her, or to plunge headlong into emotionalism; let her draw nearer to him at her own pace.

"I wanted to talk to you, John." She linked her arm round her slim knees. "I've got something to tell you."

They were crawling through a herd of milky-eyed blue-nosed buffaloes, who stared offensively.

"I guessed that. Tell me."

Her silence didn't trouble him; words of sentiment, of emotion, wouldn't come easily to her. She would find it very hard to unbend from her statuesque indifference.

"I've been thinking everything over and over very hard lately; I had to. And I found—I can't stand it. I want to go home and have a divorce."

With a grind, the car stopped dead.

"Go home! Divorce! Claire——"

"Oh, you must have guessed!" she cried, "that something was wrong with me, with us both. I made up my mind to come out to you and have a try. And I have tried—desperately hard, but it's no good. I must go."

John restarted the car again, his eyes fixed on the road.

"What is it? Another man?"

"It was." She pulled her hat off and rolled it up on her lap. "But not now. I shouldn't marry again. I ought never to have married in the beginning. Some women are born wives and mothers; I'm not. I'm not a woman at all in that way; I can't keep it up—I want personal liberty, to possess myself. I hate the idea of sharing myself with any man." She raised her heavy eyes and looked at him. "You made a very stupid mistake over me, John. You should have waited for a woman like Janne Mortimer."

She looked away again thoughtfully.

"You talk of divorce," he said heavily. "But if you're not in love with anyone else——"

"I trust you to arrange all that," she said calmly. "They don't ask a man questions."

She had relied on her knowledge of him. Of course he would let her go, and make her going easy for her.

"What about the children?" he asked savagely.

"They'll stay with you."

"You'll give them up entirely?"

"They won't miss me much," she said slowly. "I've noticed how easily they can do without me. I'm glad of it; it makes it so much easier for all of us. We shan't have tragic scenes of children weeping for their mother and a mother pining for her children."

John changed gears viciously.

"I believe, Claire," he said, "that you've no heart."

"Not a womanly heart," she said. "I told you woman things didn't appeal to me much."

They came out of the lane into the main road again. The late evening sunlight was ruby red and the skyline solid bronze.

A warm, moist breeze blew in from the sluggish river and a scarlet climbing shrub, flowering gaudily almost across the road from a palm tree, dropped its fat petals as it swayed and rustled.

"Claire—are you perfectly sure?"

"Perfectly sure—for both of us."

"When—do you want to go?"

"There's a good boat next Friday, five days from now. They're holding a berth on her for me."

"So soon——?"

"Why not?" She pulled on her loose gloves slowly. "Time doesn't make any difference; sooner, later—it's all the same. The sooner the better, I suppose."

"I suppose so."

They sped across the wide maidan, crowded with rugger and hockey players, the roads choked with trim victorias in which bulbous Bengalis sat stolidly inhaling the warm air that smelled of dust, tar, shipping, and more faintly, of stagnant water.

"It's not Phil Kelly?" he said with sudden violence, and she shook her head.

"It's no other person; it's just me."

They turned in at the garden gate, and as they pulled up Claire said:

"We can say mother's ill. As a matter of fact, she is. I shall go straight there. After that, it won't be so noticeable if I don't come back."

"Oh! we needn't worry about that. I don't mind."

She climbed out slowly, her eyes lowered, her shoulders bent. She looked more tired than ever, but she said sharply:

"I shan't be in to dinner to-night. Phil has fixed up some sort of theatrical show at Firpo's—Good-night."

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She ran up the stairs lightly, for all her handsome height and build and John heard her door shut. He lit a pipe and strolled through the house to the garden compound behind, a square of lawn and exotic bushes and shrubs round a hard tennis court. There was a little stone terrace with tubs of verbena and geraniums dotted along it, and in a long chair there he was astonished to find Janne, lying sleepily full length with a book on the ground beside her.

"Good lord!" he said. "How on earth did you get back here? We left you at Tollygunge."

"I know," she caught up the fallen book hastily. "Mrs. McDonald was coming back so she gave me a lift."

"But—you'd hardly got out there. Are you feeling seedy?"

He looked at her closely and saw lines at the corners of her mouth and a tired furrow between her brown eyes. She moved restlessly, feeling his scrutiny.

"No. I'm perfectly all right. But sometimes—well, doesn't one get sick of crowds and strange people, and conversation that means nothing?"

The bitterness of her tone startled him from his own apathy. What was the matter with her?

"One does," he said, and then roughly: "But you're too young to know that feeling."

"It's got nothing to do with age." She opened her book at random and sat staring blindly at a page. "Life treats us all just the same, doesn't it, whether we're young or elderly or old. Young people aren't immune from moods and unhappiness—" She stopped suddenly, a faint color glowing in her face. "The children are rather late getting back, aren't they?"

"It's early yet." John leaned up against a pillar, pulling out his pipe. "Janne," he said, "would you stay on in Calcutta to look after the children if Claire—if my wife had to go home?"

Janne lifted an astonished face.

"Home? to England?"

"Yes. She—may have to. Her mother is ill. She feels—" his voice died away and he felt that he was explaining too much. "The children needn't go—if you'd take charge of them altogether."

Janne thought. "Well, I do that now." Aloud she said slowly—"I'm awfully sorry about Mrs. Milligan's mother. Of course I'd stay if you really want to keep the children here."

"Until the end of March. Then I shall send you all up to Kashmir."

"Janne," he said. "You might as well know the truth—if you haven't guessed it already. Claire is going home because she's reached a breaking point; she can't stand things here, me, the life, India. She's going and she won't come back."

"You mean—she's leaving you?"

"She wants a divorce," he said heavily. "She came out here, she says, to try and stick it, but she finds she can't. I don't blame her."

"She doesn't mind leaving the children?"

"She has never let people or things get any hold on her heart. She's so free in her affections that she can go as easily as air. I suppose it's wise of her. She has never been anything but sweepingly honest and sincere with me." He looked at Janne's bent head and tired eyes. "And what's gone wrong with you to-day, Janne? I'm a bore thinking only of my own affairs. I can see that you aren't happy—and that hurts me. What is it?"

Her voice cracked a little as she answered.

"Oh!—nothing that should affect me, nothing that can possibly make any real difference to my life. And yet it made me feel suddenly as though—as though there was nobody in the world who cared for me. I feel—just lonely."

"Lonely," he said. "I know that feeling. A sense of emptiness, of not being able to go on any more—alone. That's all right for me, but not for you. Besides, it's wrong, there is someone who cares enormously—for you."

The dead quiet of the night seemed to stifle their voices, check their movements.

"From the first day," he said, "that I saw you on board ship, with the two Fiore children clinging to you. I've loved you. Never mind about Claire. She understands that she never came back into my life, not even when she arrived out here. When some things are dead and cold, there's no reviving them. That's why the whole thing was such a failure, because behind everything, all the outside conventions—I love you." "Janne, we're both of us lonely. Could we—could we bear to join forces when I'm free and let me take care of you? I know how you feel; you're tired, desperate about everything."

He saw tears shine on her dark lashes. He felt she must have realised a little of this, as any woman would.

"The whole thing will be very simple," he said. "It's January now. I must go to Bombay for a time. When I come back you take the children to Kashmir. When I'm free I'll come to you—if you'll have me."

A bat came flittering like a demented shadow of a leaf into the verandah alcove.

"John, I'm so proud. If you think I could make any difference to your life, make it any happier—I'm terribly proud."

In the moment, John let pass unnoticed the fact that pride seemed to be her only emotion; that she didn't speak at all of love.

CLAIRE MILLIGAN caught the Friday homeward-bound boat in that stately way of hers that utterly ignored gossip or public curiosity. Her mother was ill and she had made up her mind to go home at once. She was leaving the children behind with John, under Janne Mortimer's charge; she was so splendid with them. Mrs. McDonald raised her fine, dark eyebrows at her husband when he told her.

"I thought something was happening in John's married life! So Claire can't keep up the pretence any longer. Well, her honesty is the only thing I can frankly admire about her."

Janne suddenly found herself a victim of public interest and gossip. She was aware, in Tollygunge, in the club, of heads drawing together as she passed, of hard, inquisitive eyes, of whispers and veiled questions. Claire couldn't go, even in that stately and matter-of-fact way of hers, without the scandalmongers making her a tit-bit for bridge tables and bars. Janne went to Isabel McDonald, with a strained face.

"Am I never going to have any peace? I'm being driven away from here now. I hadn't realised people would talk about—us."

Isabel McDonald avoided looking at her directly. It was a week since Claire had gone, a difficult week for Janne alone now in John's house. With a chivalrous man's simplicity he hadn't given the idea of gossip a thought. And Janne was so young and he was so simple-minded.

"That was bound to happen. John wouldn't think of it, being a man who despises that sort of thing unutterably. But—it amuses other people." She hesitated and then said softly: "You wouldn't let yourself be driven out, would you? Not now——"

"Not now," she said. "I expect you've guessed. Anyway, John is going to tell you. Claire is going home for a divorce, and John has asked me to—to marry him afterwards."

ISABEL stuck her needle into a cushion and looked up with warm eyes.

"I'm so glad, Janne, for both of you. I've known a long time that John was unhappy in his married life, in Claire. And you, you love him, don't you?"

Janne rested her head against the stone pillar.

"I was hoping you wouldn't ask me just that question," she said in a low voice. "I don't like to ask it myself."

"Because you can't answer it?"

"Because I can. John—I think he's a wonderful person, one of the finest, the sweetest men I've ever met. I'm proud of him. But I'm not in love with him."

Isabel lit a cigarette thoughtfully.

She went off with the children and Isabel went back to her sewing, her eyes thoughtful. Hadn't Janne protested just a little too much, been too anxious to argue and reason away every little unspoken criticism? She was so young to be caught up in an affair like this, even with John's love and care to protect her.

To John, Isabel McDonald that evening said the same thing.

"People are beginning to gossip, John. And you can't ignore them, for Janne's sake."

They were strolling through his garden whose tropical flowers were beginning to droop a little with the first threat of heat. John frowned and slashed at dead cannas with his tennis racket.

"I know! I'm not so blind or stubborn, though, as you think, Isabel. I've seen how it would be. I'm going off to Bombay on Tuesday for a month, and at the end of February a pal of mine and his wife are arriving out. I'm putting them up for a month. And in March, Janne and the children go up to Kashmir." He smiled bitterly. "I've put up the best smoke screen I can to protect her. I've tried to cover everything up as though I were ashamed of it. These conventions turn an honest, clean thing into something furtive and secret."

"I know," Isabel's eyes were soft. "But the general public, the gossipers, see no difference between an honest thing and a furtive one. You'll be happier for Janne's sake if you keep her out of gossip."

Janne heard of his decision to go to Bombay for a month, with silent, unprotesting understanding. No good saying it didn't matter, that she didn't care what people said, she did; she shrank from every covert look and whisper as though it burned her. Besides—she had wanted to be protected and thought for, for this was John's way of doing it.

He caught the mail train for Bombay one steamy, hotly colorless morning, and Janne, sitting out on the verandah giving Lynn and Jock their lessons, felt a sudden lightening of the heart, of queer, half-guilty freedom. She would like life to be normal and ordinary for a little while, to stop being a figure of melodramatic interest, to have time to collect her wits and emotions a little.

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Claire Milligan came walking down Bond Street one early April morning, and as she stood looking into a shop window, felt a touch on her arm. Turning round she looked into the face of a tall, gaunt man with sullen dark eyes, untidy hair, and eyebrows, and a hungry mouth. She looked at him calmly, regally.

"Hullo, Godfrey!"

He ignored her conventional greeting. His eyes grew black and angry.

"So you're back in England?"

"I have been for two months."

She began to walk slowly along the narrow pavement, Godfrey Hoare by her side, checking his long, loose stride to her shorter one.

"I don't understand. You went out to India in November to join your husband—"

Claire stepped off into the street to avoid a painter's ladder.

"I've left him," she said quietly, and added as Godfrey Hoare flashed her a triumphant, eager look: "But not for you."

"I don't understand," he said roughly. "You've come home, you've left him. What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I've asked John to let me have a divorce."

"But that means—you're free."

"Free." Her blue eyes looked up to a patch of turquoise sky breaking through a driven foam of white cloud. "Yes, I shall be free. And I shall stay—free."

The man made a gesture of impatience, striking at a piece of paper in the gutter with his stick.

"And freedom means what you've aways needed, love, understanding."

She looked at him with faintly contemptuous eyes.

"Godfrey, I'm not going to be as insincere, as untruthful as that, just to justify myself. I'm not going to play the neglected wife. When I married John I loved him—more than I've loved you. But—it didn't last. I've learned that, for me, marriage is a hopeless thing. I can't keep it up. My marriage has shown me that plainly enough."

"But—you're leaving your husband altogether. You could have simply stayed at home."

"I'm clearing out," Claire said calmly, "because I feel I've taken up enough room and time in his life. Yes, I could have stayed at home on any excuse and he would have allowed it, he wouldn't have said a word. But—well, he's not a very young man and there aren't so many years left him for youth and romance. It seemed fairest this way."

"Do you mean—he's found someone else?"

Claire opened her bag and studied her face in a little mirror.

"Perhaps. He's a funny, quaint person. He treats women with a sort of reverential awe and tenderness that—that rather got on my nerves. But some women would find it completely satisfying."

The sun blazed down Bond Street out of a suddenly cloudless sky, and Godfrey Hoare stood still in front of an expensive men's shop and stared at his untidy reflection in the plate glass.

"I'm going to New York on Friday," he said abruptly. "Will you come with me? After all, you love me in some degree, don't you?"

Claire shook her head quietly.

"Love isn't a natural thing to me, Godfrey. I've had my experience with John. It would be the same thing over again, boredom, restraint, a gradual chilly withdrawal from each other. I've no aptitude for marriage." She smoothed down a disturbed wisp of golden hair carefully. "I'm going to Cannes in two days with my mother."

He swung round to face her, his eyes savage.

"You're a selfish woman, Claire. You've made hell of my life, and of your husband's, too, I suppose. Now you walk out calmly and leave us each to make the best of things, to collect the fragments."

She smiled at his violence.

"I'm the kind of woman," she said, "whose business it is, at a certain cue, to walk out of a man's life. I don't resent it; I've created my character. I've had my cue from John, and, I think, from you. Good-bye, and good luck."

In those three days before Friday, Claire knew what it was to suffer indecision and, more strange still in her controlled life, an intense, fiery longing. Godfrey Hoare wanted her—and he was so different from John. He would never grow stodgy and placid, his very uncertainness of temper would keep a woman perpetually alert and expectant. Once each day her hand was on the telephone to call him up at the theatre, but each time she checked herself.

In hanging up the receiver those three times Claire made her own sacrifice in her own strange way, and on the Thursday she left for the Riviera with her old mother, and Godfrey Hoare left England for New York without any message coming through from her.

APRIL, ashamed of its early tearfulness, blazed and glowed with sunshine. In the gardens the scent of hot lilac and verbena and roses was almost overpowering.

All the houseboats were still asleep with drawn curtains, and in the eastern sky a primrose light brimmed and spilled over the iron-grey mountain crags. Lynn and Jock were settled under rugs witht biscuits, since their early-morning breakfast seemed to have already evaporated, and Janne had time for her letters. She tore open the envelope addressed in John's square handwriting. The letter was short and evidently written in haste.

"My Dear,—I've just had a wire, with terrible news about Claire. She has been smashed up in a car crash at Cannes. They have only wired me the barest details—'Severely injured in motor accident,' that's all. I've wired for more news. I may catch the Razmak on Friday—I wish I knew more. If I have to go, I will send you a wire. You will understand.—JOHN."

The cold sweep of air against her cheeks saved her from a feeling of faintness. As it was, she felt sick and weak. Claire Milligan smashed up into a blue and gold and white wreck, perhaps unrecognisable. No details either. And John rushing home to her as though—but of course she was still his wife, and whatever had happened between them before was wiped out by this disaster. And yet—and yet always she, Janne, was the outsider, pushed into a corner with no rights, no claims. John belonged to Claire, she was his responsibility, the person he must consider first.

The children were in bed and asleep that evening, and she was sitting out on the little triangle of deck, pretending to read, but staring at the unblinking eye of a red star hung over Nanga Purbat, miles away. A telegram was brought to her, and she opened it with a jerk, her cheeks growing white.

"Catching Razmak to-morrow—News from Claire had very seriously hurt am writing details John."

She crushed the flimsy slip of pink paper impotently. There it was, threatening her again, the brutal fact that she was unimportant, unnecessary, even to John, when Claire claimed his attention. Of course he must go, go as quickly as steamer and train would take him, for she was his wife, and she, Janne, was only a secret. . . .

She got John's letter the morning following that vacant day on which she knew he had sailed. By the time she got it, he had left India and was out on the high seas, hurrying to Claire. He had written it hastily; some of it was difficult to read. Even in writing to her he had been haunted and driven with a sense of hurry, of urgency.

". . . I've had another wire from Claire's mother. Claire, she says, has very dangerous head injuries and they have operated. For the moment they think this has been successful. But, of course, I must go, Janne. I can just catch the Razmak and will be in Cannes in fifteen days. I shall be back in India in six weeks; I can't stay away longer than that; so in July I shall still come up for a little, I hope. It all depends on how things go. I will wire you how she is, or if I receive any news by wireless on the way home. If it weren't for you being with the children, heaven knows what I'd do. And, Janne, don't think—I have forgotten other things, only now that this has happened everything is changed, thrown into confusion. Poor Claire! I can't yet picture her hurt, unconscious, helpless and dependent on other people. . . ."

Yes, he began to write a personal message to her; but his thoughts and his pen went back to Claire.

OF waiting — Janne had never known the intolerable strain, the agonising feeling of futility and dragging time that this sort of waiting meant. April flowered into May, hot, crystal-skied, blazoned with the vivid colors of every flower that had made Eden lovely. The mountain ranges grew less sharp and fierce in the brilliant air, retreating into a soft heat haze.

John wrote from Aden and from Port Said. He had received wireless messages about Claire, "Condition unchanged," "Condition slightly improved." Now, in the middle of May, he would be in Cannes, Claire's husband taking charge of the situation. If Claire had lived so long. He wired to her a few days after his arrival:

"Claire's condition grave still unconscious but doctors hold out definite hopes strength wonderful."

After that wire there was silence for a long, a disturbingly long, time. It was June now and the river was getting low and muddy at the brink and the grass looked dry and brown on the banks. Soon they would be moving up to Pahlgam with the McDonalds, to camp there for a couple of months. And suddenly a wire came from John:

"Claire out of danger sailing fourteenth June for Calcutta will come straight to Kashmir John."

Janne raised a puzzled face to Isabel's.

"I wish he'd written something. But I suppose there was nothing to write if Claire is all right, out of danger."

Isabel, arranging handfuls of carnations in shallow, pottery bowls, nodded her head.

"He's had no time to write, Janne. And now he's coming back; he'll be up here in less than three weeks. Everything's—all right."

John's arrival was of necessity a public and noisy one, with Lynn and Jock clinging

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round his waist and Sandy slapping him on the back and Isabel pressing his hand, and Janne very quiet, with a faint flush in her cheeks. There was tea spread on a table out on the green plateau, and they all had it together and everyone was very gay. There were a lot of things that couldn't be mentioned because of the children. They had only been told vaguely that Daddy had gone home to see Grannie, who wasn't very well. Claire hadn't been mentioned to them at all.

Tea was over at last. Long rays of marigold yellow sunshine slanted out under a broad band of violet cloud and striking the highest peaks, stained its craggy face with tawny light. Isabel collected the children firmly.

"Let's go to Jowirilal and buy some luxuries for dinner. Come along."

They melted away into the pine woods, and John turned to Janne and held out his hands. He smiled, but his eyes were still tired.

"Well, Janne, my dear! I'd almost forgotten what you looked like." He turned her slowly round, looking at the little coil of hair on her brown neck, at the tiny freckles across the bridge of her short nose, at the shadows of her dark, curled lashes. He slipped his arms through hers abruptly.

"Let's go for a walk, Janne."

They struck upwards across a rough stretch of field where tall blue lupins and red-and-orange toadstools made blots of coloring.

"Let's sit here for a moment."

He took out a cigarette and lit it, and his eyes rested wearily on the rising mists in the valley.

"How lovely it is here!" he said softly, and then, as she didn't speak: "I should have written to you, Janne, but somehow I couldn't. I couldn't put it all on paper; it seemed so brutal."

Janne twined her supple brown hands closely together.

"You've news to tell me? Something has happened?"

"Yes, I have news." He flung the unsmoked cigarette roughly away. "News we've both got to face, Janne. It's about Claire."

"But Claire is out of danger, better."

"Yes, out of danger—better." His mouth grew bitter. "Claire will live on for years—a cripple, vacant-minded—a mental wreck."

The air was sharp with cold now and clouded with dusk. A fiery little star shone on the very tip of the peak behind which the sun had set. Janne pressed her hand to her mouth.

"A—wreck——"

"Yes, physically, mentally." He took her cold hand and pressed it in both his, gently. "To see her lying there—it made me feel terrible. Those French drivers! She's got some brain injury that means—that's hopeless. They operated, but though it saved her life, it couldn't save—anything else."

Janne still sat like a statue, frozen, appalled. Claire, that lovely, stately golden Diana broken and twisted, made hideous and dreadful? Surely the spirit of her, the proud, disdainful spirit must have gone already from her body? It wasn't Claire Milligan lying there like a log, but the shell of her. She let her hands drop from his limply.

"John, I can't even imagine it. Claire——"

"Claire," his voice was suddenly strong and urgent. "My wife—my wife—Janne." He looked at her. "That's what we've got to realise, you and I."

"She's your wife," Janne whispered. "I know that—but, John——"

He shook his head quietly.

"Don't you see, that's out of the question now? Claire's crippled, maimed, helpless. It's my job in life, my responsibility, to protect her. She holds me more strongly, more completely than she ever did before." She could hardly see his face now. "And yet—I love you."

"Oh, John!" Their hands touched again. "It's all so cruel."

"It's all so—senseless. It's all so wasteful. She's wasted; my—my last years of youth and power to live are wasted——" He looked down at her hand in his and steadied his voice. "I've been thinking about all this, Janne, for weeks. I couldn't write and tell you until I had thought. And one result was this—I resented, I rebelled against the idea of all this waste, this loneliness. It seems so brutal, so insanely unreasonable. And it needn't be—if we have courage."

"First," he said, "don't think, Janne, that my deepest, fundamental feelings are changed. Love—loving you can't change—— It was just pity for her that hurt. But—I won't let pity kill all my other real emotions; it's not fair to love. I mean—because of this I won't give you up."

"John, I don't understand. You're so tied——"

"I know. I'm tied—outwardly, conventionally, on the surface. But underneath—I'm free." He touched her unresisting hands again urgently.

He raised himself on his knee, looking at her. "I'm going away again to-morrow, my dear, to give you time to think things over."

"To-morrow? Where to?"

"Back to Calcutta. I must. Besides, it's fairer that you should decide—without my being here." He smiled wistfully. "I—I leave Lynn and Jock to plead for me, Janne. You're fond of them, aren't you?"

"I love them."

He made no answer to that for a moment, but knelt there, listening to the splash of rushing water, the restless movement of wild things and wind in the undergrowth.

"They love you, too," he said. "Now I'm going back."

He got up suddenly and left her still sitting there in the cloudy moonlight like a statue.

JOHN went off next morning, in spite of the children's lamentations. They rode a little of the way down the mountain road with him, in Sandy McDonald's charge, but Janne made an excuse not to go with them. It was a breathlessly hot day, and the lupins were fiercely blue and the pine woods hushed and voiceless in the sleep of windless heat. She said good-bye to John at the head of the little path that wound down off their plateau to join the main road by the river.

After John's going, the life of the little camp flowed on as steadily and as smoothly as the lower reaches of the Jhelum. July became August, inclined to thunder, hot on one day and wild with rain the next. The children were brown as berries, Lynn's golden hair brighter than ever against her tanned skin, Jock's nose covered with tiny tawny freckles. They did lessons in the morning at a table under the cool pines. In the afternoon they played and picknicked—and still, ten days after his visit, Janne hadn't written to John. A peculiar inertia held her inactive, unwilling to think. It was the old lethargy she had felt in the valley. But she must answer his question soon as to whether she would join him; it was brutal to keep silent like this. He would be stewing and steaming down in Calcutta with nothing to make heat and the discomforts of life and depression bearable but his secret thoughts and hopes.

"Heavens!" she thought, "how old I feel! Like—like a mother of them all somehow. Instead of being the one to be protected and thought for, I've got to settle this tremendous thing; I'm responsible for the way it's going to end. It's Lynn and Jock as well——"

Yes, she was the one to decide, to say the final word to John, sweating and waiting down in Calcutta, and as every hour of another three days went by she felt more and more how impossible it was that her answer should be "No." That night she wrote her answer to John, very simply. ". . . I'd still be proud, and try very hard to be worthy of what you've given me."

Suddenly she remembered words she had spoken to Alison Peters months—it seemed more like years—ago. "I don't want my marriage to be founded on pity." Heavens! how raw and ignorant and cocksure she had been in those days! Now she wouldn't dare to be so positive about anything.

John's answer to her letter was quiet, but she read in it his vibrating excitement, his sense of a beginning, of a new life opening to him;

"By November I can wash my hands of India. I want you and the children to go home when you leave Kashmir in October. Then I'll come, and we'll go anywhere in the world where it's green and quiet and not full of people. We shall be most gloriously free——

She folded the letter up and put it away in her little cash-box. And yet she couldn't realise what she had bound herself to; she couldn't look clearly into the future and see what it all meant. She strolled down through the pine woods and laurel thickets towards the little post-office, to meet Sandy and the children. They were all grouped outside the little shop door, talking to two young men, bare kneed in shorts. As Janne came up the path, Sandy waved to her.

"Here are two warriors out after the bear that everyone has seen, but nobody managed to hit. This is Major Yateley, and this—I'm afraid I didn't catch your name."

"It's quite all right," Janne said quietly. "We don't need to be introduced, do we, Alison?"

She was very calm and self-possessed; she smiled and talked, but inside her somewhere a small, terrified voice was crying out: "Why, why, on the top of everything else——?"

They all walked back to the McDonald's camp, Sandy and Yateley, who were old friends, in front, Janne and Alison Peters behind. If she were extremely unembarrassed, he was frankly uneasy. It was she who had to keep the conversation going with a flow of questions about sport and Kashmir and camp, while he halted over his answers. Yet it was rather like a dream to her to be making labored conversation with Alison, Alison whose eyes looked bluer than ever in a browner face. Yes, he was up on leave from Pindi with Yateley, of his regiment, and they hoped to get a bear. They were going to make Pahlgam their headquarters. How did she come to be in Kashmir? He had thought—heard—that she was in Calcutta and that generally meant Darjeeling or Shillong.

"I'm with the McDonalds," she said. "They hate Darjeeling. And Mr. Milligan wanted the children to come to Kashmir."

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"Oh— the children," of course. Milligan's children. He had forgotten that Janne was still a nursery governess, earning her own living.

They were back at the camp, increasing the lunch-table in the hospitable way of the East. Of course, they must both stay to lunch. Alison saw the Milligan children being looked after by Janne. Nice little souls, both of them, with their solemn eyes and their evident adoration of Janne. A very big weighing-down of the scales on her side, to have won the affection of the man's children. He checked himself fiercely, feeling his face turn red. Janne looked so much the same, and yet older, sweeter, more of a woman.

But her eyes were just as steady, and she spoke in just the same direct way. She didn't look capable of the strategisms and schemes hinted at by Mrs. Sexton and Nancy. Nancy—his mouth hardened. He knew now, after that miserable and stormy week in Murree, that Nancy had a tongue as devilish, as viciously spiteful, as her aunt's. That breezy, frank bonhomie of hers could turn acid as lemon juice. She could be as peevish and didactic as any old woman if her wish were crossed. Truth was, he and Nancy had rushed at each other in such a modern hurry that after their engagement they had had to start on the business of getting to know each other. And that had been an illuminating process, tempestuous and violent, ending up in that final scene up on the dank Murree hillside. The truth was that both of them had come to the time for second thoughts, painful, but frank. Nancy was tired of soldiers whose wives lived in tumble-down, second-rate bungalows in the cold weather, and second-rate boarding-houses in the hot weather. She was going back in the autumn to Calcutta, where "box-wallahs" were rich and charming—witness the attractive John Milligan—of a type that would spoil a woman with lavish generosity.

"Army life does seem to me to be so sordidly poverty-stricken and dull," Nancy said fretfully. "Why can't you give it up and try and get into a good job in Calcutta? Daddy could help you——"

In a week Alison had arranged to go on for the rest of his two months' leave into Kashmir with Yateley, and Nancy returned him his extravagant engagement-ring which she had chosen herself from Saqui and Laurence's catalogue.

"The whole thing was a silly mistake," she wrote. "It wasn't very fair to me to rush at me and bind me with an engagement straight away. I knew simply nothing about Army life and conditions, nor about you."

As he pushed through the green, tangled bushes he wondered suddenly whether Janne had ever known about him and Nancy. He couldn't imagine the two girls being friends and exchanging confidences, but Nancy probably had made as much of her engagement in Calcutta as she could, even though it was to a mere "sordidly poverty-stricken and dull soldier."

They went at last, but not before they had been asked up to dine. Yateley accepted eagerly: a bachelor camp and commissariat wasn't exactly luxurious, and he and Peters were getting tired of goat stew and caramel custards.

THEY dined by the light of another red fire. Dew fell thickly at dusk in these hills, and one needed an added warmth in the sharp, fine air to be really comfortable.

Janna, wearing a dead leaf-brown jumper, sat just in the circle of the firelight. Isabel looked at her once or twice during dinner with a flash of anxiety, of puzzlement. How lovely Janne looked in firelight, with that smooth, russet hair and faintly golden-creamy skin and those widely-spaced, serious eyes! She looked absurdly young to-night; but then she was young. Alison was speaking.

"The pilgrim camp down by the river is quite a sight. Wouldn't you care to stroll down and see it, Mrs. McDonald?"

"I hate Indians en masse!" Isabel had started her usual knitting. "And Dr Fletcher is strolling over for some bridge; but you go along, Janne, as you don't play, and Captain Peters can cut in later."

"Would you like to, Janne?"

Isabel caught the eagerness in the man's voice, and dropped a stitch. Drat these men—Janne moved out of the firelight quickly.

"I'd love to. I'll get a coat." Alison sat silent, smoking a cigarette until she came out again, wrapped in a fleecy coat with a high collar.

"You don't mind missing bridge?"

"Of course not. I want a walk."

They moved off into the darkness, their cigarette-ends making tiny red beacons of shifting light, and Isabel fell to knitting furiously, almost savagely. And Alison and Janne, away from the firelight and the others, alone together in an expectant, violet dark silence, were silent and awkward, smoking hard, and stumbling a little on the rough path. Suddenly Janne said:

"I've never congratulated you, Alison, on your engagement. I met your fiance in Calcutta, you know, Nancy Bryon. Did she tell you?"

Alison kicked a stone sharply out of his way and flung his cigarette aside.

"Yes, she told me. As a matter of fact, I—she's not engaged to me any longer."

Janne stared at him, although she could see no more of his face than a pale blur.

"Not engaged?" She checked the surprise, the hint of emotion in her voice. "I'm so sorry, Alison. I didn't know—I wouldn't have said anything——"

"Oh, you're not prodding a bleeding heart, Janne!" he said with unfamiliar roughness and crudeness. "Nancy and I spent a week in Murree, trying to get to know each other better, and—well, we seemed to prefer each other as casual acquaintances."

Janne bent her eyes to the hidden, sloping path, and said in a level voice:

"You seem very philosophical about it."

"I feel it. No use pretending we were an adoring couple. We amused each other—for a time."

"Alison," she said, "you seem different. You've never talked like that in your life. Why do you do it now? What's happened to you?"

"Oh, just—education!" he said bitterly. "I've been brought up to date on a lot of subjects in which I was extremely rusty and antiquated. So have you. Simplicity is merely stupidity nowadays."

Janne stopped altogether in the middle of the path, and her voice trembled when she spoke.

"I'm going back, Alison. I can't bear you, talking like that. I thought you—you at least could never say that sort of thing. Good night."

But he caught her arm as she turned.

"Janne, I' ma fool. It's just—that I've got into the way of being cynical and ironic to amuse Nancy, to keep up with her style. I hate every word I say. I'll never say them again to you."

His hand fell away from her arm, but she stood still, facing him.

"I know you don't mean them," she said. "You couldn't. After all, I know you well enough to know that. That was why, for a moment, you frightened me. It was like walking with a stranger. Now—I know. Shall we carry on with our walk?"

Down in Calcutta, John Milligan was being steadily stewed, but no amount of heat could shorten his temper or sour his outlook now. He worked fiercely, happily, with one firm purpose in view: the freeing of himself from the bonds of India and of business. People said in Calcutta:

"That fellow Milligan works like a slave. I suppose it's to keep his mind off this ghastly business of his wife. And yet he looks as though he rather enjoyed doing it, as though he were happy in his mind."

REPORTS of Claire came weekly from her mother. She had been moved to England; she had reached a state of almost good health. But there was no ray of light in the darkness of her mind. He read the letters and locked them away in his cash-box with a sigh. He dreaded the English mail and the way it pulled him brutally back to tragedy and stark fact from a world of dreams.

On the last evening in Pahlgam, the storm gods, seeing that these mortals really were packing up their puny goods and chattels to depart, relented in their gloomy tantrums and allowed an evening of sheer gold, wild rose and palest jade to fill the valley. Even the rampageous river, swollen by rains, glowed with pink, and every mountain crest was a stiffened flame, licking the sky. Janne and Alison walked down across the little wooden bridge and up the meadows that sloped down from the woods, with the children running ahead with Alison's large-pawed, white bull-terrier and Macky.

Yes, black, rough, stump-legged Macky, restored to Janne from England at John's arranging because Janne had chanced to mention him and her sad parting from him. He had travelled out all the way in the charge of a friend returning to Calcutta, who had collected him, disconsolate and sad-eyed, from the indifferent Rawdons.

"I'm sorry to go, when it's like this," Janne said. "But lately I've hated the weather. This sort of place looks cruel when the sun goes in and the wind howls in the woods. And it makes me feel restless, too, in a way I don't like."

"I know: all tautened and on edge; I feel it, too. It's autumn coming in the air, and the first touch of the wildness that comes on the mountains in the winter. They grow quite savage again. Srinagar will seem comfortably civilised. Besides, I've only stayed there for twenty-four hours; I don't know it at all. You'll have to show me about a bit."

"Oh, I will!" Janne's eyes brightened. "I shall enjoy showing it all to someone who's—well, grown up. Lynn and Jock are darlings, but one can scarcely expect them to appreciate scenery and the romance of history!"

They all rode down the next day, down from the deodars and pines to the walnut trees and poplars, down to the level of the river that still looked muddy and sluggish before the autumn rains had come to refill it. The McDonalds' boat was waiting, and beside it, the little matting doongah that Alison had chartered. Next day they were sailing downstream again with the current. No need on this journey for tow-ropes and labored poling, all that was needed was a guiding paddle at the stern to keep them in midstream.

They tied up in the evening by a tumble-down dak bungalow, and afterwards sat up

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GREEN AFTERNOON

lale on the house-boat roof, looking at the far-off mountains that blotted out the stars with banks of pale green and mauve.

It was settled that Janne and Mrs. McDonald and the children should live together on one boat instead of having two separate ones. Sandy had to go back to Calcutta two days after their descent from the hills, and Janne said wistfully:

"Keep an eye on John, and don't let him work too hard. He does everything so enthusiastically."

Isabel, hearing her say that, was glad of it. It was very necessary that Janne, poor child, should realise how much of his heart and soul John Milligan put into everything. And suddenly she wished that this rather charming young man, would leave Srinigar. He was so much Janne's kind, so abominably attractive and young, and, of course, he didn't know the peculiar way in which Janne was bound. Isabel wished that the young man would find some other attraction, or be recalled suddenly to his regiment.

DOWN in Calcutta the October heat had suddenly got on John Milligan's nerves. After the monsoon, that month of the old, intolerable stickiness and sultriness is maddening, and waking up one morning, John felt as though he were never going to get through it. It wasn't only a sudden, acute physical revolt at being stewed and simmered, it was a mental weariness and depression that came, Heaven knows from where, in one short, semi-sleepless night. He had gone to bed feeling as cheerful and happy and confident about the future as he ever had been, and he woke up, conscious before his eyes were thoroughly open, of gnawing doubts and black faintness of heart.

He flung the thin sheet off him and got up to drink water. The day was brightening outside to dim, lustreless apricoat and saffron colors. But he felt suddenly old and tired, and looking at himself in the mirror, saw a thickening of the silver over his temples and new lines about his eyes. He had been slaving himself to death in Calcutta for these past two months—for what use or purpose? He had merely made himself look older and more worn and tired. What would Janne think of him when he came to her again and they met in the fierce, cruel Kashmir sunlight?

He sat down on the edge of the bed and shut his hot eyes. What was the matter with him, fever, overwork, old age, realisation? Why was he suddenly seeing things in a blinding new light so that they looked quite different? The romance, the adventure had gone out of everything. Was it because he had had a letter from Isabel the day before? Nowadays he was a little afraid of Isabel's letters. He knew she was his oldest and most loyal friend, but she had a fierce, courageous Scotch honesty, and she was a wise woman. She had been busy, she wrote, looking after a young man, who, in the middle of September, had been stricken with a violent attack of appendicitis and had been rushed to hospital for an operation. He was a friend, too, of Janne's, and together, as soon as he came out of hospital, they would take charge of him. They had known each other in England and he was such a dear— She enclosed some snaps of Janne and the children—taken at a picnic. Janne was as brown as a berry and looked about fifteen. "She looks quite different to when she left Calcutta. She was worried and unhappy then, now she's free and happy as a bird. She's terribly sensitive to atmosphere and people—this Alison Peters has done her a lot of good, being young and silly with her."

"Young and silly." He threw himself back on his crumpled bed. Isabel hadn't written those cruel words thoughtlessly, carelessly; she had deliberately chosen them. "A lot of good . . . Young and silly."

With a jerk he got up, fetched writing-pad and pen and switched off the droning fan. Calcutta, like a huge, sluggish beast, was heaving itself out of its sleep.

He wrote stiffly in a cramped position, his hot fingers moistening the thin paper. He wrote very briefly because on paper he always became self-conscious and formal.

". . . I feel it is entirely unfair to you to expect such a thing. It seemed simple and right when I thought of it, but after more thought—too difficult a life for any girl to undertake. . . . Yours ever, John Milligan."

She'd have to make what she could of it, she might understand, she mightn't, or she might forget all about the why and the wherefore in her enormous, dizzying relief. He addressed a stamped envelope and turned on the fan again. His forehead was damp with sweat and a bar of hot, tawny sunlight fell across the floor. Another day came up out of the earth like a huge, strangling, clammy plant with sullen, yellow blossoms. It was too early to get up yet; he stretched himself back on his bed. Well, he would have Lynn and Jock—unless Fate in persistent tyranny contrived to take them away from him, too. He would have work and occupation enough coping with their upbringing and education. He had friends, too. Isabel would come back to Calcutta and he would get another governess for the children—and Janne would be as free and happy as a bird!

A knock on the door disturbed his tired, rambling thoughts. His bearer was outside.

"Huzoor, a telegram."

"Bring it in and bring me my tea."

He sat up heavily and took the grimy envelope; it must be from Atkins in Bombay about that last consignment of jute. Even with the rising sun, business arrived upon the doorstep of men in Calcutta. Well, this was his unalterable life now and he must force himself to be interested, excited. He slit the envelope impatiently and unfolded the pink slip. Nedu Bux bringing in his master's tea on a tray saw him sitting with his bare feet dangling over the side of the bed and his face twisted with a queer excitement, alarm and hope. The telegram ran very simply:

"Claire died suddenly very peacefully last night funeral on Tuesday. Mother."

He took a gulp of the hot, weak tea and found his hand trembling violently. Claire was dead. But really she had been dead months ago, this was only a pitiful shell of her that they called "Claire." And he was free—free "as a bird" to live and love and mate like any normal man, to start again with passionate eagerness on this magnificent, thrilling business of life. Suddenly he caught up the letter he had written to Janne and tore it in little pieces. Then, grabbing at the thin block, he began to write again feverishly, untidily.

ALISON, Janne thought, as she walked across the golf-course towards the hotel, was right about autumn being the loveliest season and October the loveliest month in Kashmir. She had never been out on a day so full as this one was of wine-strong air, exhilaration and aliveness. It made one want to fly or dance. On a day like this one had to feel happy, besides there were certain definite things about which one could be happy. The chief of these was that Alison Peters would be up in Kashmir at least another three weeks, convalescing from his sudden operation, and another was that they were picnicking to-day at Nishat. He had recovered very rapidly and looked as brown and solid as ever, but Isabel McDonald loved having someone to fuss over, and no man objects to being the centre of a little circle of female interest.

Somehow Janne hadn't been surprised when she heard of this sudden illness three weeks ago. It hadn't seemed possible that Alison could leave Kashmir like that at the end of the month. She didn't know now what difference his staying on, on sick leave, was going to make in the end. But still, he was there for another three weeks; they could drift together, out on the lake, down the river, and drift in another sense, too—towards Heaven knew what. Alison didn't know, but she did—and she wouldn't care.

Isabel McDonald was going down to Calcutta in three days and, as this was nearly her last picnic, she demanded that she should have Lynn and Jock to herself in a shikara. That left Janne and Alison to drift alone together, almost as in her dream. Suddenly Alison said:

"I was jolly glad when I got that pain in my inside. Somehow I felt it was all wrong that I should go off from Kashmir just now. Something had to happen to keep me here."

Looking sideways, he saw the curve of her browned cheek and her dark lashes.

"I felt that, too," she said. "I was terribly sorry, and yet I was glad, too. I—somehow I expected you not to go."

Suddenly all her aloofness, her barrier of reserve had fallen away. She was as warm as the afternoon sun on the hills and as clear as the dark, golden water full of little speedy shoals of fish. She looked at him, and there was honesty in her brown eyes, an honesty she had tried to hide, but which was too strong for her. He understood now that, for some reason, she had wanted to hide herself from him, to keep him from saying what had been on his lips that day in September, and that now she hadn't the strength to keep up her formalities any longer. He put his hand over hers.

"I think—I should have found some way not to go, or at least to have seen you again, Janne. I love you."

With her russet head resting against the red cushions, she sat very still, her eyes dreamy.

"Do you, Alison? I love you, too. We—we were meant to draw together again, we just had to." She gave his hand the faintest little pressure. "Don't let's say anything more just now. It's rather nice to sit and—and feel things warming up in one's heart. Sometimes, I've felt cold. When I sent you away, when I came to India—when I saw you again."

And under her closed eyes a tear trickled. She was thinking suddenly of John and how she could best tell him. For tell him she must, no man could deny her her happiness now, no other bond could hold her from it. And yet—John, with his sad, fine face and sensitive eyes and wistful moments of romance and young imagination; John who trusted her, who thought of her now as part of his life. Heaven help a woman who lets pity and tenderness sway her heart as well as love, for pity can be love's most bitter and harsh enemy.

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So they said nothing more as they drifted down the canal, but sat together in silence, their hands touching, and so came to the grey gateway of Nishat Bagh and found the children and Isabel fretting on the wet steps for the tea-baskets.

"You have been long!" Lynn said sternly. "You must have talked and talked. We said everything we could think of to Aunt Isabel, and you took much longer."

She led the way up on to the green lawns, a small, trim figure in green woollies with a shining casquette of daffodil hair. And Janne avoided Alison's eyes and kept ahead with Jock.

The garden was a blaze of autumn flowers, dark roses, dahlias, fiery orange marigolds and quaint, prim zinnias that looked as though their petals were cut from stiff, gay paper and stuck together into flower shapes by a rather clumsy hand, and the grass was starred with fragments of fallen cherry-red leaf. They had tea on the topmost terrace and were very gay with the children until a sudden chill struck upwards from the damp earth and the red afternoon sunlight turned smoky bronze. Even then, when they left, they were not to be alone together, for Lynn and Jock wanted to paddle home with Janne, and she agreed almost hurriedly. Isabel and Alison could go together and she would take the children.

They shot through the Dal Gate on a flurry of white-flecked water and then paddled gently along the twilit canal to the red lights of the house-boat. Janne had arrived already and was sorting out some letters that had come while they were out.

"One from Sandy and one from John. Run off to bed, you two. I'll come in a minute." She stood under the light opening the envelope while Isabel poured out a drink for Alison.

"There's heaps of time yet. Sit down a bit."

He helped himself to soda, while Janne sat down on a chair and unfolded the thin sheets of her letter. Down the narrow corridor, the children were laughing and splashing their bath water. Isabel had lit a cigarette and was suddenly talking to Alison with intense animation. The electric light, in its erratic way, gave a blink and grew dimmer. Outside rain came tumbling unexpectedly out of a thinly clouded sky. Darkness and coldness and falling rain . . . She forced the mist from her eyes to read.

". . . I had a telegram this morning. Claire is dead . . . that means, Janne, that we are free—free to be happy honestly and openly together. Perhaps it is rather brutal to talk of this at once, but somehow, in the past few months, I haven't been able to think of Claire as being alive . . . and it matters so much to me that now I can give you everything without any beastly secrecy or furtiveness . . . We can go home and be married at once. People will understand things; anyway, what do we care, Janne, now that we can come together without any miserable sense of guilt? . . . I will come up to S'nagar at the end of next week——"

The room swam a little in front of her eyes, she felt the floor unsteady under her feet. Claire dead . . . marriage . . . oh! how much more could life go wrong? She folded the letter up and said in a low voice:

"John has had a wire—Claire has died suddenly——"

She got up and went to the open door. The little triangle of the deck was wet and the canal was veiled in thickening twilight and a fine mist of rain. There were no stars to-night and the waters were lifeless and iron-grey. She felt Alison standing by her side and Isabel behind him in the centre of the room.

"I'll be going, Janne. You don't want visitors. I'm frightfully sorry about Mrs. Milligan. Let me see you again soon. Good night."

He brushed past her and went up the narrow, slippery plank to the bank. She felt Isabel stand beside her, looking into her strained, white face.

"Janne—what does John want to do?"

The drip, drip of the rain marked the rhythm of Janne's slow answer.

"He wants to marry me, of course. He's coming up here next week."

She swung round roughly, violently, her face twisted.

"We're going to be married—that's all."

She pushed past Isabel and went down the little passage to the children's bedroom.

Isabel stood still, feeling the damp air blowing in on her face, feeling tired and hopeless.

"I CAN'T do it, Alison, I can't. I just haven't the courage now."

They were drifting along the Mar Canal under a dove-grey sky stained with white clouds that caught hidden glints of sunlight.

"Alison, won't you see what I mean? I went into this thing deliberately, to make myself secure and snug. Just for a time, it seemed we wouldn't be free to marry. That gave me a sort of loophole—but it's gone now. His wife's dead, he can marry me." She let her head lie back against the shikara cushions. "Once he called me a loyal little devil . . . I can't let him down now, and the children."

Alison flung a cigarette-end into the river and straightened his shoulders.

"You're sending me away again? After saying you thought I was meant to stay?"

"Even after saying that. It was different then, we weren't free to marry."

"Are you any more free now?"

"I'm not free," she said softly. "I'm bound to marry. Alison, if he were any other sort of man, greedy or hard or mean—but he's just himself."

"And what sort of a man do you think I am, to be sent away a second time like this?"

Janne's eyes met his steadily.

"I know what sort of a man you are, too," she said quietly. "It's been my fault from beginning to end, for—for sending you away that day in London, for being calculating and greedy in wanting to use John to make myself feel less lonely and unprotected, and then for letting you come back into my life with a kind of sneaking hope that I would, in the end, manage to get out of this thing. I've touched the depths of abysmal ignorance and blindness. That's my only apology."

He made a little gesture of despair.

"Janne, it's hopeless. I can't talk to you, it makes me angry. Won't anything make you see the senselessness of this?"

Her eyes grew dark with danger.

"Senseless! Of course it is! Isn't everything and everyone in life senseless?"

"Won't marriage—this sort of marriage, turn out to be—rather a tragic mess for you both?"

"Not if I can help it. You see, you don't know John Milligan—you don't know his feelings——"

"No, I only know my own," he said hardly and she turned to him, her eyes clouded with tears.

"Oh! Alison, can't you help me a little! I do want to make this one thing come right."

The hardness in Alison's eyes melted a little. His shoulder pressed against hers.

"Aren't you going to be rather lonely, marrying this man?"

He felt a little shiver run over her and then a rock-like stillness.

"At any rate he and the children won't be lonely."

"You've got a pretty big idea of your importance to them, haven't you?" Alison said bitterly and then shrugged his shoulders.

They had swung out on to the pale, mystic grey rush of the river now and were passing the cream and maroon ugliness of the palace. A flight of blue pigeons rose over the gilded roof of the little private temple, their stiff wings making a harsh clap-clap in the windless air.

Janne dug her hands into each other and kept her eyes dry. In fact, a sort of grey apathy was coming over her, a defeated resignation. Better give up struggling and rebelling and arguing. Better send Alison away quickly before he was too much for her tired resolve and started a fresh and exhausting conflict in her mind.

She spoke over her shoulder to the mechanically-paddling boatmen.

"Put me down at Cockburn's Bund, Sidiq. I wish to walk from there."

"Yes, Miss Sahib."

She turned back to Alison, her lips stiffened, her eyes heavy.

"Alison, try and forgive me when you've got away a bit and had time to stop being angry. I know I haven't any excuses to make to you, not for any single thing I've done.

The shikara pulled in at the little wood landing-stage. Willows drooped about it and it was dark and damp with lapping of green water at the muddy banks. She stood up, balancing herself to the gentle movement of the shikara.

"Good-bye, Alison."

He looked at her hand held out to him, and said curtly:

"It is good-bye this time?"

"Yes, it is."

Then as he did not take her hand she turned and climbed lightly out of the boat and walked away down the bund. Over his shoulder, Alison said grimly to the waiting boatmen:

"Go back the way we came. And go slowly. I do not wish to hurry."

Sitting back in the seat, he lit a fresh cigarette. For the moment he was conscious only of a feeling of anger, blind, savage anger against Janne and against John Milligan, that fatuous, elderly fool who chose to imagine that a girl like Janne had fallen in love with him and was willing to tie herself to his declining years.

JANNE folded together a pair of Jock's darned socks and added them to the mended pile on another chair. The weather had turned hot and misty again and they sat all day under the red shadow of the giant chinars whose topmost branches were wearing thin of leaves.

The days went so slowly now, and yet as every moment vanished, Janne would watch it go with a sickening convulsion of fear shaking her heart. Now, so fast had time gone, the dreaded thing was almost on her. To-morrow John Milligan

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would arrive, and that morning Alison Peters had left Srinagar to finish the rest of his sick leave at Murree.

She tried for the third time to thread a strand of brown wool through the too-small eye of the needle. And just as John Milligan came speeding up to Kashmir, Alison would be driving away from it, in a spirit of angry bitterness. With a jerk she dropped the futile piece of wool and went back on to the boat to make things ready for the arrival of its lord and master.

And all that day, Alison drove down the breakneck, twisting road, with a sullen frown on his face. He was the only passenger in the car, the general exodus having taken place already. The driver, a cheerful young Sikh youth with a fine curling down of beard on his chin and a jackly-wound, confused turban of peach pink set on the back of his head, amused himself by outracing a storm that streamed after them like a wind extended banner of blue flecked with orange lights. The road was jewelled with ruts and puddles of water that flung up reflections of multi-colored sky and cloud.

In spite of the fierce beauty of it all though, Alison was glad when his car swung in at the compound gates on two wheels. His Sikh driver found storm-racing much too amusing a pastime altogether, and seemed to have a blind eye on the precipice side of the narrow road.

With a magnificent scattering of rose-red puddles and grinding of gears, they drew up at the bungalow steps and Alison climbed stiffly out. He wasn't feeling too strong yet after his operation and the long drive had tired him.

Going along the verandah to his room, he heard a cheerful sound of whistling and came upon a suitcase standing out on the verandah.

"There is another sahib here?" he asked the decrepit bungalow-bearer.

"Yes, Huzoor, a Sahib alone travelling to Srinagar."

He rolled up a battered straw chick over Alison's doorway and screamed to the sweeper to bring water for a bath. Alison strolled out on to the verandah with a cigarette to wait until the old fool had finished pottering.

Staring out at the view, he stubbed his toe on the corner of that stray suitcase. Its owner was splashing in a tin bath beyond the bedroom. Alison stared down at the black initials, "J.M.," on the battered, faded green fibre.

THEY met in the chilly little dining-room where the aged bearer had lit a smoky fire to ward off the October damp. Dinner for two was laid with enormous bent knives and forks, sturdy crockery, and a handsome variety of sauce bottles, some of them entirely empty of sauce.

Alison was there first and was examining the witticisms of the complaint page of the visitors' book, when Milligan came in, smoothing down his still damp hair. They looked at each other in the friendly way of men in the East thrown together for a brief spell of companionship.

"Hullo! I thought I heard someone arriving after me. Rotten evening, isn't it?"

"Very. Have a spot of something to keep the cold out. Qual ha!!"

The bearer came tottering in with two plates of soup washing generously over two thibered, black thumbs. Whisky was produced, and bottles of soda and slabs of damp bread.

"I suppose the proper season is over. Never mind, I'm looking forward to a grey sky and a wet wind after stewing most of the hot weather in Calcutta."

The bearer was presenting them with ragged-looking rissoles mounted on smooth, wet pyramids of mashed potatoes. Alison helped himself to sauce and pushed the bottles across the table.

"In Calcutta? Are you by any chance John Milligan?"

"Yes; that's my name."

"Well, then," Alison said, "I've been seeing a lot of your family and Janne Mortimer and Mrs. McDonald. They were awfully good to me when I was stricken with appendicitis. My name's Peters."

John dug a fork into the pallid battlements of a potato.

"Jolly glad to run into you. I've heard a lot about you from them both. Rough luck, being laid up."

He spoke politely, almost vaguely, but Alison was all eagerness.

"Well, it was in a way, and rather pleasant luck in others. I didn't mind having my leave extended a bit."

He gave John a meaning glance and leaned his elbows on the table.

"Queer running into Janne again. I knew her pretty well at home, but we had a rather big row over her father. Of course, she was desperately loyal to him and I said things in a silly way, all wrong." He had pushed his mangled rissole aside and was playing with a salt-cellar, heaping the damp stuff into shapes. "That seems years ago. And yet it's only one year. How long have you known her?"

"She came to us in December, after the Flore affair in Bombay. That was an unpleasant experience."

"Yes, I heard about it. I suppose that fanatical loyalty of hers got her into that mess. She's had some grim times, I'm afraid. No wonder she's changed a bit."

"Changed? Has she?" John, too, had abandoned his rissole and was rolling bread into pills.

"A tremendous lot. She's so much older and quieter and—not exactly sadder, but as though she'd been rather near to tragedy. Of course, her father's death was a tragedy, but even beyond that one feels she's changed. She used to be such a young natural thing, and now she's so self-controlled and aloof, as though she were afraid of being natural, even to a friend."

John threw the last pellet away sharply.

"I wouldn't call her aloof—but then, of course, I didn't know her before. She's always seemed very happy and gay with us."

They were served with sinewy legs of fowls upon which a few tough hairs still grew.

"Perhaps," Alison said, "she was still remembering the row we had. I didn't quite understand Janne then. I didn't realise how terribly loyalty bound her. You know, if Janne makes a promise nothing on this earth is going to make her break it. But I don't need to tell you that."

John gave up the unequal struggle with the chicken and put his knife and fork down.

"No—I've realised that, too."

"I don't mind admitting," Alison said slowly, "that I rather hoped to find her again out here, when I heard she was in Bombay. And hoped, too, that she would have got over that old row between us." He looked across at John's still unsmiling face, and added with a disarming frankness: "In fact, I rather wanted to persuade your governess to give up her job." He leaned across the table. "It may seem a bit odd, my telling you all this, but Janne's position is rather odd. I mean, she can't just walk out of your service to get married."

John's lips moved stiffly.

"She's—going to marry you?"

"NO." Alison drew back with a little frown. "No, she seemed half-terrified and panic-stricken — she showed me plainly enough that she didn't want to be anything but an acquaintance." He got up and went to the door and stood looking out at the cool, moonlit valley. "Yet somehow I can't believe that she really meant it. I felt that something is holding her back, another of her confounded, queer ideas of loyalty and duty, I suppose."

He heard a slight movement at the table.

"Have another drink, Peters. We don't want anything more to eat, boy. Bring coffee." He got up slowly and came to the door, too. A pale hyacinth brightness swamped the hills, and in the cleft of the valley a great white planet defied the moon. "Peaceful, isn't it?" he said bitterly, and crushed his cigarette under his foot. "Look here, Peters, don't give up hope about Janne. I expect—I don't know what goes on in her head, but as you say, she's fanatical about her sense of duty and responsibility. Perhaps you're right, too, in thinking she's older and quieter. Heaven knows I've wanted her to be happy with us—but it's been difficult. I've had family troubles, my wife's accident and then her terrible illness. Janne couldn't help feeling it all with us." He stepped out into the fresh, crisp air, throwing back his head. "But she's too young for that sort of trouble. I wish you luck, Peters——"

Suddenly he went down the steps and across the compound to the gateway on to the road. Alison stood still, watching him.

"Poor devil!" he thought again, "I suppose he understands now. He's got hold of what I mean. It seems a bit brutal, but somebody's got to do something to stop Janne before it's gone too far."

He went back into the dining-room and drank his lukewarm coffee and smoked a final pipe before turning in.

Alison was just going along to his room when he saw the tall, broad figure coming back through the lavender and mother-of-pearl lights and shadows. He seemed to tear them apart and scatter them with the purpose in his strong movement. Alison waited a moment, silent. John came up the steps and said quietly:

"Hullo! You turning in? So am I. By the way, are you going back to Pindi?"

"In a couple of days. The battalion address will always find me, 71st Baluchis."

"Thanks. I'd just like to know where you are." Milligan knocked out his pipe against the broken pillar. "This mountain air goes to one's head after Calcutta atmosphere. Good-night. I'll be shooting off early, I expect. We got hung up a bit to-day with a groggy cylinder. So-long!"

He went along the verandah and into his room, and there was no sound anywhere but the rushing chant of the river.

John Milligan drove on into Srinagar next day and thought no land had ever looked so dream-like and fantastically lovely.

They came into Srinagar just as the whole world was turning coldly, vividly blue, sky,

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hyacinth, lupin, azure and sapphire blue from one snowy barricade of mountains to the other. At Cockburn's Agency, the terminus of all arriving cars, Janne and the children were waiting for him. They would walk across to the canal, where the boat was moored now. The children were full of exciting news. There had been floods and the river and the canals had risen in the night almost to the top of the high banks. Soon they would float almost on a level with the bund and would see over the landscape from their own windows. The snow on the hills was quite thick by the Dal Lake, right on top, of course, but still near. They chattered and clung to his hands, and he had no need for any excuse for his quietness. Janne bundled them off to bed at last, and he had his bath and came back to the little drawing-room that had a little fire lit on the hearth and sprays of autumn leaves filling the vases. Janne had shaded the too bright lights with amber silk.

He stood by the fireplace until she came back from tucking the children in. His eyes studied her eagerly, with a new sharpness of vision. Older and quieter and sadder—yes, she was all three.

"I suppose Peters has gone?" John said abruptly. "Is he all right again?"

"Quite." Her voice was steady and polite. "He left yesterday. I expect you crossed somewhere on the road."

"Wasn't he fed up at going?"

Janne looked faintly surprised.

"I don't know. I suppose everyone is sorry to leave this place when it comes to the point."

"Will you be?"

The queer curtness of his voice made her uneasy.

"YES, very. It's the most wonderful place I've ever lived in."

They had finished dinner, and she led the way back into the sitting-room. There was coffee on a tray, and the coarse-embroidered curtains were drawn over the little windows, shutting out the pansy-purple night and the sigh of the wind in the last leaves. John spoke again, his chin lifted a little, not looking at her.

"Can you be ready to leave here earlier than the end of October? That's a fortnight away yet. I'd like you and the children to catch the mail on the twenty-third from Bombay."

Jane put her cup down softly.

"We can be ready at any time you like, John."

There was a hint of wistfulness in that "John"! She didn't understand him talking to her in this way, as though she were nothing but a governess, under his orders.

"Will you be able to get away from Calcutta so soon?"

He began to fill his pipe stolidly.

"No, I—I shan't travel home with you and the children. It's wisest not to. I don't want to create any gossip, any comment about us."

Janne's eyes widened.

"But, John," she said slowly, "what does it matter if we do? We're going to be married. Surely that does away with any possibility of that."

A log of wood fell with a red crackle, and the wind howled with a hungry sound outside the windows. John turned back to the fire quickly, restlessly.

"Janne, I wanted to have a talk with you about things."

"What things?" Janne's voice was cold and frightened.

"About us." He began to pack tobacco into his pipe with a stiff forefinger. "I've been thinking about everything. And it seems to me—I wonder if it wouldn't be wisest for the time being for us—for us to stick to our last plan for the future. I mean the plan we made when it seemed likely that Claire would go on living as an invalid for many years."

He felt, though he did not look at her, that she had gone tense and rigid, that her breath was checked.

"You mean—when we couldn't marry. The plan we made then——?"

"To get over that tragic difficulty, you consented, Janne, to come to me as my wife without worrying about conventions and rules; we weren't frightened to do that. And now it seems to me that plan is a safer one for a bit, that marriage—after all, that's so final and binding, but the other isn't."

Janne let her breath go unevenly and lifted a hand vaguely to rearrange a drooping spray of orange leaves.

"You don't want to marry me. "You're asking me to go back to the old plan——?"

"If you were willing then," he said slowly, "and cared enough to agree, I expect you are the same now. After all, it doesn't make much difference. The thing can be a secret. We can travel unknown to other corners of the earth."

He was unaware now that Janne was standing up, her hands clasped together. Looking at her at last he saw her eyes unnaturally bright in her pale face.

"I see," she said slowly. "You want to be free to withdraw, to end the affair if it isn't as great a success as you hoped."

"I believe in freedom and common sense," he said. "I rushed into marriage with Claire, and it was a pitiful failure. We were too unlike each other, as you and I are, Janne. You're young and restless; I'm middle-aged and disillusioned and rather tired. This might be a pitiful failure, too—if we bound ourselves up in marriage straight away."

Janne was coming nearer to him, her eyes fixed intently on his face.

"You don't want to marry me. And you think—it makes no difference now that we are free to marry. You expect me to go back to the old——arrangement?"

"You agreed then," he said dully. "You weren't afraid then."

She swayed a little up against the table behind her.

"I think," she said hardly, "that you rather misunderstood the spirit in which I agreed. There was no other way. Now there is—again only one way." She faced him, her head lifted. "I'll marry you whenever you like, John, but that is the only possible thing."

"I see," he said slowly. "You don't mind about risks and possible unhappiness. You want to make quite sure of the future."

If he had kicked her she could not have gone more white or looked more stunned. She brushed a chair back for a moment with her finger-tips to steady herself, and then said slowly:

"I will leave here to-morrow. There is a girl at Nedou's who will take charge of the children for you. I will send her a chit to-night."

"Just as you choose," John Milligan said in a careless voice. "But you're being more silly and obstinate than usual, Janne. You can't begrudge me a little caution, a little experiment, and I'm willing to pay for it."

She was writing two chits on a small block. She signed her name, addressed two envelopes and stood up, trembling.

"I see you never understood from the beginning. I'm sorry if I've seemed to let you down—I didn't understand, either. I've always been told I'm too much of a sentimental, imaginative fool. Good-night."

IT had been raining all night, and the clouds filled the valley as steam fills a giant cauldron. But in half an hour they thinned, and the sun shone whitely behind them, making the grey sky and earth shine metallicly with the glint of polished pewter. The car splashed and rocked on its way, overtaking bullock-carts and heavily-loaded tongas, frightening pigs and chickens and ducks off the road in frenzied flight; leaving the red, the gold, the amber and copper beech trees behind.

They were climbing again up to the rugged heights—mists, rolling back like bales of fine fabric, twisted by an expert hand, showed red gleams of sunlight slanting on black pines. A stretch of telegraph wire by the road hummed furiously in the wind. A message was flashing along it, faster than the car, to Alison in Pindi.

Janne left this morning can you meet her. Milligan.

Murree on the second day emerged from a bank of white mist. Black pine trees dripped funereally on to empty roads. They lunched in a desolate little hotel, smelling already of mildew and mice, half-shut up for the winter. Janne forced some food down her aching throat. An unutterable blackness of spirit came over her as they packed into the car and began descending to the plain in swooping spirals, one below the other.

The air was growing swiftly muggier and moister. Dust from a column of Army lorries ahead rose in a thick white cloud; the hillside was bare and burnt.

They raced across the flat plain to Pindi. The car swung in at the gate of a low red-brick hotel. There were palms and strips of lawn and a mali watering the day's white dust. Janne climbed out stiffly, wearily. The driver began unroping her trunk.

"Had a decent journey, Janne?"

She swung round, suddenly white, to face Alison. Her lips were dry and dusty, her eyes reddened, her skin a little cracked. She looked infinitely tired and small and pathetic. Alison held out his hand.

"I'm sorry I dashed off so violently, Janne. I thought I'd meet you here and—and say a little more about things. I heard from a friend you were coming down."

She stood very still for a moment, looking at him. The ground seemed a little uncertain under her feet.

"I'm so tired, Alison," she said simply. "I want to be happy."

"I think you will be now, Janne." He slipped his arm under hers. "Shall we go inside?"

A green star, for away and humorous-eyed, winked out of the plum-colored sky. A tree blooming with heavy white flowers scattered a few waxy petals on their heads as they went together into the hotel.

That evening, as Alison emerged from his bath, his bearer presented him with a telegram. He opened it impatiently, for he was in a hurry to get back to the hotel to dinner with Janne. He read the telegram, the water dripping off him under the towel.

Please don't tell Janne of our meeting better not to best wishes for happiness. Milligan.

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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